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MUSIC ON THE MARCH,

1862-'65,

WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

114TH REGT. P. V., COLLIS' ZOUAVES.

BY FRANK RAUSCHER.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF WM. F. FELL & CO.,
1220-24 SANSOM STREET.
1892.

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PREFACE.

Having been repeatedly asked by my comrades of the 114th Regiment, Penna. Vols., to present the notes and recollections from my diary in a compiled form, which also embraces much of their own experience with the Army of the Potomac, from 1862 to 1865, I have reluctantly consented, in the preparation of the within pages. In recalling the events, briefly narrated, personal observation is supplemented and corroborated as far as possible by historical data and reliable statistics. While no pretence is made to write war history, yet no engagement is omitted in which our regiment participated. The record of these events is made in as few words as their importance permits, and yet all the marches and campaigns are scrupulously recalled. As leader of the band of the regiment, I am mindful of the services it faithfully rendered on the march and in camp, and also its hardships on the field and in prison pens. To the survivors of the regiment, I may here say that they can in this book again follow the band in every march the Zouaves made during those three eventful years—this time, however, with none of the deprivations and discomforts attending the days

that tried men's souls. In appreciation of the kindly relations ever existing between the regiment and its band, this volume is unpretentiously dedicated to my comrades.

FRANK RAUSCHER,
Band Master.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY, ... 9

CHAPTER I.

Organization of the 114th Regiment, P. V., Collis's Zouaves —Camp Banks and Enlistment of the Band—Off to the Front—Assigned to 1st Division, 3d Corps, ... 11–20

CHAPTER II.

On the March—Poolesville—With the Army of the Potomac —Zouaves Receive their Baptism of Fire at Fredericksburg—Capture of the Band, ... 21–40

CHAPTER III.

Libby Prison—Camp Parole—Libby and Fort McHenry Prisons Compared, ... 41–58

CHAPTER IV.

Chancellorsville—Sad News from the Front—Rejoining the Regiment—Army Calls, ... 59–72

CHAPTER V.

March to Gettysburg—Meade Relieves Hooker—Battle of Gettysburg—Narrow Escape of the Band—Third Corps Field Hospital—After the Battle, ... 73–103

CHAPTER VI.

Williamsport—Harper's Ferry—Sulphur Springs, ... 104–117

CHAPTER VII.

Culpeper—First Serenade at Army Headquarters—Retreat from Culpeper, ... 117-129

PAGE

CHAPTER VIII.

Centreville—General Sickles Visits his old Command—Following Lee—Action at Kelley's Ford—Mine Run, ... 130–138

CHAPTER IX.

Brandy Station—Attached to Army Headquarters—Duties of the Band and Regiment, ... 139–150

CHAPTER X.

Reorganization of the Army—Coming of General Grant—Crossing the Rapidan—Battle of the Wilderness—Discomfiture of a Newspaper Correspondent, ... 151–162

CHAPTER XI.

Spottsylvania—Death of General Sedgwick—Reinforcements for the Army—A Drummer Boy's Sad Fate—The Bloody Angle—Ludicrous Incidents at Hospital—Guiney's Station, ... 163–175

CHAPTER XII.

Movement on North Ann—Grant Baffled—Narrow Escape of Grant and Meade—Movements of the Cavalry—Cold Harbor—Crossing the James River, ... 176–185

CHAPTER XIII.

Petersburg—Military Executions—Weldon Railroad—Sufferings of the Army—Departure of the 6th Corps—The Mine Explosion, ... 186–199

CHAPTER XIV.

Fighting on the Right and Left—Ream's Station—More Executions—Southside Railroad—Promotion of General Meade—Departure of General Hancock, ... 200–214

CHAPTER XV.

Final Military Operations—Hatcher's Run—Dinwiddie—Five Forks—Warren's Bravery and Subsequent Release of Command—City Point, ... 215–226

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.

The Band's Novel Duty—The Capture of Petersburg—The Zouaves' Heavy Loss—Fall of Richmond—The Second Visit at Libby Prison—Surrender of Lee's Army, . . . 227–243

CHAPTER XVII.

March to Burksville—Along the Line of Lee's Retreat—Attached to the 5th Corps—Departure of the 68th P. V., Scott Legion—The Homeward March, ... 244–255

CHAPTER XVIII.

Arlington Heights—Last Review of the Army of the Potomac—Preparations for Discharge, ... 256–263

CONCLUSION, ... 264

SURVIVORS OF THE 114TH REGIMENT, P. V., ... 269

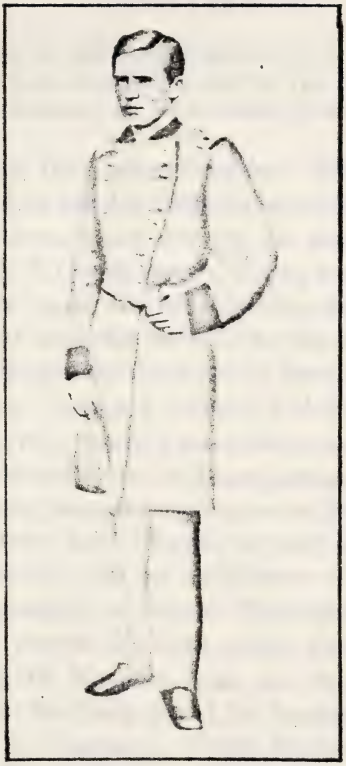
MUSIC ON THE MARCH.

INTRODUCTORY.

One of the fundamental truths which history teaches is, that the progress made by man and governments alike, in all ages of the world, has only been achieved through suffering and sacrifices. The closest ties of kin, and of Church and State, have again and again yielded to the greater demands of the popular will and patriotic duty; thus showing that when the voice of public conscience speaks, the love of life and fear of death have ceased to remain as hindrances to heroic action in human affairs. These truths of history were emphatically repeated in the events of the late war—in that evil hour which betrayed the misguided South into armed hostility against the unity of the States, and in the general conflict and bloodshed which ensued for the establishment of a Confederacy and the perpetuity of the Union. To those who passed through those dreary days of tumult and trial, whether in the field of deadly conflict or remaining as needful protectors of their firesides, a recital of some of the sacrifices and deprivations necessary to the life of the nation are here recalled, from personal observation and frequent participation, in the hope that the same may not be without interest

to the reader while perusing the annexed unpretentious record of associations with the Army of the Potomac.

The causes of that memorable conflict are not here called into question; enough to know that peace rather than war was the earnest desire of the whole people. It was the one fervent prayer of the clergy, who implored in unison that fratricidal strife might be averted; the eloquence of the forum was patriotically spent in an appeal to the better judgment of impassioned men, but all to no purpose, and finally the mighty and irrepressible forces at work were resolved to test the omnipotence of physical arbitrament in the resort to arms. Argument and statesmanship were at an end, treason had done its worst; our arsenals began to glisten with bayonets, the forts were looking angry with heavy guns and stronger garrisons, war-ships were preparing to speak in thunder tones of the national authority, and everywhere the best blood of the people was freely offered as a loyal sacrifice upon the altar of its country.



GENERAL CHARLES H. T. COLLIS. (1865)

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION OF THE 114TH REGIMENT, P. V., COLLIS'S ZOUAVES —CAMP BANKS AND ENLISTMENT OF THE BAND—OFF TO THE FRONT—ASSIGNED TO 1ST DIVISION, 3D CORPS.

It was in 1861, when President Abraham Lincoln made the first call for three hundred thousand volunteers for three years' service, in response to which Charles H. T. Collis, then a young man and enthusiastic in the cause for the Union, promptly raised a company of splendid material for the full term. The uniform adopted for the dashing members was that of the French Zouave d'Afrique, and besides pleasing their fancy very much, it attracted a number of men to join the company who had seen actual service in the French army, several of whom were French Alsatians.

After having been thoroughly drilled the company, in full uniform, gave an exhibition of its proficiency in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and were soon after sent to the front, under General Banks, in the valley of Virginia, who at once selected the Zouaves for his body-guard, his headquarters being at that time in Strasburg. When Banks was compelled to retreat, having been confronted by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, the Zouaves were ordered to cover the rear and destroy the bridges behind them, so as to delay or prevent the rebels from following. General Banks retreated up the valley and through Winchester, in order to protect his trains.

Captain Collis, however, was soon convinced that the destruction of the bridges, as ordered, would prevent our own men from joining the main force, and therefore he relinquished that part of the task assigned him. He then pushed on to Middletown and took part in the battle at that place; but being cut off from the main force, Winchester was reached by another road. Here they were again compelled to fall back, and unable to join the main army, it was determined to make the Potomac at Blooming Gap. Captain Collis having ascertained that the road ahead of him was occupied by the enemy, he turned to the right, and finally reached Hancock, on the Potomac, after a long and fatiguing march, bringing with him about forty wagons laden with valuable stores, all of which would have been lost but for the wide-awake company of Zouaves.

It was for this valuable service that Captain Collis was ordered to raise a full regiment of Zouaves d' Afrique. He immediately returned to Philadelphia, and in a short time organized the 114th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. By this time President Lincoln, after the failure of General McClellan on the Peninsula, called for the second instalment of 300,000 volunteers for three years, and under this call the regiment was enlisted. A camp was established in the lower part of Germantown, called Camp Banks, in honor of General Banks. The uniform adopted for the regiment was precisely like that of the original company—red pants, Zouave jacket, white leggings, blue sash around the waist, and white turban, which pricked up the pride of the new recruits, and gave the regiment an imposing and warlike appearance.

The material for these uniforms was all imported from France, and special arrangements were made to secure a sufficient supply of the same to replenish the uniforms during the whole term of service. This regiment, therefore, the 114th, was enabled to preserve its identity as a Zouave organization until the close of the war. There were other Zouave regiments in the army, but as soon as their uniforms became badly worn, they were required to don the regulation blue.

The officers of the 114th were men of pride and culture, as well as courage, and therefore determined to have a full brass band to accompany them, besides a drum corps and a vivandiere, the latter being an accessory of all French Zouave d' Afrique regiments. The officers and privates were as fine looking and as military in bearing as any set of men found in the army, and no regiment made a more imposing or better appearance. Concerning the band it may be here stated, that about one year before the war broke out, a number of young men formed a cornet band in Germantown. As instrumental musicians, they were amateurs and beginners, but with a fair knowledge of music as vocalists, by close application they made rapid progress; little suspecting, however, that so soon after they would be called upon to lead their friends and neighbors and others to the tented field; to make music on the march, in camp, and at Army Headquarters.

It was through the influence of Captain F. A. Elliott, of Germantown, who took a deep interest in the Zouaves from the beginning, and who had at this time himself raised a company for the regiment, that

the band enlisted with it for three years of service. Captain Elliott was prosperously engaged in the wool business in the city, and was in very comfortable circumstances. When the band was started he became a helpful friend of the project, subscribing liberally toward procuring the instruments, and afterward assisted in supplying the members with uniforms. It was mainly from this kindly and valued association with the band that it resolved to follow the fortunes of the regiment. For men who had never seen military service, it was a bold step; but the times and the honor proffered demanded promptness, leaving only the lack of confidence on the part of the members as to the degree of credit it would be to such a splendid regiment. Subsequent events, however, conclusively proved it to have been good policy on the part of the officers to secure a band, and that it became a prime factor and one of the most efficient aids in maintaining discipline.

At the beginning of the war every regiment mustered into service for three months, and afterwards the three-year regiments, all had full brass bands, some of them numbering as high as fifty pieces. When it is considered that in every brigade there were from four to five regiments, three brigades in one division and three divisions in each corps, an aggregate of from thirty-six to forty bands is shown for every corps. When a division was encamped in a small space, which was frequently the case when on the march, and the band of each regiment performing at the same time at Regimental Headquarters, the effect of the confusion of sounds produced can hardly be imagined. Whilst this was an unnecessary arrangement and very expen-

sive to the Government, it kept a host of non-combatants in the rear of the army. Congress, however, at an early day passed an act abolishing all regimental bands in the volunteer service, with the provision that each brigade should be entitled to a band at the headquarters. It so happened that when the order of disbandment reached the army, the bands had seen considerable and hard service on the Peninsula, under General McClellan, and therefore the men gladly accepted their discharges and almost to a man went home. As a consequence the army was left with scarcely any music.

The Government at this time was regarded as becoming very parsimonious in this respect, and experience proved it to be a poor policy of economy. There are many, of course, that doubted the utility or necessity of band music in the army during the Rebellion, but when the vast amount of money spent in every large city on concerts, balls, and parades is considered, how much more necessary is its soothing and inspiring influence upon those who sacrificed all home comforts and social amusements to battle for their country?

In the case of the Zouave Band, with only fifteen pieces, it was difficult at times to keep up its efficiency for duty during the whole period of three years with its hardships and many deprivations, one-third of the members often being on the sick list at one time. In all wars statistics show that the camp and exposure incident to an active campaign kill off more than do the battles, yet, the band, without any reinforcing, that headed the march of the Zouaves on leaving Philadelphia, after three years of constant and severe service,

were at the head of the regiment, intact, on returning to the city.

The band enlisted in a body, August 11th, 1862, and immediately entered upon camp duties, when it was initiated in the routine of tactics, such as dress parade, guard mounting, etc., but the members were allowed to sleep at their homes. It was expected that the regiment would remain at the Germantown camp for some time, for instruction, but important military events transpiring in Virginia—the disastrous second battle of Bull Run and the proximity of the rebels to Washington—it was made imperative for the new regiment to report at once at the Capital. Messengers called at our homes at midnight with orders to prepare and march at daylight the next morning. Early on the 29th of August we therefore bade an affectionate farewell to our families, broke camp, and at the head of the regiment marched to the city, paraded through several streets and were breakfasted at the Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon. We afterwards learned that this grand place was gratefully remembered by the troops from different States, who, in transit through Philadelphia, were royally entertained there. After having the inner man so well provided for our regiment took up the line of march for Broad and Prime streets, where we took the cars for Washington. On the way we lost one man, who was knocked off the train and run over and killed. This sad occurrence cast a gloom over the whole regiment, and by many it was thought to be an ill omen.

We arrived in Baltimore towards evening, and there being no transportation to Washington, the regiment experienced its first discomforts of soldiering. The men

had to make the best of the situation during the night, having no beds save the flagstones in the depot, and on the coming day many of the men had severe colds. However, we finally were provided with cars, but the train was ten hours in reaching the Capital. On arriving there, the men, being very hungry, were taken to the Soldiers' Retreat, the Government saloon; but there was a wide difference between it and the Cooper Shop at Philadelphia. They gave us a colored liquid, called "coffee," which was served us in horse buckets, besides hard bread and salt pork. The impression left upon us, bodily and mentally, at the Retreat, was not of a very complimentary character. That we were not expecting too much, however, for soldiers just fresh from their homes, the complaints of all other regiments halting there conclusively proved.

After partaking of the sumptuous fare referred to, the regiment was marched out to the northern defences of Washington and encamped at Fort Slocum, where the men were put under strict military discipline and drill; but this abruptly terminated, for on September 6th we received orders to march, going to the Baltimore pike, where, for the first time, we witnessed the grand sight presented by our army in motion. They were the veterans of the Peninsula, under General McClellan, marching forward to meet the foe on more northern soil. To our men who had but recently come from their homes, these battle-worn men were a horrible and repulsive panorama to gaze upon. It was a picture of neglect and suffering. The hands and faces of most of the men were brown as tan, almost black. They were almost shoeless, and carried

only their guns, blankets, haversacks and canteens. It was a sad scene, and the line of men appeared to be almost endless; a brigade of infantry, then one of cavalry, followed by artillery and wagon trains. In this way they alternated.

Here, in this great array, for the first time we saw the most prominent generals of the Union Army, and occasionally we recognized some old acquaintance in the ranks. We were surprised to find that the men observed no precision of step, as we did who were under drill, and as yet had only learned to move like machinery and keep in line; but it was not long after that we discovered the secret, and were glad to do the same. McClellan's army was on the march to meet the rebels under General Lee, who was then in Maryland, and which culminated in the battle of Antietam. Our regiment was ordered to fall in line with this army on its march, and when we broke camp to do so there was a deal of dissatisfaction expressed among the men, on account of not having received the fifty dollars as bounty which the city had promised and the men were expecting before leaving their homes. However, the regiment, obedient to orders, followed the army of McClellan, and when it reached Rockville was suddenly halted by reason of a dispatch from Washington, with orders to return to camp at Fort Slocum.

Our regiment being composed of new recruits, hardly two weeks in service and knowing but little of the manual of arms, to have put them in an engagement at this embryo period, would have been recklessly injudicious and have done more of harm than good to the general service. Under these circumstances it

was held that the War Department did a wise act in recalling the regiment from active participation in the battle of Antietam. We, therefore, retraced our steps, encountering great difficulty, however, by encountering other troops and army trains which were moving in a contrary direction. Late at night we arrived at camp, after having marched about twenty-two miles, which was thought to have been a good day's tramp for new men not accustomed to such work.

In this camp the regiment remained until the latter part of September, when we packed up to go on the other side of the Potomac, marching through Washington and over the historical Long Bridge. We were followed by Secretary of State Seward, who was on horseback, and when the regiment halted on the Virginia side he complimented our officers on the good music from their band. It is unnecessary to say that the encouraging words coming from such a high source, was accepted as a cheering sign of the band's coming popularity, by all the members. Soon after reaching camp the regiment was brigaded, the brigade consisting of the 105th, 68th and 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers and the 20th Indiana. It was the First Brigade, First Division, of the Third Corps. General Birney was at this time the Division Commander, but it was formerly in command of General Kearney. The division and corps had been known as a very active and fighting body, and the prospects were all for that kind of service, and our band being the only one in the whole division, the members at once were found to be a useful and very desirable appendage. The band was wanted everywhere; for

brigade guard mount, review, military funerals and serenades at night; its whole time was occupied in these and similar duties. The regiment, too, made good use of its spare time in being drilled for more important duties than the members had yet been called on to perform. Our camp was not far from Arlington, where General Heinzelman had his headquarters, at the former residence of General Robert E. Lee, who was at the head of the rebel army. Here on his beautiful lawn, overlooking the Potomac, a clear view of Washington was had, and here our band would perform during the evenings; not for the amusement of the aristocracy of Virginia, but for the pleasure and entertainment of Union soldiers. Great changes since then have taken place, and on that very spot, in the "sacred soil" of the South, now sleep thousands of our heroic dead, the government having established thereon one of the most beautiful of soldiers' cemeteries in the country. None but soldiers are buried there and no finer site for the purpose could elsewhere have been selected.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE MARCH—POOLESVILLE—WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—ZOUAVES RECEIVE THEIR BAPTISM OF FIRE AT FREDERICKSBURG—CAPTURE OF THE BAND.

October 1.—We had review, and by reason of the new order in regard to military bands, as heretofore particularized, our band was the only one in the line, and it was assigned at the head of the division. The old soldiers predicted an early move, holding, as they did, that a review was an infallible sign of something of the kind.

October 10.—Received orders to make ready for march. Started the next day and tramped twenty miles, halting near Rockville; raining all day; encamped in the Fair Grounds and slept on the dance floor.

October 11.—Broke camp at three o'clock in the morning and experienced the hardest day's march we had yet been subjected to, and during which the men had first learned how to lighten their burden, by stopping occasionally and unbuckling their knapsacks, and throwing out every article not indispensably necessary. The whole road was strewn with all sorts of things thus cast away, and a team following in the rear could have gathered a small fortune. This march brought us to Poolesville during the evening, with only about 250 men, the distance being twenty-five miles, and, as soon as we had made and

partaken of some warm coffee, the march was resumed toward the Potomac. The object of this hurry, it afterwards appeared, was to intercept a rebel raid of cavalry, but they succeeded in recrossing the river before our men reached the point aimed at.

On this forced march we learned a great deal that was of value to us afterward. Up to this time the wagons carried our knapsacks, also the Sibley tent which accommodated all the members of the band. But on a march like this, and when making camp in the evening, is the very time these things are most needed. On making inquiry you are informed that the wagon train is miles away, and with no certainty when it would arrive; the best that can be done under the circumstances becomes the inevitable, and your ingenuity is put to the test. Nor were the officers any better off than ourselves, as they were in the same dilemma; but the privates, who carried their houses and household goods on their backs, had the benefit of the fatiguing task at night, when camp was made. This discomfiture also taught the members of the band that, although musicians, in other respects they were *bona fide* soldiers and subject to all hardships, when on the march and in camp, such as are incident to every campaign. We likewise experienced, as did others in the service, that the small tents, commonly known as "dog tents," were, by far, the most convenient arrangement for men on the march, as they could be carried during the day and then quickly unfolded for use at night. In this venture, because of the inclemency of the weather and the absence of our tent, we were very uncomfortable, indeed.

The regiment having gone to the Potomac, the idea

occurred to us of using some of their tents, but this was doomed to defeat, for, about midnight, the emergency being over, the men returned to camp and we had to vacate the comfortable shelter, and were compelled to spread ourselves on rubber blankets, on the saturated ground, with naught save the clouded sky for a covering. There was some sleep, of course, from sheer fatigue, and in the morning we found ourselves lying in pools of water. We remained here in camp two weeks. The season before this same ground had been occupied by Colonel Baker's ill-fated California Regiment, whose improvised ovens still remained, and which were utilized by our men, making pot-pies, roasting beef, etc., whilst doing picket duty along the Potomac. The Army of the Potomac, the battle of Antietam having been fought, was now marching southward again, under General McClellan.

October 27.—We received orders to cross the Potomac, and again our thoughts were taken back to the previous year, when the Californians, in command of the brave and lamented Colonel Baker, crossed the river and were almost annihilated in the disaster at Ball's Bluff. We reached the Potomac on the last day of October, but found no pontoons nor even boats, and had to ford the river. We were told that the water would not be knee-deep, so we rolled up our pants, and the whole regiment, with a will, were at once wading the stream. At first the water proved to be shallow, but on approaching the Virginia side the current brought us into much deeper and rougher obstructions. Nearly all the men fell headlong into the channel and stumbled over the large stones, be-

coming wringing wet. All were in the same predicament, excepting the staff officers, who were on horseback, and Marie, the vivandiere, who had the forethought to pick up an old mule, on which she safely crossed the river. There was a deal of merriment while fording the stream, but it was quite different in the way of amusement after reaching the shore, for many had to remain in this saturated condition until the clothing dried upon them. We were chilled to the marrow, and, as an indication of the general suffering, three members of the band were on the sick list next morning. One of them we did not see for six months afterwards, having been totally incapacitated for duty, and another was subsequently discharged on account of disability. We were now on "sacred soil," in the enemy's domain, and received a very cool reception from the surly inhabitants, and they were in nowise backward in manifesting their animosity by their actions.

Our regiment was now a part of the Grand Army of the Potomac and remained with it, taking an active part in its eventful career, participating in its successes and reverses, until it accomplished the great end for which it was organized and vigorously employed—the submission of the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, which was the mainstay of the Rebellion.

November 1.—Early on the morning of this day we were put in trim and marched through Leesburg. The regiment was in good spirits, made a splendid appearance, and the band played "John Brown," while the proud Zouaves firmly accented in precise step the simple yet suggestive air. The women

looked contemptuously on us from the doors and windows of their houses. The few men we observed were all aged, the young-blood doubtless all being in the army of Lee. We encamped some distance beyond the town, and, after performing at General Birney's headquarters, we took a walk through the place. Some finely attired ladies had just emerged from a house, and on seeing us, as we were on the pavement, they showed their decided contempt for us and the cause we represented by stepping into the street. We politely thanked them for their trouble and assured them that they were even more accommodating than our ladies at home, who rarely ever went to such obliging extremes.

Our marches now were mostly along the mountain range of the Blue Ridge, passing through some beautiful and romantic valleys. As a rule we had plenty of good water, having often to cross and recross mountain streams and small rivulets. Here and there along this picturesque ridge I was particularly attracted by scenes that took my mind back to my early home in the blue Alsatian mountains of the old world. General Birney, who always had a taste and a keen eye for fine effects, would often encamp our division on the top of the Blue Ridge, and when the camp-fires were all aglow in the evening and the band performing some stirring selection, there was a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness in the scene that cannot be described, while we could hear, in the intervals of silence, below us, the heavy wagons and artillery trains rumbling and struggling to make their way over the primitive and storm-swept roads. In this locality whenever there was a heavy rainfall the water

rushed down the mountain sides, leaving the roadway obstructed by masses of stone, and over this perilous path the lumbersome trains had to follow the army.

November 7.—We reached Waterloo, and for the first time during the season a heavy snow fell. So far on this march we had used no tents at night, bivouacking on the cold ground and covered only with our blankets. Fortunately, however, just as this cold spell broke upon us the wagon train also reached us, with which was our long-looked for Sibley tent, and we were quick to avail ourselves of its opportune, if not providential, arrival.

On reaching this place we found the bridge over the Monocacy burned, and were compelled to halt until another structure was provided. The general expectation was that there would be some fighting at this point. The division was ordered in the woods, the band sent to the rear, and our batteries opened fire, but they received no reply. If there had been a rebel force in the vicinity, the conclusion was that they left after destroying the bridge. This kind of firing we heard every day some distance ahead of us, and supposed that they, like ourselves, were only feeling for the enemy. On this occasion the doctors informed us that whenever the regiment was engaged in battle they would expect the members of the band to assist in caring for the wounded, and in doing otherwise whatever was needful to them. This, however, was anticipated by us from the beginning.

November 12.—We made camp near Warrenton, where we again heard the whistling of locomotives, something new to us since crossing the Potomac, and the boys were encouraged to look for more and better

rations, which of late had been very poor. For the first time, too, since crossing the river, we received the Baltimore papers, from which we were surprised to learn that General McClellan had been superseded by General Burnside, who was then our commander. This unexpected news had not the effect upon us that it developed among older soldiers, for we thought, if McClellan was too slow in getting to Richmond, Burnside might make shorter work and satisfy the cry of the people and purpose of the army, "On to Richmond!" In pleasurable contrast to the preparations for destruction going on around us, on the previous evening Major Chandler, of our regiment, received news from his Philadelphia home, informing him that a child had been born unto him; the appreciative father was in ecstacy over the event, and the band tendered him a complimentary serenade. Poor Chandler! It was not long after receiving this happy news from a devoted wife that the infant was fatherless, for the Major was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville in the following May.

The officers of the regiment by this time had become closely attached to the band and in various ways made known their personal good will, which, added to their appreciation of our music, helped in no small degree to mitigate our hardships and make us content. At this time there was what may be called a tobacco famine among the men, no sutler having been with the army since crossing the Potomac. Just then, if any one could have dropped in with a full supply of the "evil weed," he could have made an easy fortune from the sale of it, and the men would have worshipped him besides. With the

resumption of railroad communication, however, the want was soon supplied, and the boys once more were afforded the solace of leisure hours they so earnestly prayed for.

November 15th.—We reached camp near to Fredericksburg; it had been raining almost every day, under a chilling temperature. As we approached the city the army began to unfold its interminable length to our view; every day new troops were coming, and on every road they could be seen in motion, all moving to the south. There were wagon trains, miles in length, drawing their serpentine trail over soft clay roads, which were made utterly impassable for the infantry; consequently the men on foot had to take to the fields, and march on the right and left of the roads. Some of them, we noticed, being almost barefooted, tramping with torture in every step, through the mid-November slush and mud; this, too, with their toes protruding through their shoes. Many of these "fighting men," and not without cause, found great fault with the manner in which they were treated. They also complained bitterly of the restraint placed upon them, and in conversation with a number they expressed themselves in this way: "We are going through the enemy's country; the people are intensely secesh, and not at all backward in expressing their sentiments; yet the officers put sentinels over their property to prevent our soldiers from taking anything to eat, and they stop us, although we get there sometimes." Said another: "We have many sick in hospital, with not the slightest accommodations; they have to lie on the cold ground, while near by are large and empty mansions

belonging to rebels, and yet our own guards allow none to enter." A soldier told me of two of our men who went to a haystack to get some feed for their horses, and in spite of the guard they helped the animals to a small quantity; they needed it so badly; but the captain of the guard shot one of the men dead, and wounded the other. The comrades of the men were so enraged, that they swore vengeance against the captain, who fled to the woods; but he was overtaken and bayoneted to death. In time, however, we learned to prosecute warfare by a different system. Sheridan's campaign in the valley of Virginia is a sample. He ordered everything to be destroyed that was of any use to the rebels; thereby materially helping to shorten the war.

November 22.—Arrived in front of Fredericksburg, and being encamped opposite the town, on Stafford Heights, we had a beautiful view of the place and its naturally grand surroundings. We wondered what was coming next and commenced putting things in trim for winter quarters. There was a heavy snow the first week in December and the temperature bitter cold; many were on the sick list and bad colds were prevalent. We were kept in a constant state of speculation as to what General Burnside really intended to do. Here we were in close proximity to the Rebel army, nothing separating the two powerful bodies but the Rappahannock river. We conversed with the men in gray on the other side and frequently traded our coffee with them for their tobacco. In the rear of the town, from the heights, we could see them extending and strenghtening their earthworks and fortifications. Sometimes, in the morning, earthworks would appear

that were not there the evening before, thus showing conclusively that they worked on them both day and night. All this was plainly visible to the naked eye, yet, in spite of these menacing facts, our army was looking complacently on. Inexperienced soldiers as we were, we came to the conclusion that General Burnside never intended to attack the enemy there; if he did, why allow all this opportunity to fortify their naturally strong position? And yet he did just what Lee wanted him to do. He knocked his brains out against the very walls we had seen for several weeks becoming stronger and stronger every day. The excuse at first was that the pontoons had not arrived; but they did arrive on November 28th, and yet Burnside added danger to delay. The fact was apparent to all that the engineering skill of the Confederacy was exhausted on this position.

In the first week of December, General Burnside held a council of war with his corps commanders, when General Hooker proposed to move his corps some ten miles above Fredericksburg and attack the rebel position, in conjunction with the rest of the army through Fredericksburg, but Hooker's proposition was rejected by Burnside. Whatever this plan might have accomplished, one thing is certain, the result could not have been more disastrous than what did happen.

December 10.—Burnside began operations in the endeavor to lay the pontoons. General Franklin was sent on the extreme left to attack the extreme right of the enemy's line, and break through the same, if possible. A heavy fog favored our army laying the pontoons in front of Fredericksburg, but as soon as

the rebels observed our men at the work their sharpshooters picked off every man thus engaged; their men of deadly aim were concealed in the houses along the river, and the pontoniers were compelled to abandon the work. Another attempt was made and with the same result; our boats and planks were riddled with bullets and it was found to be impossible to face the unerring aim of the rebel marksmen. Our batteries were then ordered to open a heavy cannonade upon the houses where the sharpshooters were hidden, and in a short time the buildings were demolished. Once more our brave men attempted to put down the pontoons, and then they suffered almost as severely by the deadly fire brought to bear upon them from the rebel rifle pits. It now became necessary to face the lion in his den, and volunteers were called to row across the river in the pontoon boats, charge on the rifle pits and drive the rebels out. This was a desperate undertaking, but it was splendidly and effectually accomplished by volunteers from the 19th Massachusetts and 7th Michigan regiments. After this general clearing out, though at a great sacrifice of life, the pontoons were laid and our army at once began to cross.

December 12.—The whole army was on the south side of the Rappahannock; General Sumner on the extreme right; General Hooker in the centre, and General Franklin on the left, below the city. Now came the tug of war. Burnside had given orders to Franklin to attack on the left, before making an assault on the centre, but he was only partially successful; so he attacked the centre, in the rear of Fredericksburg, or St. Mary's Heights, that very position upon which

we had looked so long while it was hourly being made stronger. Every charge made by our best troops on this stronghold failed. General Sumner first sent French's Division, supported by Hancock's, but as they came from the town through parallel streets to make a charge on the Heights, they had to pass a canal, or wide ditch, which could only be crossed over bridges connecting the streets; and all this time the men were exposed to an incessant fire of artillery and musketry from front and both flanks, such as no troops in the world could stand. The line melted away before the works could be reached, and the assault failed.

This was a severe blow to our army. Hancock lost 2000 men and French not less than 1200. Then a division of the 9th Corps was sent in, and fared no better, losing 1100 men. The stone wall supported by artillery and infantry was too much for human endurance, and the rebels would not have cared had Burnside thrust the whole of the Union army against that impregnable position. General Lee, in his report of the battle, said that "six times did the enemy press on, with great determination, to within a hundred yards of the foot of the Hill, but meeting with such deadly resistance from our infantry, the columns were broken and they fled in confusion to the town."

Burnside, however, was not satisfied with this fearful repulse, and proposed to take his old corps, the 9th, and charge the position, besides leading the assault in person. It was, of course, a feeling of desperation on his part, and the corps commanders unanimously opposed him.

Our corps, the 3d, was commanded at this time by

General Stoneman and consisted of three divisions: the 1st, by General Birney; 2d, by General Sickles; 3d, by General Whipple. Our corps was assigned to Franklin's Grand Division. General Meade, who had commanded the 3d Division of the 1st Corps, having pushed ahead with his Pennsylvania Reserves, succeeded in penetrating the woods, driving the enemy from the railroad and reaching the crest of the Hill, clear in the open ground beyond. The Rebels were now strongly reinforced and Meade found himself attacked in front and on both flanks, and finally was forced to fall back from the position he had so gallantly gained, at a cost of forty per cent. of his brave men.

December 13.—It was at this date and pressing time that our division was ordered to cross on the pontoons, to reinforce Meade, and arrest, if possible, the rebel line, which was rapidly advancing. The band kept at the head of the regiment on crossing the pontoons. As soon as we were on the bridge we marched left, oblique; at the same time we heard peculiar noises above us. Having never been in such a position before, we did not comprehend, or even suspect, what it meant; but just then several shells burst in close proximity to us, which broke the secret and told what kind of music was in the air, with an accompaniment of minnie balls. Colonel Cavada thought we could be of no service there, and ordered the band out of the ranks, at the same time advising us to take care of ourselves.

Just then the Zouaves gave three hearty cheers, went bravely in, charged splendidly, received their baptism of fire and fought like old veterans, for which

they were afterwards highly complimented. The members of the band, when they fell out of the ranks, were in front of a large stone mansion, the Bennett House, between which and the Rappahannock was an immense and beautiful garden. Here, with the surgeons and Marie, the vivandiere, we established the field hospital, and soon after we had quite a number of our regiment, who were wounded, to assist in taking care of. The band members became very useful here, being employed day and night in aiding the doctors and nursing the men who had fallen in battle.

December 15.—In the afternoon General Birney sent for the band to perform at headquarters. The lines of the contending armies were so close to each other that we could see their batteries and actually look into the mouths of their heavy guns. After playing for nearly an hour, including some of the national airs, which the enemy doubtless heard as clearly as did our own men, we were instructed not to go back to the hospital, but remain close to the line of battle. We knew not the why or wherefore for this unexpected change, but implicit obedience to orders being the first duty of a soldier, we went at once where directed.

A short distance in rear of the line of battle was a ditch, perhaps an old railroad cut, running parallel with the line. As every moment the conflict was expected to be renewed, we thought that in that depression, or cut, there would be comparatively little danger, as the shells would pass over our heads. During the night the rain fell very heavy, but in spite of the inconvenience we slept soundly, having had very little rest the two previous nights.

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December 16.—I awoke at daybreak, and my first thoughts, as in the case of every soldier, was to look around for material with which to make a fire and boil some coffee. So, with my brother Louis, we started off and strolled along this cut in search of firewood, and found, to our great surprise, not only kindling, but other useful articles, such as cooking utensils, knives, forks, etc. Our impression was that some troops had encamped there during the night and were probably suddenly called away for some imperative duty, as was often the case. That idea satisfied us for the time, but a moment later a mounted officer appeared on the embankment above us, whom we thought was one of our own provost marshals hunting up stragglers in the road, and he asked what we were doing there. I informed him that we were encamped there all night, and he told me that we were prisoners. Still thinking him a provost marshal, I made known that I had charge of a band and had my orders; asking him to attend to his own business and assuring him I would attend to mine. He grimly smiled at my response and requested me to come up on the bank. I did so, and to my consternation, as he raised his arm I perceived his gray uniform under the rubber overcoat. It was all over, and the reality of our position, as from a flash of lightning broke upon us, that the band was captured. In looking around from that point, where our line was the night before the gray line of the Rebel army was now stretched out; and toward the Rappahannock I could see a formidable line of the enemy's skirmishers, who had already advanced to the river, and all our pontoons had been removed. The band being made and

declared prisoners were ordered to pack up, which we were required to do in such haste that we had not the opportunity allowed us to boil that morning's coffee. From some misconception of the band's sad predicament, it was currently reported that the men were captured while in a barn, and even our best friend, the lamented Captain Elliott, for a time rested under the delusion.

Accompanying our new rebel acquaintances we were marched inside the enemy's lines and made to face General Archer, at his headquarters. The rebels appeared to be in excellent spirits; they jibed us about Burnside and asked us how we liked him now; others wanted us to give them some music, but our inclinations were not in that direction just then. After being introduced to General Archer he told us to lay down our instruments. This was something new to us; a question, in fact, we had never considered; therefore I took the liberty to remind General Archer that the instruments did not belong to the government, but were our own personal property, and should not be taken from us. At this he began to swear and said: "You Yankees captured me once and took everything from me, and it was all private property." I suggested that the cases were not identical; that a general without sword or horse was still a general, while a band without instruments was no band at all. My simple, and perhaps intrusive, argument failed to convince him, and with heavy hearts and dejected countenances we bade farewell to the instruments which had served us so well, and with which down to that event we had marched with pride at the head of our regiment. We were then ordered to fall in line with about 300 "bluelegs,"

who had been picked up in that ensnaring ditch, like ourselves, on that dark December morn. Bates's History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers contains this reference:—

"The loss of the 114th Regiment in this battle was twelve killed, twenty-seven wounded, and seventeen captured. Of those captured were members of the band, who had gallantly accompanied the regiment when ordered across the river, and when it became engaged had rendered valuable assistance to the wounded and the surgeons in charge. On the night of the 15th, when the army recrossed the river, they were not made aware of what was passing, and when they awoke on the morning of the 16th, they found, to their utter amazement, the troops all gone, the pontoons removed, and in the hands of the enemy. Their instruments, which were their own private property, were taken from them, and they were sent to Libby Prison. After their exchange they returned to the regiment, and with a full set of superior instruments, presented to them by their friends at home, as an acknowledgment of their gallantry and the good service they had rendered."

The band remained with the regiment until the close of the war, and did much to refresh the spirits of the men on many a long and weary march, and besides which they contributed in no small degree towards the preservation of that high tone and manifest discipline which from the beginning characterized the Zouaves. Not only the regiment, but the whole division sustained a great loss in thus temporarily parting with the only band of music they possessed, although, according to the new regulations, the divi-

sion was entitled to three such accessories. Our band had supplied the music for every occasion in the division, and, practically, at no special expense to the Government. We learned through letters sent home from officers and men of the regiment, of the regret expressed at losing the music of the band; they were deprived of one prime feature in holding those grand dress parades, which always attracted a large assemblage of spectators; there was no longer the music to which they had become accustomed to step with mechanical precision; the soothing and enlivening strains at night, too, were pleasures of the past.

It will be readily understood—when Burnside was baffled in every attempt to make an impression on the enemy's line—when he had sacrificed over twelve thousand men, as brave men as ever shouldered a gun —when he at last, in a fit of desperation, proposed to take his old corps, the 9th, and sacrifice it in the mad attempt to accomplish an impossibility—all his corps commanders comprehended the situation, and failed to see why Burnside should do any better than their best and bravest had done. This was the first battle they had been in against General Lee. Burnside now concluded that the only alternative left him was to withdraw his army across the river. The fierce wind and rain on the night of the 15th shielded him, and the whole army was skilfully withdrawn with no material loss, excepting a few prisoners, with whom the band was included. The pontoons were covered with whatever was at command to deaden the sound while the army was recrossing. The men were forbidden to speak or make the slightest noise, and to avoid even the rattle of their canteens. The road they fol-

lowed to the river was right and left of the ditch wherein we were encamped, and yet not the slightest noise was heard by us. So cautiously was the night-march effected that the members of the band were not disturbed.

The query has frequently been proposed as to why it was that no other band was captured? There were none on that side of the river save our own, all other bands remaining on the northern side of the Rappahannock.

After having been marched here and there, and being relieved of our instruments, which made us feel doubly sensible of our embarrassing position, we were taken to the headquarters of General "Stonewall" Jackson, where our parole papers were made out, and which we signed with very nervous hands, our signatures binding us not to take up arms against the Confederacy until properly exchanged. We were given to understand that we could be sent home at once by the Saturday flag-of-truce boat, which put us in better spirits, thinking that we would be spared looking into the hated Libby Prison, but our hopes told only a flattering tale. We were afterwards taken to Guiney's Station, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, where a pleasant surprise awaited us.

My brother Louis, who, at the breaking out of the war, was living in Richmond, had in that city a very close friend, a German, who remained with the Confederacy, while my brother came North, and here, on this occasion they met, his friend now as a rebel guard over him, and he also guarded him, and the rest of us, back to Richmond. To his credit his personal friendship remained; he evinced no rancor

toward any of us; on the contrary, by and through him we received many favors. In our misfortune it was a great consolation to us to find such an unlooked for and considerate friend in time of need and extreme distress. The gentlemanly conduct of this rebel guard brought vividly to mind those noble words of Byron:—

"The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
Are touch'd with a desire to shield or save."

CHAPTER III.

LIBBY PRISON—CAMP PAROLE—LIBBY AND FORT MCHENRY PRISONS COMPARED.

We had to remain at the railroad station several days, as the facilities for transportation were taxed to the fullest measure, the many wounded coming in being entitled to the first opportunity for transit. Finally, on Friday, our turn came, when they put us in cattle cars and we were taken to Richmond. So far we received no insults from the soldiers, and were considerately treated while being in their charge. There was a change on the face of things generally, and in particular, when we arrived at the Confederate Capital. On emerging from the cattle cars, otherwise known in those days as "portable ventilators," we were put in line and marched through that city of pride direct to Libby Prison. Along the route we were repeatedly insulted by the rabble, and upbraided by others who profanely prefixed the word "Yankees" as we approached them; and had it not been for some of our guards, who had the decency of gentlemen as well as the grit of the true soldier to command respect, this hooting rebel rabble would have otherwise contemned and perhaps abused us. At the close of this exhibition in our brilliant Zouave full dress, we reached a large building, near the James River, on the corner of which was a sign, and inscribed thereon were the significant words, "Libby Prison."

This told of our fate, and that our journey was at an end for a time.

Here we were enrolled as boarders and afterwards searched to ascertain if we had any dangerous weapons in our pockets or on our persons. Having satisfied themselves that we were not intent on taking Richmond ourselves, we were escorted to the second story of the renowned Libby. Not the slightest piece of furniture was there; not even the commonest wooden bench; absolutely nothing save the bare floor to rest upon. In one corner was a wooden water trough, with the privilege of partially washing our hands and faces, but the floor was more than filthy, the room was overcrowded, and at night we were compelled to lie down as though we were boxed herring. Now came the torturing test that

> "In struggling with misfortune lies the proof
> Of virtue."

During our life in the field we could, with constant care, keep our persons cleanly and clear of vermin, but here, in this Libby pest-house, we were soon literally alive with the unmentionable and noxious animals. Added to this awful condition our rations consisted only of a mite of black bean soup twice a day, every third meal a piece of meat about one inch square, and a loaf of bread which the average hand could clench out of sight. Unfortunately, on coming fresh from the camp and marches we had first-class appetites, and the bill of fare at the Libby boarding-house proved sadly inadequate to our physical needs. Fortunately, however, most of us had a little money. When we came into their lines they offered, what

seemed to us, fabulous prices for our blankets and other articles. I sold a rubber blanket that cost me at home $3.00 for $25.00 of Confederate money, and a pair of half-worn shoes sold for $6.00, which seemed conclusive that even in the early days of the war there must have been a scarcity of many articles of necessity. Every morning hucksters came to the windows of the Libby with rough-and-ready pies, which were about two feet long by one foot across the top. The mammoth pie they would divide into many small portions and sell them at twenty-five cents apiece. These morsels helped us along nicely in the way of a dessert to our other rations.

Keeper Ross, who was one of those impudent braggarts and too cowardly to go to the front, came every morning to call the roll, usually to the living, but often to the dead. He always carried a revolver, sometimes two, besides bowie knives, which he uniformly allowed to be displayed from his pockets. He was a sort of a portable arsenal, and his demonstrative tactics were thought to terrify the starving boarders, although he was always accompanied by two guards, who carried loaded muskets. One day on his coming in to call the roll, one of our comrades, who was very ill, did not rise to respond. Ross, on perceiving the sick man not on his feet, bawled out: "Get up, you d——d Yankee!" I told him the man was too sick to arise, but this was no excuse to the brute, and he turned and gave the prostrate prisoner several hard kicks on the back with the heavy cavalry boots he always wore. Of course, we dared not show our indignation and resentment in a way to suit us, for he appeared to be chafing for an excuse to do the "Yankees" bodily

harm. He deserved the same end that came to his partner in brutality, Wirz, of the Andersonville Prison, whose inhumanity, after the war, brought him to the scaffold. The fate of Keeper Ross, too, was sealed in the unfathomable future; his doom was written, the decree was passed; for not long after the close of the rebellion he was burned alive at a hotel fire in the City of Richmond.

While our bodily miseries were almost unendurable at Libby Prison, still we suffered much more in mind than from other causes, and to aggravate the pitiable situation, smallpox and black measles broke out among the men in that crowded den of disease and death. Under us was what was known as the "dead house," and in the floor of our apartment the openings between the boards were wide enough to plainly see what was going on below. Every morning the sight was enough to make our very flesh quiver; there lay from six to ten lifeless bodies, stripped entirely of clothing. With such horrible scenes each morning dawned, and who knew but what some of us would be the next to supply the morgue; for many that viewed these shocking scenes at the dawn of one day were among the unhonored dead by night. These unwelcome surroundings, of course, made our condition the harder to bear up with, and the more anxiously every day did we look for the flag-of-truce boat to come to our deliverance. We expected it the first week of our incarceration; the second passed in disappointment, and likewise the third week, and the Richmond newspapers wondered why "Old Abe did not send for his hirelings." The *Dispatch* was very bitter, saying, "Old Abe don't mind us fattening his

hirelings, so that when they take the field again they will be the better able to kill our noble sons, who so nobly stand shoulder to shoulder for our homes and firesides."

In the midst of all our dire distress, we could not help laughing over that rich specimen of rebel war literature, and particularly at the "fattening" portion of that graphic paragraph.

Christmas came, and all the pleasures from home we had but a short time before in anticipation for the festal day, passed with it, for we were still in Libby. We knew that the good folks at home had prepared and sent boxes of luxuries for us, to the field. We also felt sure that the good things arrived —but not for us—not at Keeper Ross's big boarding-house. It was not long, however, before we had the satisfaction of knowing that the Christmas dinners came safely to hand at the regimental camp, where we were expected and should have been to partake of them; still it is an ill wind that blows no good, and in this case it was a pleasure to know that the roast turkeys and the fixings proved a rare treat to many of our comrades.

About this time another subject somewhat disquieted our minds, and it was discussed every day in the Richmond journals; there was trouble respecting the operation of the cartel of exchange. Our Government had begun to organize colored regiments, enlisting the men on precisely the same terms as white troops and, of course, assuring them like protection. The Confederate dynasty refused to recognize the colored soldiers as being on an equality with their white troops and objected to exchange them man for

man. It was repulsive to their chivalrous notions of personal dignity, and also detrimental to the prestige of their cause. For a time the adjustment of the difference threatened a suspension of the existing cartel of exchange, and therefore our stay at Libby Prison was threatened to be for an indefinite period. And yet, if this fact of our Government protecting its soldiers, regardless of color, in the rights belonging to them—if this was the cause for retaining us longer than expected, we felt that there was full and sufficient excuse for the delay. While the rebels did not propose to hold our enlisted men for the above reasons, they refused to liberate the commissioned officers, and sent them farther south, to other prisons, and some of them remained prisoners long after we had been released.

The new year, 1863, came in and still we were pent up in that prison-pen. News came, however, to cheer us once more, that the flag-of-truce boat had arrived at City Point, and we were all on tiptoe at the prospect, but were again disappointed, as the sick and wounded only were taken. The next day another boat came and our disappointment was repeated; but with the third load of prisoners our turn was reported, and it would be difficult for the reader to imagine the extreme delight that possessed us. We really wept with joy on being removed from that horrible place of filth, starvation, disease, and pestilence. To us it was a transition as from death to life, and when we reached the deck of the boat, with the Stars and Stripes floating from the masthead, we felt as if we were in another world. Once more, and more keenly than ever before in our lives, did we realize that

"Unbidden guests
Are welcomest when they are gone."

Our first thought aboard the boat was to procure something for the inner man—something of which we had been daily deprived. The carrying of liquors aboard these boats was strictly prohibited, but an opportunity was afforded us to purchase some bottled peaches, preserved in brandy. This new luxury sold like hot cakes, even faster, and in a very short time the specialty was completely disposed of; but with what was secured of them, and the difference in both quantity and quality of our rations, as compared with Libby, we were not long in being restored to our normal condition. On reaching Annapolis we were much improved and in better spirits, the peaches doubtless having had much to do with our betterment.

About one mile outside of Annapolis was Camp Parole, which was established by our government to receive Union soldiers coming from rebel prisons, and to hold them until such time as they were exchanged for a like number of rebel prisoners. Here we arrived January 13th, and found the camp all that men could reasonably desire. The location was high and dry, excellent quarters, an abundance of good rations and practically nothing to do, as the government would not put the men to any service whatever, on account of their parole requiring them not to serve the United States until duly exchanged. During this interval of inactivity we thought to procure furloughs and visit our homes, but it was soon discovered that such favors were among the very rare exceptions, in fact, impossible to get hold of just then. In the earlier days of the war, on their arrival in camp the

government adopted a general rule to furlough all prisoners desiring to make a trip to their homes, where they could remain until exchanged; but experience proved ere long that when the furloughed men were wanted at the front a great many of them failed to report promptly for duty, while the rebel prisoners returned in exchange for them would surely be under arms again. The government therefore adopted a rule to furlough no paroled prisoners, and imperative orders were given to that effect. Colonel Sangster was in command of Camp Parole, and I determined to see him and make known our peculiar condition as a band; that we would have to go home, before we could rejoin our regiment, in order to procure a new set of instruments. He replied that he was powerless in the matter, as the imperative order referred to made no exceptions, but he remarked by way of a kindly hint: "If you don't know how to get home, it is not my business to tell you." This proved an incentive, and then we determined to find our way homeward by one way or another.

At Camp Parole the total or average number of paroled prisoners was about ten thousand, and when the paymaster was expected but few were the absentees; but after the men had been paid off, in the course of a few days at most, the population would dwindle down to probably one thousand, or even less. The paymaster was now the daily expectation, though the current rumor of his coming did not always bring him. We, who had not yet seen such an interesting individual, like the rest of the men in camp, concluded to patiently wait for his presence, before deciding upon the best method of pro-

cedure in the effort to visit our homes. In due time the paymaster came and the men got their money. Then, of course, there was a general exodus of the men; some went off in one direction, some in another; some had on citizens' suits, and took the cars; others crossed the Bay, and many tramped to Baltimore and from that point took the cars for their homes. There was a sting, however, in the sweets of the paymaster's purse, to many of the men.

The fact of such a large number of paroled men being paid off put the provost guards everywhere on the watch, and it was, therefore, the most hazardous time to venture what was then called, in army parlance, a "skedaddle." From the Colonel in command of Camp Parole we had nothing serious to fear, because of the tacit hint thrown out. After due consideration five of us decided to try the homeward trip by way of Baltimore. We started on the march in the evening and calculated to make that city early the next morning, and there take the first train to Philadelphia. Our first obstacle appeared after tramping several miles from camp, on coming to the Severn river; the water being deep, and the current very swift, it could only be crossed in a boat. In the vicinity was a colored man's hut, and on inquiry it was learned that for a consideration he ferried people across the Severn, but he could not be coaxed to take us over that night. As it was dark, the wind strong and the water rapid, he declined to accommodate us, and said we would have to wait until morning, to which we were compelled to assent. This was a dangerous delay, and proved disastrous to our well-laid plans and the success of the venturesome

expedition. Our colored friend turned his shanty into a hotel for the night, and hospitably accommodated the party with lodgings and luncheon. His wife made us hot cakes, and with some coffee and salt pork, we had a very fair supper; we had often partaken of much worse. We looked around, and began to wonder where we could lie down for the night, but after having enjoyed our repast, the business-like woman brought in a quantity of straw, or litter. The improvised hotel, which we christened "The Severn", contained two rooms, one down, and the other in the second story. We were assigned to the first floor, the family occupying the other, and as soon as the latter showed a desire to retire, our party took to the straw, and soon all were lost in sleep until the coming dawn.

At an early hour, without any breakfast, we were ready for our colored boatman, who ferried us over the river, and we resumed our march for Baltimore. About 8 o'clock A. M. we halted at an inn a mile outside the city, where, with sharp appetites, we partook of breakfast. Again we were doomed to trouble, our host having informed us that it would be impossible to reach Baltimore, as the provost guards were in strong force on every road, looking for and arresting "skedaddlers" from Camp Parole; that no man in uniform could enter the city unless he had a pass or a furlough, and we had neither. In military form, we held a "council of war" on the threatening situation. We were all in uniform; it was impossible to proceed, and out of the question to return to camp. My brother Louis proposed that a suit of citizen's clothes be procured; that he make the venture to get into

Baltimore, and from thence go home to Philadelphia, and return with suits for the others, who were to remain where they were until his return with the needful articles. This appeared as practicable, and was unanimously approved as the most likely means out of a serious predicament. Of our kindly disposed host Louis procured an old pair of pants, a coat to suit, and a well-worn slouch hat. He was soon inside of the odd outfit, and with a handsaw under his arm and a pipe in his mouth, he boldly marched to the guard-house, asked for fire in his pipe, and, after having a chat in German with the soldier, who was of the same nationality, he pursued his way direct to the railroad depot, and the first train at command took the apparently rough workman from Baltimore to Philadelphia.

His comrades, who were left at that hospitable inn, however, had in store for them a much rougher experience. We were about finishing our breakfast when, to our great dismay, we were informed that the guards were on the way to arrest us. Sure enough, they soon appeared and surrounded the house, which was to have been our fortress It may be well to state here, that these guards were made up of what were known as home-guards and heavy artillerists, doing duty around the forts and such other "soft snap" service as they were then engaged in. They had never known such a thing as service in the field, and took supreme pride in arresting old soldiers anywhere. As they all hoped to hold their easy and dangerless positions down to the close of the war, the duties, as above referred to, was the only evidence they could furnish as to any apology for their existence. On this

occasion they acted as if they had the most desperate work to encounter and dangerous characters to deal with.

Anticipating our arrest on the information given us I hastily arose from the breakfast table, and on coming from the kitchen of the inn, with no weapon of defence save the piece of bread and molasses I had not finished at the table, I encountered one of these gallant soldiers, who was rushing toward me on full bayonet charge, the hammer of his gun raised and a cap on its tube. He was laboring under great excitement; his face was white with rage; in this condition he approached to within a few inches of my body, exclaiming, "Surrender!" Had I made the slightest resistance, I felt sure that he would have killed me on the spot. At the same time I continued eating my bread as calmly as possible and advising him to keep cool, as he was in no danger whatever. While this was going on my comrades were having a similar experience with the other guards, who also acted as if they were in dread of personal harm. There was only one course left us; we fell in line as prisoners and were taken to the guard-house in Baltimore, where they had about one hundred other "skedadlers" from Camp Parole. Here these cowardly and uncivil guards, under orders from like superiors, acted the part of brigands and boldly robbed the men of all the money they could find on their persons, not even taking the names of the prisoners thus outraged. They were deliberate scoundrels and the men were without redress. The men having been just paid off, many of them had large sums, most of which was intended for the maintenance of their wives and chil-

dren, and which was more than earned on the field and at the front of battle. These fellows, not soldiers, accumulated thousands of dollars by stealing in this way, and not a single cent was ever restored. It was robbery of the meanest kind possible; a crime against men who were powerless to resist, and whose misfortune was to have been captured at the front.

General Schenck was military commander at that time of the department embracing Baltimore, and it was thought he should have prevented or punished such crimes, else have been held responsible for them. Fortunately, we had but little money with us, having mailed it home before entering on our venturesome journey.

Our misery was only reflected in the conduct of the guards; the worst was to come. From the guard-house at Baltimore the whole squad was taken to Fort McHenry, where we were confined in quarters, in comparison with which Libby Prison was a parlor. It was a despicable hole! Here one hundred soldiers were huddled together in an apartment that had not the slightest accommodations for the natural necessities of life; the floor was completely covered with pools and streams of filth; not a spot free from it; no place to sit or even lie down. The stench was unbearable; a disgrace to the government or its authorities allowing it. Many of the men swore that they would never again take up arms to defend a government that permitted such treatment of its soldiers. Fortunately for all imprisoned in that place of peril to health and life, we were held there only twenty-four hours, when they sent us back to Camp Parole.

On arriving at camp we returned to our old quarters just as usual, no one showing the least curiosity as to our absence, and everything passed off as smoothly as though we had not been away. But the idea of getting home was not dispelled by the defeat and disappointment we had suffered, although it was still impossible to get a furlough for that purpose, and arrangements for another effort were made. At once we sent home for citizens' suits to be forwarded direct to us, and before a week had passed we received them. No time was lost in fixing up for a more certain venture, and taking the cars at Annapolis we passed snugly through without molestation of guards or further trouble, and were soon at our homes.

In a short time the whole band, with but little exertion, were supplied with new instruments. Even here we were put to some trouble by the provost guard marshals, who demanded to see our passes or furloughs, but when a proper explanation was made they were convinced that we were not deserters. They, however, gave us to understand that we had no right to be at home without the proper credentials, and warned us to be very careful, as we were liable to arrest at any moment. So, after making sure of our instruments and attending to our domestic affairs, we procured a new uniform for each man at the regimental depot, and prepared for duty by reporting in a body to the Provost Marshal in Philadelphia. There was policy in these tactics, in order to procure transportation to Camp Parole; and, instead of putting us under arrest, they escorted us through various parts of the city, serenading their favorites and having

a good time all round, not getting back to the provost quarters until the next morning. After a few hours' rest, we were sent off in charge of an officer, all wishing us good luck and a safe return, and in good spirits we boarded the train for Annapolis. Now that we again had instruments, we began to feel that we were ourselves once more.

Having reached our destination, we marched boldly into camp, playing "John Brown" with unusual spirit, and marching along with firm step, with no apparent concern, directly in front of Colonel Sangster's headquarters. The Colonel was there, and his lady was standing by his side. Mrs. Sangster was the authoress of "Marching Along," and it so happened that we were unconsciously complimenting her in performing the popular music adapted to her stirring war song. Colonel Sangster immediately gave orders to have special barracks erected for the band, adjoining his own, and also issued a *carte blanche* on the commissary for anything we might desire. The return of the band to Camp Parole was a great event, as there was absolutely nothing within the circle of tents to attract or pleasantly occupy the heavy leisure of the thousands of men, for they had not the slightest duty to perform. They now anticipated something to keep their spirits up, in the music our band frequently furnished them.

At that time there was no band in the Capital city of Maryland; the Naval School was closed and the buildings were used as a hospital, and consequently the fine band previously stationed there was disbanded. So even the residents of Annapolis were delighted on

our arrival, and whenever we played they came out *en masse* to hear us.

On the first night we were at camp Colonel Sangster invited us to his residence on a serenade, where we had a splendid reception and were grandly treated. The second night we serenaded Governor Bradford, which attracted nearly the whole population, and His Excellency made one of the most patriotic speeches we had ever heard. Afterwards the band was invited to his mansion, where he had an elegant supper prepared, such as would feast the sight of a king. The following night it was the Mayor's turn, whom we serenaded, and at whose house we were also delightfully entertained. Every evening our services in this pleasant manner were sought for, while during the daytime we were constantly summoned to the wharf, at Annapolis, to receive new arrivals from Southern prisons, and escort them out to Camp Parole. Sometimes there would be several thousand of them at a time, ragged and emaciated, but in spite of their dispirited condition they fell promptly in line, and as soon as the band struck up they would march in good order until camp was reached. On the contrary, before our arrival, we learned that they would straggle and scatter everywhere through the town. Colonel Sangster declared that with the band on the lead he had no trouble in bringing the men out to camp, and the citizens also expressed themselves as pleased with the good results of music upon the men. All this helped to raise the band very high in popular estimation.

By this time the difference between a band with instruments and a band without them will be readily

understood, and at the same time bring to mind the response to General Archer, when I suggested that "a band without instruments was no band at all." In this condition, on our first arrival at Camp Parole, we received no more attention than did full privates; but the same men with their implements of peace rather than war, were at once wanted everywhere and hospitably treated.

Colonel Sangster, who was brother-in-law to that iron-handed man, Secretary of War Stanton, with Governor Bradford and the Mayor of Annapolis, counseled together for the purpose of using their united influence towards having our band detailed permanently at Camp Parole. The Colonel felt confident it could be done, and he would urge the fact upon the Secretary that the band could not be spared from camp, nor from Annapolis, because of its usefulness in escorting exchanged prisoners from the camp and bringing others in from the wharf. It was soon learned that the request so urgently made would be granted, and in proof of this we read the following paragraph in the *Baltimore Clipper* of May 2d, 1863:—

"Ex-Governor Hicks was serenaded last evening, at Walton's City Hotel, Annapolis, by the excellent band now permanently attached to Camp Parole. After discoursing several tunes in their usually masterly style, Colonel George Sangster introduced the Governor to a large concourse of citizens, strangers and military. The Governor came forward and in his happy and felicitous manner enchained the attention of his friends for nearly an hour."

We were now anxiously expecting news from the

army, where the band belonged, and every day had been looking for marching orders to join it. The merry month of May had brought with it the bursting of buds, the fresh foliage of the woodland adorned the beautiful landscape on every side, and we were anxious to take the field where sterner duty would soon be required of us.

CAPTAIN F. A. ELLIOTT. (Killed May 3, 1863.)

CHAPTER IV.

CHANCELLORSVILLE—SAD NEWS FROM THE FRONT—REJOINING THE REGIMENT—ARMY CALLS.

General Hooker had superseded Burnside, the army was enthusiastic over its new commander, and great events were prophesied. All the news from the front was that Hooker was so much liked by the boys that they had given him, as an earnest of their faith in him, the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe." It was on the first day of May when we heard that the army was on the move and that General Hooker had inaugurated his initial campaign, resulting in the battle of Chancellorsville, and which was very disastrous to our regiment, losing heavily in both officers and men. A member of our band, who was with us at the time of our capture, but was now with the regiment, wrote the following letter in reference to that battle:—

"CAMP OF 114TH REG., PA. VOLS.

"NEAR AQUIA CREEK, May 12th, 1863.

"DEAR COMRADE:—When will our band come back? Will it ever? These are questions I hear every day. I hope it will not be long before you are with us, but you will miss a great many who will never march behind the band again. You have heard about the Chancellorsville battle, in which we lost so many men, officers and privates.

"When the campaign began the army was in the

highest spirits, and had great confidence in General Hooker, and, judging from the preliminary movement, it was clear he did not mean to repeat Burnside's blunder. So he manœuvred our army in a way that the rebels were impressed with the idea that he would cross the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, where our corps crossed last December. By this means the bulk of the army was transferred to Kelly's Ford, leaving only the 6th Corps, while our corps moved down below Fredericksburg, expecting to take part in the engagement there; but on April 30th we received orders to report to Hooker, who was then at Chancellorsville House. Hooker had completely fooled General Lee in his manœuvre, and if he had pushed ahead with all his energies, as he did in the preliminary movement, Lee at that time having his army scattered, the result, doubtless, would have been a success. Hooker was in the best of spirits, and issued an order congratulating our army, saying, the enemy must now come out and fight him on his chosen ground. We all thought so, too, but the greatest part of the field of operations, where our army was at this time, was covered with a thick undergrowth, and sometimes impregnable thickets. Of course, in such a country the rebels had the advantage, as they were better acquainted with the surroundings than ourselves.

"May 1st, about 11 A.M., our army moved forward to attack General Lee. Our corps was in reserve behind the Chancellorsville House. Soon there was heavy fighting in the front. The rebels fought with great determination; they drove us and were driven in return. Our army had some good positions in the

vicinity, with here and there a clearing for artillery. From all appearances, it did not look as if Lee intended to retreat and give up the Wilderness, where he had the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the ground; besides, in retreating southward he would have come across Sedgwick, with the 6th Corps. Then Hooker could have followed and, between the two sections of our army, Lee's host could have been crushed. Lee, however, was not going to give Hooker that chance; so he determined to fight here and hold his ground at all hazards. Hancock had a good position for artillery firing, and he should have held it by all means, and Warren, who was on Hooker's staff, thought so; but, after very hard fighting, Hooker sent an order to him to retire from the line. Soon after Hooker thought differently and countermanded the order, but it came too late, for the rebels were already in possession.

"When the critical time for action came Hooker was undecided. The army, instead of an offensive, took up a defensive position, which put a damper on the men, who were electrified by his order of the previous day. Our position at that important moment was considered pretty strong, as it had been well fortified. No doubt, General Hooker thought, if Lee attacked him, he would defeat him; in fact, his calculations were that he would be compelled to do so, or retreat, as our position covered all the roads centering around Chancellorsville. The next morning two brigades of our division were moved to the right, between Slocum and Howard, where the thickets were impassable and the two lines separated by ditches, while Howard's front had no obstacle but the thickets and underwood,

and it was, therefore, the weakest part of the line. Our brigade was sent to strengthen it, but Howard accepted it as an insult. Being over-confident, he contended that if he was good for anything he would attack him there. Our brigade was, therefore, withdrawn. Throughout this day the enemy vigorously attacked different parts of our position, as they had good positions for their artillery east of Chancellorsville, and they annoyed Hancock with marked effect.

"On the morning of May 2d we could see the rebels moving over a road to our right. Birney soon perceived it to be an important move of some kind, and so reported to Hooker, who thought it a retreat of the enemy toward Gordonsville, still it might mean an attack on our right. Sickles was sent out to intercept them, if possible, and soon found that it was Jackson's Corps, with some 26,000 muskets. While this was transpiring, Lee, in order to cover Jackson's movement, made strong feints on our centre and left with artillery and infantry. Hooker sent an urgent order to Howard to fortify his line, and take every precaution against a surprise by sending pickets out to a safe distance, so as to give timely notice of an attack, if any occurred.

"As we now see it, here was a grand chance for General Hooker, as Jackson was separated from Lee with one-half of his army. Could not Hooker have brought all his force to bear on Lee's weak line and crush him, while Jackson was on the march toward our right? Hooker cannot be censured for what happened afterwards on the right of the line, but, I think, Howard is responsible for what occurred, as he had plenty of time and due notice to prepare; he was

in a country where, in a short time, he could have felled trees and formed obstructions to prevent any surprise; he had notice at 10 A. M., and the attack came at 6 P. M. Even if he could not have stopped him, he could have delayed him until he was reinforced; but when Jackson's men came on, most of our men were cooking their rations, playing cards, and no precaution whatever appears to have been taken against the surprise, of which he had such timely notice from his chief. The pickets came in the same time as did Jackson's men; the 11th Corps came running down the road like sheep, tramping over everything in their way and endangering the whole line. Ever since the battle our men blame the Germans for the whole misfortune, in not standing up to the work instead of running; but it is doubtful if any corps in the army would or could have acted otherwise under the circumstances. The blame rests on their commanders, principally the corps commander, for, had he taken due precaution, the corps would would have had time to form a strong line, besides having reinforcements.

"I sincerely hope you may never look on such a scene. The flying crowd came on like a hurricane as it passed Chancellorsville House; nothing could arrest it. Staff officers, with the help of cavalrymen, drew their swords, but to no purpose. Jackson's men were now near the Chancellorsville House, leaving a gap where Sickles was. Things looked dark indeed, and Jackson had to be stopped. Pleasanton collected all the guns he could in the hurry, and succeeded in putting thirty of them in position. Berry's Division, of our corps, was close at hand, in support, but the

time was precious; before the battery of guns could be charged the rebels would be on us. He then ordered Major Keenan, of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, to charge with his 400 men against the 10,000 victorious rebels, which was gallantly done, the Major losing his life, and likewise the most of his brave men, but the sacrifice accomplished the purpose; it gave a few minutes' time to load our cannon with double charges of grape and canister. The enemy rushed on, yelling, receiving the first fire, which mowed them down in whole ranks. Soon a second round was ready, and this fire not only wiped out the men, but it disabled the rebel artillery, and also effected a halt in their mad charge. It was now dark, and General Jackson, who had been a terror to some of our troops, going outside of his line to reconnoitre, lost his life in the endeavor to get back. While all this was going on through Jackson breaking our right, it left our corps isolated, but, at the dead of night, General Sickles determined to cut his way through, and he accomplished the great feat, though dearly, but was rewarded in regaining a portion of the line the 11th Corps had lost, and also recaptured some batteries, besides an ammunition train. With this the day's fighting ceased, both sides resting in expectation of renewing the contest at daylight.

"The third day brought with it the largest loss of life to our regiment. General Hooker had formed a new line at daybreak, and our division was ordered to fall back on the same. As soon as the rebels observed this they pitched into us and took our position, a hazel grove, and a good one for artillery. They soon crowded this point with their guns, and at the

same time attacked Sickles' line on the left, but Mott's Division drove them back. Our corps fought with the greatest determination, but being assaulted by infantry and artillery on both flanks, they gradually fell back to the second line of defence, soon after to the third, which was strongly fortified. This repeated falling back, under a heavy fire, was where our regiment lost so many men, but this last line was permanently held by us to the end of the battle. A great deal I write you is from personal observation, but much more have I learned from the wounded men in hospital, besides hearing the staff officers tell of the hard-fought battle.

"From all accounts, I have reason to believe our corps suffered the heaviest of any corps engaged, losing 4000 men. The loss to our regiment was also very severe: of 27 officers, 24 are among the killed and wounded; those numbered with the killed being Major Joseph S. Chandler, Captain Frank Elliott, of Company F, and Lieutenant George M. Cullen. The total loss to our regiment was 175 killed and wounded. We recrossed the Rappahannock and are now encamped at Aquia Creek. S. D."

Soon after receiving this news from our regiment, Camp Parole had a large addition to its population in the prisoners captured at this last battle; some 25 being men of our own regiment, an irresistible impulse seized us to be with our comrades on the field, and we were greatly rejoiced when Colonel Sangster informed us of the adverse decision by the Secretary of War, in reference to the band being permanently attached to Camp Parole. Secretary Stanton was

aware that all who were captured at the battle of Fredericksburg were exchanged, and he had received urgent requests from the front that the band was badly needed, both by corps and division commanders. As we belonged to the army, he informed the Colonel, it was impossible for him to keep the band at the camp, but said we could take our own time in going. I replied that the sooner we went the better, and we were soon on the way, in charge of an officer.

On arriving in Washington—a new mayor having just been elected—we were requested to remain in the city over night, in order to serenade that official. Next morning we took a boat for the front, and on passing Mount Vernon, which has been made sacred by the repose of Washington, the band struck up an appropriate air. It was a pleasant trip down the Potomac, and early in the evening we arrived at Aquia Creek. On landing, we were more than surprised to see four Zouaves, comrades of our regiment, carrying somebody on a stretcher. On inquiry and closer scrutiny, we saw to our sorrow that the prostrate form was that of our esteemed Colonel, Charles H. T. Collis, who was stricken with fever and had leave of absence to return home. It seemed very strange to us, that just as we had returned to the army, he was leaving us.

Our camp here was located at Potomac Creek, and when we reached it the place was almost deserted, only a few men being around. Now that Colonel Collis was absent, Lieutenant Colonel Cavada was in command of the regiment and had charge of the camp. He earnestly expressed his pleasure on seeing the band back again, after their repeated misfor-

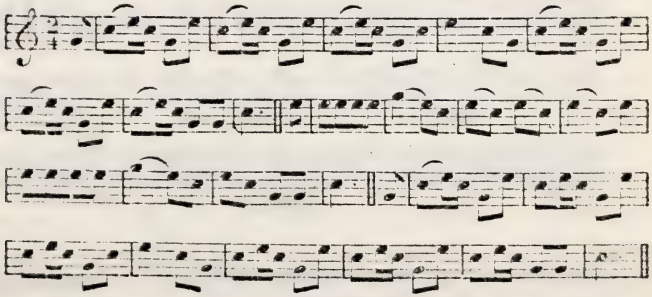
tunes, and as a becoming compliment he received our first serenade. We were informed that what was left of the regiment was every moment expected in camp, and probably then approaching. They had been out on picket duty, but were relieved. So we thought to give the boys a surprise by marching from camp a mile or two to meet them. Seeing their approach, we hid on the side of the road until the head of the line was opposite, when we took the lead as in days before, striking up a spirited piece, which was received with welcoming cheers by the battleworn men. The tune was a new one to them; they had never heard it before; and one of the drummers was so enthused over it that he gave it the title of "Hell on the Rappahannock." Odd as it may seem, that particular piece of music was thereafter known by that suggestive title as long as our band was in the service, and throughout the army "Hell on the Rappahannock" became very popular. Frequently soldiers would come a considerable distance to hear us perform it, nor was it inappropriately named, for there was a deal of dash among the brass instruments, and antics of the drumsticks in its performance.

The return to our regiment was only a few miles from where we left it during the preceding December, but a great change had come over the face of things in those eventful six months. Many of our close friends were missing, and the familiar faces of others were not there, nor were their names heard at roll call; but those remaining seemed to give us even a heartier greeting than ever before. There was a peculiar sadness in our loss—

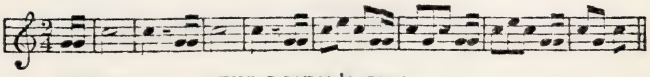
> 'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
> For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch.

We were pleased to find that quite a number of the valiant comrades of our regiment had received medals for meritorious conduct in battle, and particularly in the last desperate contest; but they did not seem to appreciate this special recognition, many regarding it as casting a reflection upon the men who stood shoulder to shoulder with them, and worthy the same mark of heroism. It was the feeling of the true soldier that prompted them to ignore the exceptional favors, saying, as they did, that they did not consider themselves entitled to any more of distinction than those who received no medals. For this reason very few of the medals were worn. Even Marie, the vivandiere, received one, but she would not wear it, remarking that General Birney could keep it, as she did not want the present. Had it been made of gold, instead of copper, Marie would have set a higher value upon the souvenir. She was a courageous woman, and often got within range of the enemy's fire whilst parting with the contents of her canteen among our wounded men. Her skirts were riddled by bullets during the battle of Chancellorsville. After that admonition she kept well out of danger. Our originally splendid regiment was reduced to about half its former strength in less than one year from its organization, yet the boys that were left were the same boys they always were; just as lively as before their ranks were thinned by the leaden hail, and from their sense of good humor it would not have been thought that the brittle thread on which their lives were suspended gave them the least concern.

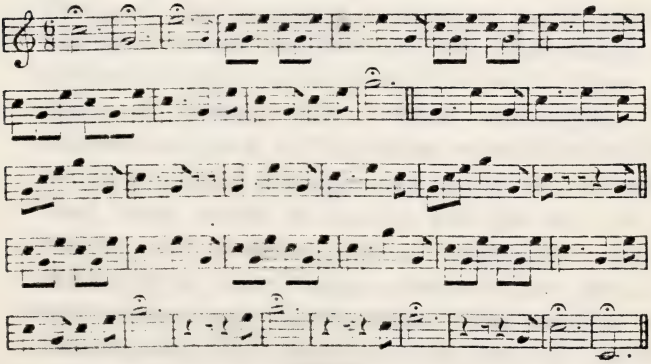
The first morning in camp, on being awakened by the buglers blowing the reveille, we were forcibly

reminded of being again with the army. You hear it first, perhaps, from the corps bugler, some distance away. It is soon answered by the division bugler, and afterward by the brigade bugler. Then, if there is a regimental bugler, he will respond. The drum and fife corps soon follow, and in a short time the sleeping camp, where but a few moments before perfect stillness reigned, and no one stirring save a solitary sentry pacing up and down his lonely beat, is at once transformed into a busy scene; every man is doing something; some are washing, others are airing their blankets and making fires to prepare their breakfasts—everybody is in a hurry, for other bugle calls are soon expected, and for other duties. These calls, in fact, are just so many words of command; and by strict and well defined military regulations they are adapted to special and important movements among the men. Some of them are pretty, suggestive of what they are intended to indicate, and even musical, like the following, while others are quite the reverse. It may be of interest and in keeping with these narrations to give a few of the most prominent of these calls here. The first is the Reveille.

REVEILLE.

One of the first after the above is the Doctor's Call, or, as the boys named it, the "Quinine Call." All who are ailing, or indisposed, are expected to answer this by reporting promptly to the doctor for treatment. If the complaint incapacitates the patient for duty, the doctor may lay him off, if he sees fit; otherwise, he gives medicine and holds him to his task. Following the "Doctor's", there is Guard-mount and Drill Call, in fact, calls for every line of duty. The former only is here given.

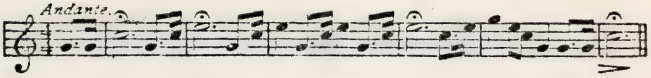


THE DOCTOR'S CALL.

The Tattoo is a pleasing call. Like the Reveille, it is played at a regularly appointed time by all the

TATTOO.

buglers, and is the order to retire, or go to bed. It means that the soldiers' duty for the day is over;

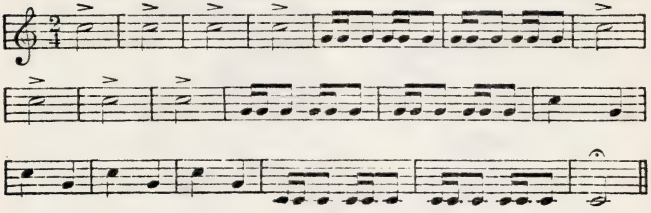
that they are now engaged in preparing their beds for the night. After awhile there is another call, positively the last of the day. It is known as Retreat, or "lights out", is short, and means rest. There is a sadness about it; it often falls mournfully upon the ear, and by reason of its pathetic character it has frequently been used at military funerals, to indicate the final resting-place of the deceased.



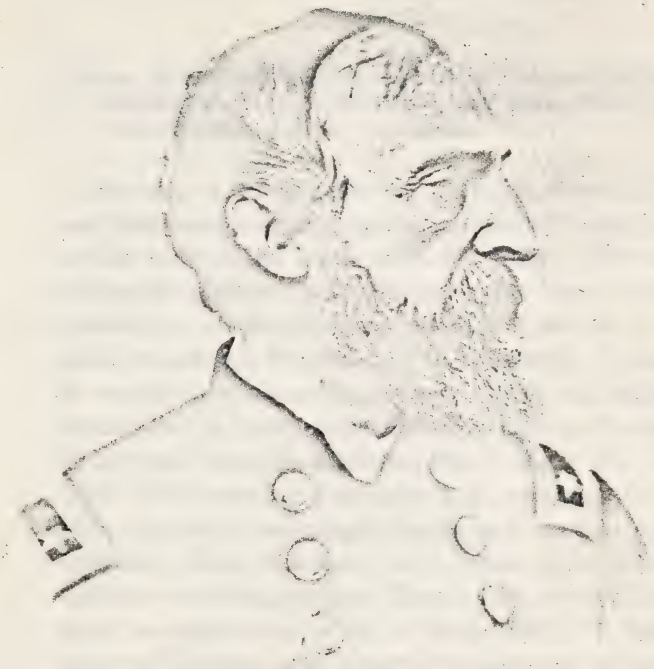
RETREAT.

The monotonous Pack Up is the most unmusical and the least melodious of them all, and yet it is the most important; is fraught with the greatest consequences; comes unexpected and is in order at all times, day or night, Sunday and weekdays, and like the cry of fire! it permits no delay or postponement. We have known the army to have been snugly encamped in winter huts to protect the men against the rigors of Boreas, when, without warning, this unwelcome call, Pack up! would be sounded at the dawn of day, or even at midnight, and in a few minutes afterward camp would be broken and the men on the march; not knowing why or wherefore; implicit obedience to orders being a soldier's first duty, this call is imperative. To illustrate, I may recall an incident in point. Our band was once playing a medley selection in which the army calls, including the Pack up, were introduced. The moment the latter sounded on the air the whole camp, including the officers,

were aroused and ran excitedly from their tents, wondering what was up; but when they perceived their band paying no attention to the Pack up, and unconcernedly continuing to play, the whole camp quieted down and returned to their tents. Annexed is the musical construction of this important call.



PACK UP.



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

CHAPTER V.

MARCH TO GETTYSBURG—MEADE RELIEVES HOOKER—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE BAND—THIRD CORPS FIELD HOSPITAL—AFTER THE BATTLE.

Scarcely a week were we in camp when a long and tiresome campaign opened, and which culminated in the memorable battle of Gettysburg. This army always fought well, had endured great hardships and privations, sacrificed many lives, yet so far it had failed to achieve the triumph it deserved. Probably it would have secured victory, instead of suffering defeat, had it been commanded as well as it fought. What was there to encourage and cheer the brave men in the coming campaign? a campaign fraught with the most important results and serious consequences. Had this army been made up of different and less enduring material than it was, it would never have accomplished what it finally did. It had its share of skulkers and cowards, in common with every great mass of men, but the men generally were loyal to the core, as true as steel and as patriotic as the best.

We arrived in camp on June 2, 1863, and the following day Longstreet's Corps disappeared from our front on the Rappahannock. The next day Ewell's Corps followed Longstreet. General Hooker soon saw that a change of movement was necessary in his front, Hill's Corps being the only one left behind, in

front of Lee, who was congregating his entire army at Culpeper.

June 4.—Had division inspection. General Birney, who had already made efficient use of the band, sent for me at his headquarters, and asked if we had transportation for our baggage. I told him we had not, and he said he would give orders to the Quartermaster to take charge of it on the march, at the same time remarking that he would like the band to play at the head of the division on going through the towns, while on the march. So he doubtless anticipated just what happened—a march northward. General Birney knew enough to kindly realize that a musician carrying a heavy knapsack on a rough march could not have much wind left to expend on a brass instrument. And here was a campaign to be made during the hottest days of the year, and it surely proved to be the hardest by far that we had yet participated in; for it was made our duty, whenever practicable, to play on passing through the towns and villages; no matter how much fatigued and completely worn out when we made camp at night, after getting an apology for a supper, consisting of coffee, salt pork, and hardtack—sometimes receiving fresh beef that had followed us all day, just been killed, and the meat yet fairly quivering with life when thrown in the frying pan—after this sumptuous repast, an order or request would come for music at the headquarters of corps, division, or brigade. This kind of work often kept us on the go until midnight, and sometimes well into the next day, after having frequently to march several miles to and from these headquarters. And it often happened that we were again on the march at

four o'clock in the morning and for another full day's tramp. This kind of work would continue for weeks, allowing but few opportunities for needed rest. In this respect the band was worse off than the men in the ranks, who, when they made camp, were undisturbed. Nor were these night excursions free from danger. On one occasion, after playing at corps headquarters—which were several miles away, and led us over a difficult road through the woods—the rear man of our party, who happened to be the bass drummer, had extreme difficulty in making his way through the thick bushes. He was suddenly halted by our pickets, when an explanation followed, and he was told to run and catch up to the others as quickly as possible, and make no noise, for we were between the two picket lines. Our danger of capture was nearer than we knew of, and again we might have been sent to Libby Prison. There is no intent whatever in this recital on our part to complain, for, as a band, we were always ready to cheerfully perform our duty on every occasion and under all circumstances; and in return we were well treated and properly appreciated. I cannot recall a single instance when our friends failed to cheer the inner man by helping us to the best they could command for meat and drink.

June 7.—Hooker sent his cavalry, under Pleasanton, to make a reconnoissance in force, and through the assistance of spies he discovered that the enemy was engaged in an important move.

June 11.—"Pack up!" was sounded and the first day's march of the 3d Corps was to the fords opposite Culpeper, the object being to prevent the rebels from crossing over. We were encamped near

Kelly's Ford. Here the country presented quite a contrast to that just left behind us, opposite Fredericksburg, where scarcely a tree was left standing, whilst here we were in the midst of cultivated fields and sheltering groves. In spite of General Birney's provision for having our luggage carried for us on this march, we continued to be strapped to our knapsacks, with haversacks filled with six days' rations, besides the cumbersome blankets around our necks and the thermometer up in the nineties. There was no use, as there would have been no reason, in requiring us to blow our instruments.

June 13.—We resumed our march. Our boys soon perceived General Robinson, their former brigade commander. They gave him a trio of hearty cheers, and the band tendered a salute by playing one of his favorite airs. As we proceeded water became very scarce, which was extremely annoying, as the heat was intense. When we reached Bealton Station, on the old Orange and Alexandria Railroad, orders were received to put all extra baggage on the cars, to be taken to Washington. Afterwards continued our march until 7 P. M., when we made Catlett's Station and encamped there for the night.

June 15.—The army started early and marched all day along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The sun was scorching hot, no air stirring to relieve the men as they wearily tramped along, and a great many on this day of hardships fell by the way, and quite a large number were sun-struck. After a very exhausting march we made camp at Bristow Station.

June 16.—At 7 A. M. we started again and marched as far as Bull Run. After supper we took advantage

of the rare opportunity of enjoying a refreshing wash in the stream indicated by the foregoing historic name. The temperature continued very high; even the tents, under which we looked for some comfort, seemed to intensify the heat.

June 17.—There was a sensational camp rumor, that General McClellan was again in command of the army, and that General Hooker was very ill. While waiting for orders to march we serenaded General Graham, at Brigade Headquarters. After taking needed recuperation we resumed our march, crossed Bull Run Creek and encamped a few miles beyond.

June 18.—Remained there, and during the afternoon the whole army was greatly relieved by a refreshing rain, the showers continuing all night. We were now encamped on a portion of the battle-field of Bull Run, where evidence was abundant, in the relics found, of that disastrous defeat to the Union Army.

June 19.—Continue in camp, our movements being governed by those of other counterparts of the army. It looked as though the intention was to remain here for a time, as inspection had been ordered for the morning and drill in the afternoon; but it turned out to be a march at 3 o'clock, and the hardest we had experienced. The rain poured down in torrents throughout the day, and though the temperature had been so very high it changed to be very unpleasant and chilly. We were all wet to the skin, but kept on marching till after midnight, when we reached Gum Springs.

To make this point it was necessary to force our way through a dense wilderness, and having to feel

our way rather than see it; for it was pitch-dark, and the army actually floundered in the mud, stumbled over stumps and fallen trees, and waded through swollen streams. Tumbling here and there, regiments were lost among themselves, all formation was at an end, comrades parted from each other and every one had to "go it blind." Sometimes, with all our best efforts, we scarcely advanced the distance of a mile in an hour. We thought there must be some very urgent reasons for the imposition of such a task, else why not wait until morning? But the orders were to report at Gum Springs that night.

It was about midnight, on this fearful march, when perceiving a large oak, with a reclining trunk, that here my brother and I found a trifling shelter by sitting under it until daylight, when we were informed that our regiment was encamped a mile farther on. On reaching camp, we made a roaring fire and ere long the saturated clothes were dried on our backs. Having made a good cup of strong coffee, and partaken of a soldier's breakfast, we began to feel ourselves again. But here, it may be remarked, that should any one have told us that men could endure such marching, from 3 o'clock until after midnight, dripping wet under a chilling rain, and in that condition remain under the trunk of a tree all night, shivering and shaking till daylight, and then feel fit for duty the next day, we could not have believed it. None save those who by degrees had become accustomed to such exposure and loss of rest could have endured the torture, for such it was.

June 20.—Soon after breakfasting at Gum Springs, General Birney sent for the band and we serenaded

him, and we were in no small degree consoled in being treated to a *quantum sufficit* of his purely medicinal fourth-proof spirits. Shortly after this the regiment received new rations and with them some whisky, and if ever spirits did them any good, it was on that morning. In the afternoon we serenaded General Humphrey, commander of the 2d division of our corps, and after supper General Graham, our brigade commander, was tendered a serenade.

The policy and paramount duty of General Hooker was, in moving the army, to always keep it between the enemy and Washington. At this time the 12th Corps was at Leesburg, the 11th Corps between Leesburg and Aldie, the 5th Corps near Aldie, the 2d Corps at the pass below, and our corps, the 3d, at Gum Springs, thus forming a complete screen all round for the security of the Capital. This accounts for our night march to reach this point at the time the orders indicated. These movements of our army compelled Lee to move west of the Blue Mountain ridge, and make the valley his line of communication. Hooker being now satisfied that Washington was safe from a *coup de main*, he gave orders for the army to pack up and resume its march.

June 25.—Broke camp at 6 A. M., but this time we were provided transportation for our knapsacks, and it was fortunate for us, as we were often called on for music. Our march led us along large plantations, populated by negroes, and when the band struck up they became wild with excitement and love of the music; and for miles they would keep along with us, dancing, jumping and yelling with delight. It seemed impossible for many of them to leave us.

Probably it was the first time these dusky people had ever enjoyed the pleasure of hearing the music of a brass band, and the capers of those jubilant and mirthful colored followers were greatly enjoyed by the men of our regiment.

June 26.—On this day we reached the Point of Rocks, and the most important discovery made was that the people were baking horrid pies, and cakes that were even worse. Our boys, however, eagerly snapped them up at high prices, as they were glad to make any kind of a change from hardtack. They also bought a plenty of onions, which were also sold on the gold premium principle.

June 27.—We broke camp at 6 A. M. and left Point of Rocks, passing through Jeffersonville. Now Birney, on entering a town, would halt his division until the band could take a position on the corners of two prominent streets. He then would direct us to continue playing until the whole division had passed. By this means the men kept precise step, and besides making an imposing appearance before the inhabitants, it prevented the men from straggling, as they became imbued with the pride of making a soldierly display. After the men had passed, of course, the band had to make haste and get to its place in the line of march. This day's march brought us near Middletown, where we encamped.

June 28.—We made an early start, breaking camp at 5 A. M., passing through Middletown, leading the division through the city, and kept on marching, on pretty good roads, and in reasonably good time reached Frederick city. All along the route it was now manifest that we were leaving the "sacred soil"

of the enemy and getting once more with our friends. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and little red, white, and blue emblems were boldly displayed as greeting to our coming; in fact, there appeared many Barbara Fritchies among the women, who with true courage and love for the Union thus made known their formerly suppressed sentiments. Besides this cheering evidence of their fidelity, all along the route these noble women and lovely girls brought us cooling spring water, in buckets, thus making our hard march less wearisome, and when the band struck up "John Brown" they chimed in and sang the melody with great feeling. At one point, the women threw us bouquets of flowers, and cheered us on. A kind-hearted old man brought us a quantity of tobacco; another, thinking we needed something to keep us in good spirits, brought us a flask of whisky, saying, "You boys must want something like this to keep the wind up." We assured this stranger-friend that the potion came at a very opportune time, as we were pretty well "played out."

When General Lee resolved to invade the North, he calculated to make large accessions to his army from the Marylanders, who, he thought, were disaffected and only waiting for a fair opportunity to join the Confederate Army. So he issued a stirring address to the people of that State, proposing to liberate them from the "Yankee yoke", and especially appealing to the young men to rally under his standard. If there were many who had been undecided as to which side they should be on, doubtless their minds were made up after seeing Lee's army of ragged and dirty butternut warriors. From the kindly welcome

we received, we were more strongly convinced than ever before that there was a firm Union feeling alive among these people, and even stronger and evidently more loyal than had been found in some of the border towns of Pennsylvania. Our men now began to feel that they were on the march to defend their own homes, and this fact gave them a fresh inspiration and also helped them to forget their great hardships. The beautiful city of Frederick, and the signs of loyalty there demonstrated in various ways, made us feel the presence of true patriotic ardor as well as friendship, and with stronger impulses than ever before our men stepped firmly on the march to meet the invading army of Lee, and face the consequent dangers.

On coming from Frederick City, on a by-road, looking upward we saw a man hanging from the limb of a tree. Word ran along the line that it was the body of a spy—only a spy—and there it was left dangling by the neck as a warning to others who might be tempted to act as such. We halted outside the city to take dinner, after which we resumed the march until 6 P. M., when we bivouacked in a field near Walkerville, where the farmer supplied us with cordwood and thereby saved his fences. After supper we serenaded General Birney, he having resumed command of the division. He had temporarily commanded the corps during the absence of General Sickles, who had now returned and taken charge of his former corps. During this day we received important news. General Hooker having had a disagreement with General Halleck respecting the troops stationed at Harper's Ferry, which the former wished

to add to his army. General Halleck refused the request as to the use of the troops at that place by General Hooker. On this rebuff, Hooker resigned, and General George G. Meade was appointed to his place. On assuming command, General Meade issued the following to the army:—

"*General Orders, No. 66.*

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
June 28, 1862.

"By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order—an order totally unexpected and unsolicited—I have no promises or pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the direction of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements; but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me.

"GEORGE G. MEADE,
"*Major-General, Commanding.*

"S. S. BRISTOW,
"*Assis't Adj't General.*"

By this unlooked for order a Pennsylvanian and a man possessing all the attributes of a soldier was called upon to free the soil of his native State, and likewise the country, of an enemy that was placing

the very life of the nation in peril, and it would be difficult to even imagine the anxiety weighing upon the sensitive mind of that loyal man on accepting the tremendous responsibility. Of one thing we were assured at the start; that the government could not have trusted a more conscientious soldier for the uncertain task. Strange as it was, almost the first act he did was to withdraw the 10,000 idle troops from Harper's Ferry; just what caused the resignation of his predecessor, Halleck having refused Hooker's proposition to the same end. These 10,000 soldiers were removed from Harper's Ferry by Meade and stationed at Frederick City, under command of General French, and this command, after the battle of Gettysburg, came very near proving fatal to the retreat of Lee as he crossed the Potomac. By this time Lee's army was far north of our own—Early was at Wrightsville, to seize the bridge over the Susquehanna; Ewell was at Carlisle, Hill at Fayetteville, and Lee and Longstreet were at Chambersburg.

Lee's error was in taking it for granted that our army was still south of the Potomac, and it was only on this day that he learned of its exact position, and finding our army south of him and in easy striking position for his line of communication, he was compelled to recall his advance corps, and gave them orders to concentrate at Gettysburg. The left flank of our army, as it moved northward, was under General Reynolds, another Pennsylvanian, and was made up of three corps: the 1st, in command of General Doubleday; the 11th, under General Howard; the 3d being commanded by General Sickles.

June 29.—We broke camp at 6 A. M. and resumed

our march, going through Woodborough, a neat little town, and at 9 A. M. we passed a village named Ladysborough. As an assurance that the town had not been misnamed, three pretty young ladies stood on a porch and sang "John Brown" while our column was passing. Our men repeatedly cheered the loyal young girls for the welcome thus tendered. On passing through Taneytown the people received us as though we were their deliverers. We encamped about a mile outside this town for the night, well nigh exhausted by the severe march.

June 30.—This morning we remained in camp and were visited by many ladies, who came in clusters from the town and adjacent farms. There was a deal of encouragement in their presence and kindly words, such as we never experienced south of the Potomac. At 2 P. M. tents were struck and our march directed toward Emmetsburg, encamping a mile from that town. By this time the band, as far as the music was to be considered, was in a demoralized condition; both heads of the bass drum were broken, the snare drum was ruptured and other instruments were out of order. However, we made shift as best we could, until opportunities for repairs might be presented.

July 1.—Remained in camp until 1 P. M., when news came that a heavy battle was in progress, and we were soon convinced of the fact on hearing the thundering of artillery to the north of us. During a pelting rain, on orders, we broke camp, and forcing our way through pasty mud towards Gettysburg, soon crossed the State line, and the fact of fighting the enemy on the soil of our own State, impressed our army with a feeling it had never before expe-

rienced; the men appeared to be at once inspired with renewed energy and greater confidence. The clothes of the fatigued men were sticking close to their bodies from the heavy rain and excessive perspiration, and yet they were frequently compelled to press forward on the double-quick.

On the Emmetsburg road, as we approached Gettysburg, we met a long train of country teams, containing women and children and old men, mixed up with an indiscriminate gathering of household furniture and utensils—all fleeing from their homes or driven away by the invaders. The faces of our men grew pale with shame and indignation at the idea of our own people being driven from their firesides; they saw that the tables were being turned upon them, and many were heard to swear that "A man not willing to fight his best now, will never fight!" This was the feeling of wrath and sublime courage that now possessed the heart of every man in our army; this was the determination with which the host under Meade pressed forward to the fray. It was almost dark when we approached Gettysburg. On the right of the road was pointed out to us the Rose farm, owned by George W. Rose, of Germantown, and where many of us had a refreshing drink of cold water from the pump to quench our burning thirst. Soon after we came to the Peach Orchard, when we filed right and marched through the same, and where on the following day our own corps met with such horrible slaughter.

On the left of the Emmetsburg road, within a hundred yards of us, the rebels had their camp-fires blazing, as they were busily engaged in preparing and

taking supper. They seemed not to pay any attention to us, and it looked as if they were our friends, instead of being deadly foes, but, by the time the 2d division of our corps came up, the rebel line had already crossed the Emmetsburg road, when they were compelled to turn off and come up later over another road. We then marched direct to the ridge and encamped on the right of the Round Top. This ridge, however, which is called Seminary Ridge, when it approaches the Round Top actually ceases to be a ridge. Our line ran out from the Round Top, on the left, while the right joined the 2d Corps. Here we encamped for the night, sadly in need of some rest, but happily unconscious of what was in store for our corps the coming day; still, from the tone and temper of the troops, we knew that the fighting to be engaged in would be of the most desperate character. The first day's battle was over and the Confederates were exultant over the result. (In a brief description of this battle, one thing should be borne in mind by the reader when speaking of our own corps, in comparison with a rebel corps. Numerically, there was a wide difference. The whole rebel army consisted of only three corps, while our army had seven. In other words, a rebel corps represented one-third of Lee's combined force; a corps of the army of the Potomac represented one-seventh of Meade's force.)

The battle of the first day was brought on by General Buford's cavalry division, who posted his men on the ridge running west of the town, known as Seminary Ridge. There he planted his batteries, dismounted his men and threw out his pickets, but

they were soon attacked by Hill's Corps, who pushed the cavalry pickets on their line. The batteries then opened and the cavalry kept the rebel infantry in check until General Reynolds came up with the 1st Corps to relieve Buford. When the rebels arrived here they found some raw militia, which they soon brushed on one side, by way of amusement; but when they perceived the 1st Corps' work, they knew their old foemen of the Army of the Potomac, and that they had to face men worthy of their steel.

General Reynolds, who was engaged in posting his corps, being in a grove on the east bank of Willoughby Run, which was thick with rebel sharpshooters, as he rode forward and dismounted, was shot in the neck, his death being almost instantaneous. The command then devolved on General Doubleday. This little corps of only about 8000 men, by this time was hotly engaged with some 20,000 rebels, and for full two hours the latter were gallantly held in check. Here General Archer, who endeavored to outflank our line, was caught in the trap, and he and his whole brigade were captured. General Reynolds, as soon as he came on the ground, seeing at a glance the strength of the enemy, sent for the 11th Corps to hurry up to the help of the 1st Corps. Howard responded with alacrity, and posting one division under Steinwehr, at Cemetery Hill, he pushed the two other divisions, under Barlow and Schurz, to the aid of the 1st Corps, and posted them on the right of that corps, resting on the Mummasburg road. For an hour the battle raged with great fury, when Early's Division, coming up over the York

road, with over 40,000 men, our force numbering only 20,000, the rebel host could now outflank our line, which they soon did, compelling the 1st Corps to fall back, and eventually the whole line had to give way, the 11th Corps retreating mostly through the town, crowding the streets and pursued by the exultant rebels. Here, on Washington and Baltimore streets, between 2000 and 3000 of our men were captured, while the 1st Corps, which mostly retreated through the western section of the town, kept in good order until they arrived on Cemetery Hill, where Steinwehr had planted his batteries, which, with the infantry supports, were too much for the pursuers. The raking fire from the guns was a grand defence from that strong position in the moment of trial, and the invaders were halted. This was about 4.30 P. M. The 1st Corps had suffered dreadfully, having for several hours held vastly superior numbers in check, but they punished the rebels in like manner. Soon after, General Hancock arrived on the ground and, by direction of General Meade, took command and decided to hold this position for battle, and so reported to General Meade.

The enemy were boastful and jubilant over this day's fighting; the results were so encouraging to them that they expected to annihilate our army the coming day. The people of Gettysburg were distressed; they witnessed the wholesale slaughter of our men in their streets; they were within the enemy's lines and surrounded by the plundering horde, who hoped to finish us on the morrow. Considerable criticism was freely ventured because General Sickles was not at hand on this fearful day; having had posi-

tive orders to remain at Emmetsburg until he had a countermanding order to move, as previously stated. Our march proved that it was hastened as much as possible; nor could he move before receiving an order to that effect from General Reynolds. It was 10.30 A. M. when he sent an orderly for the 3d Corps, who had to ride from 12 to 14 miles at rapid pace to reach Sickles, which he did by 1.30 P. M. In spite of and under a pelting rain, which made marching very tiresome, the corps arrived at Gettysburg before dark, while the 12th Corps, which was only six miles away, did not move in answer to the heavy cannonade, which Sickles heard plainly at his much greater distance. Such is simply a specimen of military "red tape." Had the 12th Corps responded to the resounding call of the artillery, its presence would probably have prevented the enemy from flanking our line.

July 2.—The whole army was at hand, with the exception of the 6th Corps, which had to march from Manchester, some 30 miles, but it arrived about 2 P. M. Early on this morning, General Sickles took a close observation of the position he had, and also the one in front of him; his position on the right of the Round Top being low ground, while that at the Peach Orchard being in the possession of the rebels, he could not hold his own. So he concluded to take that position himself and therefore ordered his corps forward, a mile or less. It was a grand sight to witness this little corps of two divisions gallantly move on, the advance being made by the 63d Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Colonel Danks, as skirmishers. The move we thought meant a brisk

fight, and, subsequently, it was generally considered to have been a very proper one, although the force was too small for the importance of the event, as our corps only numbered about 8000 men.

The 2d Division, under General Humphrey, formed along the Emmetsburg road, while our division, the 1st, under General Birney, swung around the Peach Orchard, forming a complete angle there and extending to the Round Top. The line was thereby too much attenuated to make a successful resistance against the powerful force which soon came. When the line advanced, Colonel Cavada, who was in command of our regiment, told me to take good care of the band; probably recollecting the mishap at Fredericksburg. We therefore immediately reported to our surgeons, who were at the foot of the Round Top and Taneytown road. The ruins of an old barn still remain where we established our hospital. It would be impossible to go into the particulars of the battle on this day, or recount one-half the occurrences coming to our sight on this, the memorable day of July 2.

It was about three o'clock when the rebels commenced the attack by using their heavy artillery in a raking fire on the angle at the Peach Orchard. Longstreet had 30,000 of his veterans on this part of the line, and they made repeated charges; different portions of our line were taken and recovered. The fighting defies description; it was simply of the most desperate character, but our little corps, being reinforced by two divisions of the 5th Corps and one division of the 2d Corps, was not easily driven from its position.

Our brigade occupied the exposed position of the angle at the Peach Orchard, our regiment being just to the right, at the Sherfy House, where, during the progress of the battle, a number of our wounded men crept into a barn as best they could, the building afterwards taking fire and all within it were consumed by the flames, thus meeting a horrible death after being disabled on the field of carnage. From this part of the line all the way to the Round Top, the battle furiously raged, and it was clearly demonstrated that we could not hold our position. Captain Bigelow was directed, however, to hold fast until new batteries could be established on a ridge, in the rear, which he nobly did at a great sacrifice, giving the rebels grape and canister as they advanced. Still they came on with yells, climbing on the limbers of his artillery and actually shooting his horses. Although himself wounded, in obedience to orders he held his position until nearly all his men were killed or wounded. When he heard the new line of batteries open fire, he brought away, by hand, two of his guns and five limbers. This battery was from Massachusetts, had enlisted for nine months, and this was the first time the brave men had been under fire. They were noble fellows.

It was strange, and yet a fact, that down to this time the Round Top was still in the air; or, in other words, it had not been taken possession of by our men; only occupied as a signal station. General Warren, who was on General Meade's staff, happened to go up there for observation, when he was struck with the great importance of the position, and which ultimately proved to be the key to the success of our

army. Noticing the enemy pushing a strong force to get possession of the Round Top, and seeing Barnes's Division, of the 5th Corps, going in to reinforce Sickles, on his own responsibility General Warren detached Vincent's Brigade to at once embrace the opportunity and occupy the signal station. By this time the enemy were ascending the south side of the coveted position, and there the contestants for the prize had it hard and heavy, but Vincent finally established himself securely, though soon after giving his life for the gallant achievement, a rebel sharpshooter in Devil's Den having picked him off.

General Hood, who was on the extreme right of Longstreet's Corps, in order to out-flank Vincent's line, sent a brigade to our extreme left, and this move brought them to the rear of the Round Top and Taneytown road, on the same spot where our hospital was located. They came on, yelling as only rebels could; they were right on top of us, and once more, we thought, were we in for capture, and there seemed no way out of it; but just then, fortunately, a brigade of the 5th Corps came on the double-quick to intercept the rebel movement. For a time we were between the two fires, of friends and foes, but luckily, the enemy was compelled to yield, and we, the doctors and all, were saved by this opportune arrival of the 5th Corps, who made a grand and successful bayonet charge.

It was discovered that the hospital was too close to the line of battle, and at this time there was an abundance of work for the operating surgeons and their corps of assistants. The doctors selected an-

other hospital site, along Rock creek, as a proper place on account of safety and the good supply of water. What we here experienced will never be effaced from our memories. Along this creek was a meadow of several acres. Here they brought all the wounded on this part of the line, and where nearly all the fighting this day occurred. And when it is considered that during the three days' fighting at Gettysburg, full 60 per cent. of the casualties occurred on this day, no other proof of the terrible fighting is needed. The 2d of July was a day of horror. To and from our hospital the ambulances heaped with the wounded were running all day; some of the men were dead when delivered to the surgeons, and others were more dead than alive; the most of them, however, were not dangerously stung by the balls and bayonet thrusts of the enemy. The dead were lying on the field. The surgeons soon had their rude tables erected for amputating purposes. At the front, men were doing their worst to kill and maim each other; here nothing was left undone to save those who had sacrificed their all, save life itself.

The wounded could soon be counted by thousands, and what could these few doctors and their assistants do when there were so many to do for? The wisdom, however, in selecting Rock creek for a hospital, was soon demonstrated, as the wounded were constantly crying for water. All day, and even during the night, these busy surgeons were amputating limbs in the hope of saving the lives of the unfortunate. Frequently the severed arms and legs reached level with the tables, in ghastly heaps, when a detail of men would dig long trenches and bury them. And so it

was kept up, this horrid work, on the second, third, and even on the fourth days of July. What a Fourth of July that was!

As we assisted the doctors in administering chloroform and holding the mutilated men, we were enabled to learn of the value of this simple and convenient drug, besides seeing what a blessed thing it was to those thus unconsciously subjected to the knife and saw. Without its application the very hills would have resounded with the groans of those operated upon, and which would have stricken terror to the very souls of those soon to take their places on the amputating tables. All this, too, taking place under the intense heat of a July sun! The second day around these tables, the peculiar stench became unbearable. At night we had some opportunity for lying down, in the hope of having rest, but sleep was impossible, for the pleading cry for water came from the wounded in every direction. When daylight broke upon the scene, the very foliage of the beautiful hillsides and the verdure of the valley seemed to add a sombre tinge to the mournful picture. Even the dawn was draped in misery. The dead were strewn all over the turf. We had given them water, and their prayers had gone to the loved ones at home, but through the darkness of the night their lives had gone out with the blood that crimsoned the sod beneath their motionless bodies. * * *

The fighting on this day was continued with the greatest tenacity until darkness blended with the conflict, when a division of the 6th Corps was pushed in. When Longstreet observed this new and intact line of troops, which had not yet been engaged, he con-

cluded to give up by withdrawing to his own line, and the fighting ceased. They had failed to break our left, although we were driven from the Peach Orchard, but the line was just as General Meade had intended. On this day there was the most desperate fighting on our right. General Ewell commanded the extreme left of the enemy's line, and he endeavored to capture our strong position on Cemetery Hill. Here the Louisiana Tigers charged up this incline, receiving the terrific fire of our batteries and infantry, but the batteries on the hill not being able to sufficiently depress their guns, a portion of the assailing party reached our position. In this extremity our cannoniers fought with whatever they could lay hands on; ramrods and even stones were used as weapons of defence and destruction; at the same time the batteries on Culp's Hill and Wolf's Hill threw grape and canister into the rebel ranks, until they were virtually annihilated. Out of 1500 of the Tigers not 300 survived.

Ewell then attacked our extreme right, where only a single brigade, Green's, of the 12th Corps, was left, the rest being on our left to assist Sickles, but Green's little brigade did as good fighting as was reported from any other portion of the field. In front of his position the rebel dead laid in heaps. They, however, succeeded in penetrating our line near Spangler's Spring, and when General Geary returned from the left he found the enemy in his breastworks, but with the assistance of Lockwood's Maryland brigade and Shaler's brigade, of the 6th Corps, after some very hard fighting they were driven out.

On the memorable 3d of July, feeling the need of

a change of scene, I took a stroll along the Taneytown road and was nearing General Meade's headquarters, when suddenly a cannonade opened from both sides, the terrific thunder of which was such as I had not before listened to. The very earth appeared to quake, and I soon experienced that, although sauntering on the Taneytown road, I might as well be on the front line, as many of the shells flew over the line of battle and fell a few hundred yards in the rear. The rebel artillerists had over-estimated the distance, else our line would have suffered much more than it did. As it was General Meade's headquarters were repeatedly struck and a number of his staff horses were killed. He then moved his quarters to General Slocum's, or Culp's Hill. Having no business there and no cause to unnecessarily expose myself to such danger, I lost no time in getting back to the hospital.

The purpose of this demonstration by the artillery by the rebels was to demoralize, if possible, our line, as a preliminary to the charge of Pickett's Division, which was made when our batteries ceased to respond to their random fire. Our silence they accepted as a sign of weakness, but General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, had given orders to that effect so as to cool the guns for the moment, knowing what was soon to come. The charge was made, and its failure is simply a historic fact. Instead of our artillery being disabled, it was in splendid condition for service when Pickett's Division approached our line. Our disabled guns had been replaced by reserve artillery, and the closer the enemy came the surer they advanced into the jaws of death. The remnant of those brave men came not only up to our line, but forced their way

inside, where the Philadelphia Brigade, of the 2d Corps, was, and there they were shot down or taken prisoners. Their failure was a foregone conclusion. Had they been as strong when they reached us as when they started on the desperate charge, something might have been accomplished; but even then they would have had to fight the 3d Corps, which was closing in on them, while the 1st Corps was in the rear.

The battle of Gettysburg was actually decided on July 2d; the final result was then in the balance. The rebels fought heroically to break our left, and did their best to break our right. In speaking to prisoners belonging to Pickett's Division, they said we played them a Yankee trick. They explained by retorting: "You left us come within your line, and then, as soon as we were there, you closed it behind us and we were your prisoners." In some respects it did so happen, but the "trick" was really in defending our line in a good cause, and finally in preventing a victory on the part of our enemy in a very unjustifiable one. With the charge of Pickett's Division the fighting at Gettysburg closed, but neither the army nor General Meade were sure of a cessation of hostilities on this field of blood and slaughter, though Lee began his retreat that evening, and all the next day his shattered and beaten army were well protected from observation by the dense foliage of the woods along Seminary Ridge.

The band just at this time was very short of rations, having drawn none since breaking camp below Emmetsburg; the regiment was served there, but the Quartermaster neglected to see that we were sup-

plied. On the 14th of July, General Birney, who was now in command of the corps—General Sickles having lost a leg near the Peach Orchard—sent for the band to come up to the line of battle, to play in honor of the National Anniversary. We performed the national airs, including the Star Spangled Banner. At that moment the rebels sent a shell over our line. It flew above our heads, however, and did no damage. This was one of the last shots they fired on this field, probably to have us believe they were still there for a fight.

On returning to the hospital, we passed on the way the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers, in command of Major George W. Jones, of Germantown. They had been drawing rations, and received them in quantity according to their roll-call before the battle, although now reduced to about half their former number. Therefore, having more than they knew what to do with, we were invited to help ourselves, which we gladly accepted, as we were really suffering from hunger. There, too, we had even a richer treat, in seeing the rebel General Archer in their bull-ring. Whether or not the trite phrase is correct, just then revenge was sweet, as the band was more than pleased to see the tables thus turned on him. Before reaching hospital it rained very hard, and it was evident that Rock Creek was overflowing. All our wounded were lying in the meadow, and soon its surface was covered with water. Every one at command was put into service at helping the prostrate men to higher ground, which was nicely accomplished without any serious consequences to them.

July 5.—We received orders to report to the regi-

ment, thus leaving our hospital and all the sickening scenes associated therewith, knowing that ere long the wounded would be in better hands, as the Sanitary Commission, with all possible appliances and assistance for the amelioration of the sick and disabled were beginning to arrive when we resumed our marching back to Virginia. There was enough to sink our spirits very low on reporting to our regiment, for this formerly strong and splendid body of men could only show about sixty muskets. It was commanded by Major Bowen, Colonel Cavada having been made a prisoner. The 141st Pennsylvania, however, was even smaller in number. The regiment came to us in front of Fredericksburg, full one thousand strong, where they claim to have sustained a heavier loss than any other regiment in the army. When the line at the Peach Orchard had to fall back, this regiment was ordered to charge on the advancing rebels. It was somewhat like the charge of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancellorsville. The 141st was obedient to duty, but at a fearful cost of life; still, the sacrifice accomplished its purpose, as it gave our broken line sufficient time to form anew.

We resumed our place at the head of the line, but it seemed more like heading a funeral procession, and marched directly over the hotly contested field, on which there remained abundant evidences of the carnage; dead horses were scattered over the vast expanse, and here and there were the bodies of men, some in fragments, the stench adding sickness to the repulsive scene. We marched over the blood-christened Peach Orchard, or what was such on the evening of July 1. It was then an orchard of beautiful

trees, fresh in foliage; but now not a single tree was left on the whole tract of land; all were cut down by the iron and leaden hail belched forth from artillery and musketry; only a field of stumps from twelve to eighteen inches high remained. If any locality on the battle-field deserves the name of "bloody angle," this is the spot. Those who now visit this portion of the field of Gettysburg will see that orchard restored to all its pristine beauty. A beautiful growth of peach trees again there bloom in season, to efface the evidences of devastation and death.

As to the results of this battle, it was certainly a great and grand triumph for the Army of the Potomac. It proved that the high-water mark of the Rebellion had been reached. From that time and event the Confederacy was losing ground, and, in retreating, General Lee acknowledged a disastrous defeat to both his army and his cause. By defeating the Army of the Potomac he had hoped to dictate a compromise with the Government on his own terms. In this vanquishing victory, however, the South was baffled and the North securely freed from another attempted invasion. As we marched along it was painful to mark the diminished ranks of our brigade; it scarcely made the show of a full regiment. Our brigade commander, General Graham, was not with us, having been wounded and captured; General Sickles was hors du combat by losing a leg; Colonel Cavada, of our own regiment, was a prisoner; and yet, in spite of all the hard usage and decimation of its ranks, the men marched cheerfully along—in fact, just as if nothing very serious had occurred. The booming of cannon in the distance still reminded us that the battle of

Gettysburg was not the last one on the programme; that we were not yet done with the enemy.

As soon as General Meade was satisfied that Lee had retreated, he sent the 6th Corps, under Sedgwick, in pursuit of the fleeing rebels. This was the strongest corps in the army and but little engaged at Gettysburg. With the cavalry he rapidly pushed after Lee's army and found him in a very strong position at Fairfield Pass. On reconnoitering and cannonading the pass, he determined that it was too strong to successfully attack, and the rebel army made sure in reaching the Potomac river, where pontoons were ready to cross over; but General French had sent an expedition from Frederick City and destroyed the pontoons at Falling Waters. Lee was therefore compelled to select a stronger position, at Williamsport, which he had well fortified. His line ran from the latter to the former place, and the rebels worked day and night to make it impregnable, and thus giving them time to rebuild their bridges across the Potomac. Our army, being unable to pursue them through Fairfield Pass, was compelled to take a longer route to reach the Potomac, which was greatly in favor of General Lee.

July 7.—Again marched through Emmetsburg, and encamped near Mechanicsville. The weather was horrible, the roads completely turned up by our wagon and artillery trains, forcing the infantry to march in the fields on either side the road.

July 8.—We marched through Frederick City, where we found the New York militia on duty, and the men gave our regiment three rousing cheers. On this march was witnessed the meanness of some

of the "loyal" farmers of Pennsylvania and Maryland. Being somewhat indisposed, I was compelled to fall in the rear, and was, therefore, separated from our regiment for several days, and, with others, depended on farmers for something to eat. They charged us fifty cents for a canteen of milk, and one dollar for a loaf of bread. One of these hay-seeders boasted of having made fifty dollars on a single barrel of flour, which was worked into bread and sold to the soldiers. We gave these sharkish yeomen to understand that it served them right if they were sometimes robbed by our men.

July 9.—Reached Middletown, where we halted to receive new supplies, many of the men being actually shoeless. The wagon trains occupied all the roads, cutting them up in a fearful condition, and making our march a painful task.

July 10.—Broke camp early in the morning, marched steadily until 12 o'clock, halted for dinner and rest, and at 4 P. M. started off again and kept on foot until midnight, when all were pretty well used up. This day we passed over a large portion of the battle-field of Antietam, and found many mementoes of that well-fought contest.

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAMSPORT—HARPER'S FERRY—SULPHUR SPRINGS.

July 12.—Once more we are confronting the rebel army. After reconnoitering the position, General Meade, finding the enemy strongly intrenched, called a council of war of his corps commanders, who were almost unanimously against making an attack. Nothwithstanding this adverse feeling, he was desirous to assault the menacing rebels, and finally decided to do so on the morning of the 14th. By almost superhuman efforts the Confederates succeeded in reconstructing the bridges, and during the night of the 13th they accomplished the task of transferring their army, with their heavy trains and artillery, to the southern side of the Potomac. Our army soon followed and marched over the same ground they had occupied. This gave our men an opportunity to see the strength of the rebel position, and they were unanimously of the opinion that we could not have taken it; and they knew what they were talking about quite as well, and sometimes better, than their generals, as to what a strong position was.

When morning came, however, the bird had flown, and the people, while perfectly satisfied in being freed from the invasion, at the same time expressed disappointment, as they expected the whole rebel army would be bagged. The Administration, too, found

fault with Meade, whereupon he promptly offered his resignation, claiming that he did his duty to the best of his ability, and, if some one else could do better, he was ready and willing to get out of the way. The Government would not accept his resignation, at the same time disclaiming any intent to censure him, only meaning its censorship as an incentive to renewed energy.

Such a watchful commander as Lee could not be easily bagged. He undoubtedly had arranged his line of retreat before the battle of Gettysburg begun, just as did Meade, in case the field had been finally turned against him. And then, too, our army was in no condition to attack a strongly intrenched line, such as Lee had at Williamsport; the men were really fought out, used up, and we had but a single corps, the 6th, in good fighting trim. In fact, it was compulsory for Meade to halt a day or two at Middletown in order to receive new supplies, for many of the men were actually without shoes and other indispensable articles. It required some time to have these necessaries distributed among our men, and this favored Lee with the opportunity to select and strengthen his very favorable position. It was afterward ascertained that the thoroughly fortified rebels wished for nothing better than to have been attacked at Williamsport; then and there Lee expected to atone for the Gettysburg defeat. They were heard to say: "Now we have Meade where we want him; let him come on; but the Old Fox is too cunning."

The defeat to our army there would no doubt have rendered fruitless the great victory at Gettysburg, and at the same time have infused into the Rebellion a new lease of life.

A portion of the rebel army, consisting of Ewell's corps and a part of Longstreet's, waded the river at Falling Waters, just below Williamsport, where they were overtaken by our troops, and a sharp action was engaged in. Among the killed was the rebel General Pettigrew, and we captured about two thousand prisoners. General Lee then retreated southward, taking the south side of the Potomac, while our army continued in pursuit on the other side of the river.

July 15.—General French now assumed command of our corps, and on this day we marched through Sharpsburg, encamping a few miles beyond. We soon discovered that the new commander was extremely fond of the music of the band, and on this same day we tendered him our first serenade; he was almost captivated, if not captured, as he so expressed himself, by the stirring programme unfolded for him. Although at this time there was another band in our division, which we had thought would relieve us of some of our duties as musicians, it did not so happen, for the Zouave Band, on going through the towns, was uniformly directed to lead the line of march and play at headquarters in the evening.

July 16.—Had reveille at 3.30 A. M., packed up in a hurry, and was soon on the march again, passing through Greenville, where we saw one thousand half-clad rebel prisoners, who were taken by our cavalry in the recent movements since the battle of Gettysburg. The march this day led mainly through shady groves, where we were also blessed with an abundance of good water and plenty of berries; in all of this march the one treat to the hardtack soldiers most keenly enjoyed and not soon forgotten. As soon as the

men made camp they rushed out with their tin cups to the inviting luxury, and so thick was the fruit on the bushes that each man soon returned with his cup full of ripe blackberries. With the help of a little sugar, which was always received as a part of the rations, every man was provided with a rich dessert to his monotonous bill of daily fare.

July 17.—Under a relentless rain storm again we broke camp and went on foot, the water falling in pelting torrents as we continued the march, and our clothes being soaked to the wringing point. In this condition we reached the Potomac late in the evening, at Harper's Ferry, where we crossed the river on pontoons. Apparently in this town there was a stronger Union feeling among the inhabitants, in proportion to the population, than was found elsewhere in Virginia. This was owing, probably, to the fact that the adult residents were principally made up of Northern mechanics and their families, the most of whom were attracted there by the employment given them in the Government workshops, which were then in ruins. The impression among our men, who represented every branch of industry, was that Harper's Ferry, with its magnificent water power, ought to be a prominent manufacturing locality, and that such it would surely be if in a Northern section of the country. As we marched through that now historic place, and passed what was known as "Old John Brown's Fort," our band with more spirit than ever before struck up the popular air, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave." Following a serpentine mountain path, which had to be made in single file, we finally reached the summit of Loudon Heights,

where an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country and charming landscape was had.

Not many places in this country coming under our own observation present a grander scene than opens to the sight from the top of Loudon Heights, the endless panorama being of a most interesting character. The Virginians have christened this spot the "Switzerland of America," and its picturesque beauty renders it worthy of the comparison. Here the Shenandoah reaches a junction with the Potomac, and the combined waters of these rivers flow through a gap at the mountain ridge. Looking down from Loudon Heights, sleeping in the hollow is seen Harper's Ferry, and opposite the Maryland Heights rise to majestic proportions. From this point is also enjoyed a view of the beautiful Valley of Virginia. The waters of the Shenandoah, which appear to be very clear, may be distinctly traced in winding their way toward the dark and sluggish Potomac.

July 19.—This is Sunday, but we break camp early at 4 A. M., and go on the march until 11 o'clock, when we halt for dinner. Here we took the opportunity to serenade General Ward, who commanded the division during the temporary absence of General Birney. After dinner the band was directed to play for divine service, when the chaplain of Berdan's Sharpshooters officiated, and he preached an elegant and appropriate sermon.

July 20.—Our march was resumed due south until we reached Ashby Gap, which was held by a force of rebels. Here we halted and made camp about 5 P. M., at Upperville. All along our march at this time we experienced a vast difference in the feeling and

deportment of the people. The women fail to cheer us with a welcome in their smiles, as they did further toward the North; no waving of little flags as the army passes through towns and villages; instead of these signs of friendship, they look daggers at us, else make themselves invisible. There is no vegetable a soldier relishes more, to sandwich his salt pork with, than a fresh onion. While marching along I chanced to spy an onion bed in a patch of garden near by a house. The temptation was irresistible, and I ventured to jump the fence and help myself to a few of the luscious bulbs, when at that moment an elderly woman suddenly sprang to the door, crying as though her heart would break, and declared that the onions were all the edibles she had to eat. It was a touching story of distress, and, under the circumstances, dropping the luxuries at the feet of the woman, I hastened after my command.

July 22.—Remained in camp until 2 P. M., then packed up and went on the march again, passing through Upperville, the road we were on leading over Goose Creek. This significantly named stream we crossed and recrossed at least a dozen times during the day, fording the mud and water sometimes up to our knees; still, we persistently kept on marching into midnight, when with a sort of aristocratic feeling we encamped on a large and beautiful plantation. As a rule, our generals, when such opportunities were afforded, took possession of and put up at the plantation houses, where, during the evening, the band played for the entertainment of the ladies, who often appeared to enjoy the music quite as much as the officers. Toward the close of our serenade, how-

ever, when "John Brown" or "Yankee Doodle" came in as an expected number on the programme, the sensitive fair ones would retire to the mansion, as if disgusted with that part of the performance. As these popular and patriotic selections seemed to annoy these Secesh ladies, we rarely failed to play our pranks, as it appeared to be particularly agreeable to the officers, who always enjoyed such innocent divertisement.

July 23.—Reveille was sounded this morning at three o'clock, and immediately all were up and soon on the march to Manassas Gap, which we found occupied by a force of the enemy. At this same point on the day previous our cavalry were driven back. Our regiment was promptly advanced on picket, and in a very short time we had the rebels fully engaged at Wapping Heights, where the rattle of musketry was very lively. The heights are on the right side of the gap, from which we obtained a clear view of the engagement from the left of the mountain. Here we found an abundance of sheep and swine running wild, and we were not slow in pressing them into the service, as we felt the need of a change to fresh meat. The trouble was that we had no salt to season the luxury; so, having had no graduates in fancy cookery with us, and no time to send home for a copy of Mrs. Rorer's Culinary Art, we improvised our own dietetic science by frying the fresh pork and mutton with our salt pork, which in a measure supplied the seasoning deficiency. Our division, however, drove the enemy out of the gap, and we encamped there for the night, on the mountain side.

July 24.—Broke camp in the morning and started

on the march through the mountain gap, having an extremely hard day's tramp over a rough road, and frequently through the creek that here and there flooded its surface. We kept on until night came, then halted and encamped near Warrenton, the men being completely "played out;" so near, in fact, had we reached the end of the tether that when Division Headquarters called for music, for the first time in its experience had the band to be excused from performing on account of the wearied condition of the members. After a good night's rest, however, we were again ready for duty.

July 26.—This was Sunday, according to the calendar, but we prepared for the march at 5 A. M., and at the request of General Ward the band took the head of the division and played on going through Warrenton. We halted several miles beyond the town and there encamped. Our regiment was ordered out on picket, the band escorting the men some distance out, but afterward we returned to camp. At this time we received news of the drafting going on at home, and our boys indulged in a deal of humor on reading the names of the lucky ones who were chosen to defend their country, as the lists recalled to their memory a great many patriots who were not inclined to enlist when they did. The idea of being compelled to enter the service against their will, the boys thought, would not be so honorable as enlisting as a volunteer; this gave them considerable comfort and satisfaction, and they also thought it right in the Government to make the draft.

July 28.—A detail was sent home to bring in the drafted men to fill up the old regiments. At this

time General Birney returned to us as commander of our division, and our delight on seeing him was heartily reciprocated. On the first evening after his arrival we gave him a stirring serenade, when he expressed his pleasure at hearing the music of the band again. I took the liberty to acquaint him with the difficulties the band was laboring under, and of the hard campaign we had made; that the marching over difficult roads and often through woods and bushes at night had put a number of our instruments out of order. He promptly told me to make out a list of whatever was needed and he would see that we were attended to. Of course, the band was delighted to have in him such a friend; and he also ordered that we should have a furlough, or pass, for ten days, to go home and obtain what was wanted. At that time no furlough was good unless countersigned by the commander of the army, General Meade; but he proposed using his personal influence, and sent a staff officer with the request to explain. The necessary paper was at once made out, and it was started for approval at regimental headquarters, where it was approved; then it passed to brigade, division, and corps headquarters and was approved; but when forwarded to Army Headquarters it was disapproved, with the explanation that at that time no one could leave the army under any consideration whatever. I therefore forwarded the order for instruments given me by mail.

July 31.—In the morning there was an inspection, after which we marched about five miles and arrived at Sulphur Springs. Here the army went into summer quarters and remained comfortably fixed for

about six weeks. It was a great relief to all, giving opportunity for needed rest after the severe and constant marching.

From all appearances, Sulphur Springs must have been a splendid place for the Southern aristocracy. Along the road had been a large hotel, called Bachelors' Hall, but then in ruins. There was a beautiful park, adorned with pretty shade trees, and on each side was a number of cottages for boarders. The spring, which was under a pavilion, is about one hundred yards from the hotel. Grouped with these were also a billiard hall and ten-pin alley. In fact, there were indications that Sulphur Springs had been a popular and first-class resort for the chivalry of the South. Close to the springs is a fine stream of clear water, called the North Branch of the Rappahannock. It was there General Birney established his headquarters and detailed the band for duty. By permission we took possession of two of the best cottages and at once went to housekeeping; and we who until then had only the cold and damp ground for a bed, and sometimes a stone for a pillow, therein were provided with comfortable bedsteads. We improvised tables and chairs, and ere long had our "at home" cards among the camp society. As it did not seem altogether right, to us, in General Birney making this exclusive use of the band, by detailing us away from our regiment, he subsequently detailed the regiment to duty also at his headquarters, and their camp was established inside the grounds.

Our time there was pretty well occupied, as we had orders to perform three times every day at headquarters, and, besides, we played for guard-mount in the

morning and dress-parade in the evening. The place now began to attract officers from all parts of the army, who were often accompanied by lady visitors. Everybody had free access to the Sulphur Springs, the water of which was as clear as crystal. Our doctors told the men to indulge as freely as they wished in drinking the water, for if it did them no good it would do no harm. They followed the advice, and before they had been there two weeks boils appeared on the bodies of many of them. On making the affliction of Job known to the doctors, they jokingly said it was all right, as the medicated water was driving the salt pork out of their systems.

The North Branch of the Rappahannock afforded the men excellent bathing, and a plenty of fine blackberries could be gathered along its banks. Being in easy communication with our supplies, we now received fresh bread, potatoes, onions, and beans. So we fared very well at this place, for, after the oppressively hot weather and continuous marching necessitated by the Gettysburg campaign, every man was greatly in need of rest and milder treatment, and it is unnecessary to say that this season of relief was duly appreciated throughout the camp. Notwithstanding this respite from hostilities, our regiment at this particular time, I think, was in a worse condition than it had ever been before or was afterward. The corps was reviewed the first week in September, but our regiment did not participate, as it would have made a sorry show. Very few of the men were in full uniform; some had blue pants and Zouave jackets; others wore red pants and regulation coats, and their caps were as

varied as their clothing. So, instead of going on review they were sent on picket duty, but the battle-worn regiment was represented by the band being assigned at the head of the line.

While in camp at Sulphur Springs, besides furnishing the instrumental music, as before stated, it also fell to the lot of the band to supply vocal music on certain occasions. Several members of the band, before organizing as such, belonged to a Germantown glee-club. On discovering this fact General Birney requested our services, when a vocal quartette was formed which he and his company were well pleased with. Soon after getting our voices in trim General Terry paid us a visit, and, expressing a wish to hear us sing, General Birney sent for us, but unfortunately we could not comply, on account of our leading tenor being sick We, however, serenaded General Terry with the band music. He was greatly pleased and said: "I don't wonder General Birney likes your music." He further said that he knew what good music was, as he played an instrument in a band in his younger days. I told him of our being short several instruments, and he laughingly replied: "You will have to do like myself, under the circumstances—stick the closer to the work." Altogether, we found General Terry a very agreeable man and formed a very high opinion of him. The sutler is also here, with whom the boys usually spend all the money they receive and what they expect the coming pay-day. Wherever there is a sutler the soldiers, with rare exceptions, are always in debt to him, and yet he is one of the necessary evils of war times; they lose a great

deal of money, but still they manage to grow rich on the reckless spendings of the men.

August 16.—On this day Colonel Collis, who, it will be remembered, was compelled to return home on account of illness just as we reached Aquia Creek, came back to the regiment and was tendered a warm reception. The regiment was drawn up in line, after which the Colonel was presented with a beautiful sword as an appropriate symbol of his soldierly bearing, and in evidence of the esteem in which he was held by the rank and file. All were delighted to see Colonel Collis come back to his command and restored to good health. After the formal ceremony had concluded he came to our quarters, shook hands all around, and complimented us on our comfortable cottages at such an aristocratic resort; at the same time he expressed the opinion that it was rather too nice to last long, and it so proved.

September 14.—Some of us had gone to wash our clothes in the creek. We had just succeeded in bringing the water up to the boiling point in our kettles and dumped the soiled garments therein, when the division bugles sounded "Pack up." We could scarcely credit our ears. There we were with our clothes boiling hot and compelled to go on the march without delay, and in a few minutes we were actually in line, although the march only continued for a few miles. Our sutler, whom it took much longer than ourselves to pack up, was forced to stay behind to finish and follow us. No sooner had the division left than the bushwhackers surprised him, took all the greenbacks he had—about $1600—confiscated all his

goods, horses, and wagons, and then made him their prisoner. Fortunately, some of our cavalry surprised them, when they destroyed the goods and escaped, but the sutler was saved. He received very little sympathy from the men of the regiment, as he was regarded as an extortionist.

CHAPTER VII.

CULPEPER—FIRST SERENADE AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS—RETREAT FROM CULPEPER.

The second day's march was very hard on us, after our prolonged rest at Sulphur Springs. We made twenty-five miles, and this brought us to the vicinity of Culpeper, where we went into camp and were given to understand that we would remain there for some time. We pitched our tents, and as it was threatening rain, we dug little ditches around the base of them to serve as canals in preventing the water from inundating our habitations. Instead of being fixed for prospective emergencies, however, the next morning found us marching through Culpeper, and we encamped some distance out on the pike, on the right, while the 6th Corps pitched their tents on the left of the road. Nearly the whole of our army had been congregated in this locality. The road was soon crowded by our teams bringing supplies to our troops, and the whole surroundings were made quite lively. Comrades of different corps were going here and there hunting old friends and relatives, but the corps were too widely separated for such anxious interchanges.

On the day we left Sulphur Springs our new instruments, which we were so much in need of, it was learned, had arrived at Bealeton Station, and when we were so suddenly moved for our safety they were taken back to Washington. Being again in railroad

communication with Culpeper, on September 20th we were informed that they had safely arrived there. They could not have come to hand at a more acceptable time to improve our musical condition, for we were being taxed to a most painful and discouraging degree in the rendition of our scores. The first serenade from the new instruments was given General Birney, who was more than pleased with their appearance and the music coming from them. It would be difficult to find an officer in the whole army who could enjoy good music better than Birney. The next night we were called on to perform for General French at the Corps Headquarters. When we returned to camp, to our surprise, we found General Meade's trio of coaches in waiting for us, the band being wanted at Army Headquarters, several miles away. In going that distance the coaches passed a dozen or more bands, most of them having nearly double the number of our instruments. We could not help wondering why one of these larger bands was not selected for this special occasion instead of our own. At all events, we could not but accept this call from General Meade as a high compliment and an exceptional honor. Our regiment, also, shared the pride of their band, and at the same time thought, just as we did, that others were deriving more benefit from the band music than themselves. As matters stood, however, we had determined to do our best not to disappoint their expectations, and at all times endeavored to be a credit to the regiment whose fortunes we had enlisted to follow.

Army Headquarters consisted of some thirty commissioned officers, beginning with the Commander-in-Chief, General Meade. Then followed his Chief of

Staff, General Humphreys; Adjutant-General, Seth Williams; Provost Marshal General, General Patrick; Chief of Commissary, General Ingalls; Chief of Artillery, General Hunt. Each of these officers were entitled to a number of staff officers, which made up a large and distinguished military family, nearly all of them having been what are known as "West Pointers." Such were the educated and cultured men before whom our band was called to perform—a critical audience, to say the least.

The Headquarters train itself was an imposing affair, and when on the march it combined to make a long line and carried important baggage, which included documents connected with the army; the telegraph with all its appliances; the engineering department and its various accessories, besides the Chief of Commissary, having in charge the supply of rations for 100,000 men. A company of cavalry and a regiment of infantry were always present for guard duty in camp and on the march. The spot selected for this camp is usually within a grove or on a nicely located field, and the tents are pitched in the form of a semicircle. The commanders are always in the centre of the circle, the chief of staff on the right, the adjutant on the left, and the remainder of the retinue have positions according to their rank.

When the band arrived here for the first time, it was assigned a position in the centre of this circle. It was soon evident that our presence was very acceptable, for we were at once surrounded by most of the staff officers, who made themselves very sociable, and especially after we had played for them a few pieces. According to my diary, I find that on this occasion

we rendered the following programme, the initial number having been selected just to introduce us and give the event a good send-off:—

HEADQUARTERS PROGRAMME.

1. Hell on the Rappahannock.
2. Potpourri from "Trovatore."
   (Introducing all the gems of that popular opera.)
3. Bild der Rose.
4. Overture to Nebuchadnezzar.
5. Selections from Lucia.
6. Trap-trap Galop.

Such a selection as the above had probably never been given at the Headquarters in the field by any of the army bands, and any musician familiar with this class of music for brass instruments will know precisely the difficulties our band of only fourteen pieces had to encounter, and at the same time do the intricate arrangements justice. And then, too, it should be considered that a few candles in the open air afforded all the light we had in reading difficult manuscript. Our debut here, however, was regarded as quite a success, and the officers expressed themselves as highly pleased with the performance and the music, declaring that they had never had the pleasure of having such a musical treat in camp. Even the spectators and our candle-bearers noticed the attention paid us, and informed us of other bands having been there every night; but they came and went with no marked impression being made upon their hearers by their class of music.

General Collis, who was with us on this occasion and in General Meade's tent while our band was playing, was also complimented, and the music was

praised by the latter. Altogether, our appearance at the Army Headquarters was a most pleasing event in the record of the Zouave Band. We returned to our camp about 2 A. M., and though having put in a trying night, we cheerfully crept into our dog-tents, and with pleasing memories fell soundly asleep. There were numerous bands in the army, by far better equipped than ours of the 114th Regiment; they had a larger number of instruments and more artistic performers, but they failed to gain the popularity that we did. The reasons for this may be found in the style of the music, and doubtless much may be attributed to the uniformly good deportment of our members. The members of some of the bands often drank to excess, and thus rendered themselves disreputable and at the same time incompetent to perform their music in a proper manner. Such things never occurred to bring into disrepute the band of the 114th Regiment; its discipline and standard of sobriety was always maintained, notwithstanding the opportunities nightly presented for participating in the social glass. It was this regard for decency and moderation that enabled our members to always be fit for duty and do justice to their respective parts. This much for the band, while passing on to matters of more serious importance.

Some who have pretended to write history, in making a record of the events of these stirring times, after graphically describing the battle of Gettysburg and the campaign incident thereto, make a sudden leap, and at a single stride start in again at the coming of General Grant. Here we simply ask the reader to march behind the band for the three years, 1862 and

1865, and we will endeavor to fill in the blank by narrating in a brief and homely way the intervening events, some of which are of great importance.

In the beginning of October, 1863, the contending armies lay opposite each other along the Rapidan River. Our army was stretched out along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, extending from Culpeper to Raccoon Ford. We also had a signal station on Thoroughfare Mountain, which was on the south side of the Rapidan. The high ridge on that side of the river screened the movements of the enemy from us, while they had good positions for observation and could clearly see what was transpiring on our side.

It was currently reported that General Meade contemplated a movement on their line, and whether General Lee from his observation anticipated this or not it was hard to conjecture, but he suddenly made a move by flanking our army. This compelled us to retreat from our position, in order to protect our line of communication. The enemy approached us with great secrecy by keeping up a strong picket line in our front and blazing numerous camp-fires to deceive us, while the main portion of their army was moving northward behind the wooded hills, which effectually screened their purpose.

Their movements, however, were observed from our signal station on the 9th of October and reported, which showed that Lee was making his way to the right of our line. Meade at first seemed not to comprehend the meaning of this activity; whether or not it was only a feint to cover some other important move on his line. He sent the cavalry to reconnoitre on the tenth, and, as a precaution, he ordered the wagon

train to the rear and across the Rappahannock, and also ordered the 3d Corps, to which we belonged, and the 2d Corps, to protect the train, and prevent, if possible, the rebels from attacking it. This, General Meade thought, was the main object of the enemy's movements. In order to be prepared for any emergency the whole army was ordered to fall back behind the Rappahannock, and the cavalry, which was bringing up the rear, was continually engaged with the rebel cavalry under Stuart.

General Kilpatrick found the cavalry of the enemy strongly posted at Brandy Station, or near by, and he was hotly engaged with Stuart at that point. We had an excellent view of the cavalry, as our division was marching on a road to the left, where we could overlook the whole field. We could distinctly see our daring horsemen charging the stubborn rebels with fury, cutting, shooting, and tramping them down. Our troops halted at the thrilling sight and General Birney sent an orderly to ask General Kilpatrick if he wanted assistance, but the dashing cavalryman sent word that all was right and he could take care of himself. On the receipt of this encouraging response we moved on until the Rappahannock was crossed, when the cavalry soon followed us as a protection to our rear.

The following day, the 12th, appeared to be involved in uncertainty, and General Meade determined to make a reconnoissance back to Brandy Station by the cavalry, when it was found the rebels were in motion, in strong force, west of them. Meade also pushed out a small force of infantry toward Jeffersonton and Little Washington, and they had great difficulty in getting back, having encountered the enemy in superior num-

ber. Their return was accomplished by hard fighting and at a heavy loss.

So far our men could not understand the meaning of all this marching; wandering, as it were, for days here and there; doing nothing, apparently, but being drawn up in line—marching a few miles, halting, forming, and then returning. The officers and men were perplexed; it looked as if Meade was afraid to fight, and endeavoring to get away from the hounding by Lee. The men were anxious for the fray and were asking with eagerness: "Why don't Meade stand and fight them?" But they were really in ignorance of what General Meade was endeavoring to get at—he was by strategy unfolding the real object of General Lee. At last he became satisfied that it was Lee's purpose to get in his rear with his whole army and concentrate it in an advantageous position between our army and Washington. He made the most determined and energetic efforts to thwart the great and daring Confederate, and therefore the marches made by our army, such, probably, as have scarcely ever been equaled by any other. We marched two days and three nights incessantly, sometimes making a stand in line of battle, then off again. The rebel army had one day's start of us, and the objective point of both armies was as to which of the two should first reach the strong position at Centreville. This was the outer line of fortifications for the defense of the capital; it was naturally very strong, and by the science of military engineering had been made almost impregnable. Both armies actually raced for it, but the Army of the Potomac, on ascertaining the strategy of Lee, won the prize.

The trains and artillery moved over the roads, flanked on both sides by the infantry, with muskets charged and ready for immediate use. We were thus prepared to repel any attack on our wagon trains, and should any have been made on either side of the road the enemy would have met a ready line of battle. The band and other non-combatants moved along the roads with the trains and artillery, wearily, indeed, strolling along on the march. On the second night a number of the band tramped along with a battery of thirty-two Parrot guns, immense affairs. It was pitch dark, especially where the primitive road passed through a woodland region. Our only guidance at times was by placing our hands on the heavy guns, and sometimes stepping along more asleep than awake. Suddenly, during this night, one of the wheels under the heavy gun we were following sank deep in a rut, and the weight of the cannon caused it to topple over, our escape from being crushed to death being almost miraculous. Some of the members of the band declared that it was simply impossible to continue, without some rest, and they laid themselves by the roadside, using their knapsacks for pillows. When the rear of the corps passed, the officers in charge of the rear guard observing them, cried out: "If you can possibly move along, do so, or you will see Libby Prison again!" He further remarked that there would be "hell in the rear in a few minutes." This admonition, it is hardly necessary to say, put new life and locomotion into their tired limbs, and they up and at it again, and by persistent effort soon reached us. Sure enough, not long after the officer thus forcibly gave the warning, there was heavy firing in the rear.

The 2d Corps, under General Warren, brought up the rear of our army, and it was constantly skirmishing with the rebels, who were in command of General Ewell, the latter having his entire corps with him. This was done to impede Warren's progress, while Hill's Corps, which was in light marching order, was pushing on to head off our army at Bristow Station, but all except the 2d Corps, which was the rear guard, had passed that point; so General Hill posted his corps in a strong position on the left of the railroad, where they were drawn up in line of battle, parallel with the railroad. When Warren arrived he saw at a glance that Hill had blundered in not taking possession of the railroad, the embankment of which would have formed a ready breastwork for his men. General Warren, taking advantage of the opportunity, ordered his corps on the double quick and poured a raking fire of musketry into the close ranks of the advancing rebels, which staggered them and they fell back. They re-formed for another advance, but Warren had his batteries charged with grape and canister, with which he plowed terrible furrows through their ranks. Again and again the desperate rebels attempted to make an impression upon Warren's corps, but their sacrifice of life was in vain, and finally Hill gave up the impossible and retreated back to Catlett's Station, and there he joined Ewell's Corps, while Warren continued his march during the night and came up with the other portions of our army at Centreville. Hill was badly punished by Warren, losing one of his best batteries, of six guns, besides 500 men in killed and wounded.

Our army was now strongly posted at Centreville

Heights, where it waited for and invited an attack, but Lee was too shrewd to venture an assault against us there.

The only trouble our corps had with the enemy on this march was when it approached Auburn. General Birney and his staff were just ahead of us on the march, our brigade leading the division on this day, and our regiment leading the brigade. From the left, without warning, the rebels sent us a shell from a light battery, which came rather close to General Birney. He halted the column, and immediately our brigade was thrown out in line of battle, and for a time there was a lively fire of musketry with the enemy, but they were soon driven away. In this contest our regiment had a number of men wounded. We then resumed our march, which they no doubt hoped to delay, but in this they were not very successful, as the whole affair was over inside of half an hour.

General Stuart, on this march, was probably in the tightest place with his cavalry during his whole career, having been hemmed in a woods between two roads. Our infantry were marching on, and as it was night, the rebel game was not perceived by our men. His close proximity, therefore, was unknown to us, and had his fix been discovered he and all his force would have been captured. How to get out of the scrape he was in was a conundrum to him; but he solved it by selecting six of his troopers, on whom he put Yankee uniforms and armed them with muskets to correspond. These spies fell in line with us and at an opportune moment crossed the road and sneaked off, making their way to General Lee, whom they informed of Stuart's perilous position. His chief soon

determined what to do, in ordering an infantry attack on that part of our line near where Stuart was, and during the excitement the rebel cavalryman and his troopers slipped through and made sure their escape to Lee.

CHAPTER VIII.

CENTREVILLE—GENERAL SICKLES VISITS HIS OLD COMMAND—FOLLOWING LEE—ACTION AT KELLY'S FORD—MINE RUN.

We were tired and "played out" on arriving at Centreville, and as soon as we reached our destination simply fell asleep, without bothering about rations, for, hungry as we were, "nature's sweet restorer" was the greater need. Rest was the one thing yearned for; never more a physical necessity.

The next day there was an event that put new life into the whole army. About noon a horseman rode into camp, and it was soon sounded in every ear that General Daniel E. Sickles, our old commander, was on the grounds. All of the valiant General's former self, of course, was not there, for he had left one leg on the battle-field of Gettysburg. If ever a brave man received a soldier's hearty reception it was General Sickles, and he is no doubt proud of it down to this day.

What General Lee expected from his flank movement was hard to understand. It certainly did not pay him, nor did it prolong the life of the cause for which he was fighting. He failed completely in outgeneraling Meade; failed in obtaining possession of Centreville Heights, and, if he was endeavoring to capture our trains, he also failed. He remained in the vicinity of Bristow Station until October 18th, in the meantime keeping his army busy in destroying

the railroad, which his men, as well as our own, knew how to do effectually when it answered a purpose. They tore up the sleepers and laid the rails across them, then set the former on fire, and when the rails became red hot in the centre the extreme weight of the ends would bend them into bows and thus destroy their usefulness for relaying.

As General Lee's army was now retreating southward again, our army retraced its steps, and the first day's march brought us to Bristow Station, on October 20th. The following day we made a long roundabout march to reach Catlett's Station, covering about twenty-five miles and yet advancing only a distance of six miles. As the railroad was destroyed, we halted there. Details from the different regiments were made up each day to work on and rebuild the railroad, the army being badly in need of supplies. All along our march there were evidences of the enemy's retreat—dead horses worn out on the march, cast-off rebel clothing scattered by the wayside, broken wagons, etc. As we advanced the railroad was rebuilt, and on November 1st we encamped near Bealeton Station. There we laid over for one week and were mustered for pay, but when the list was completed it caused a great deal of dissatisfaction and grumbling among the men, as many of them were brought in debt to the Government. Their allowance of forty-two dollars for clothing they had overdrawn, and it had to be made good out of their pay; so, instead of receiving some hard cash to cheer the sutler, they got nothing, and had to wait until the paymaster came round again. This unexpected deprivation soured the unfortunate ones very much, when they compared

their lot with the fancy soldiers who were having an easy and indolent time around the forts of Washington and Baltimore. This, they said, is the kind return, "after going on wearisome marches, almost shoeless, and sleeping in our clothes on the cold ground, and to keep up with the line often being compelled to lighten our knapsacks by casting away needful articles; while the men hanging around the forts can take care of their clothing, act the dandy soldier, and receive the same pay." This is simply a reflex of the feeling among the fighting men in the army. There were other things to grate harshly upon the minds of battle-worn men. By the army regulation rules the Government allowed each soldier going on the march to have six days' rations in his haversack. If each man had received his full allowance mules would have been required to carry the burden. As the men did not receive in quantity in accordance with the regulations, what became of the excess was a source of constant anxiety to the men in camp, when they usually had their studying caps on. But when "Pack up" sounded these little matters of ways and means for the time were dispelled.

While in camp here, our regiment was largely reinforced from Camp Parole, mainly by those who were captured at the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg having been exchanged and returned to us. We also received a number of new recruits, among them being several young Frenchmen, who were procured in France by agents, or persons who were engaged to furnish substitutes for patriots here who did their fighting by staying at home. These bright young recruits, who were imitating the zeal of Lafay-

ette, informed us that they were paid only one hundred dollars each, while at that period of the war substitutes everywhere in this country were paid from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars. One can hardly imagine the money that was made in this sort of war brokerage, this barter in human life, during those dark days, when the purses of men as well as their loyalty and courage of convictions were sorely tried. In conversation with these soldierly Frenchmen, I also learned why they came to our regiment. It had been represented to them that it was a French Zouave regiment, and they were surprised after being with us that there were only a few of their new comrades with whom they could hold conversation. They were not particularly pleased with their experience in camp at that time and complained bitterly about the rations, and especially of the hard bread. I endeavored to cheer them in a vein of pleasantry by assuring them that after becoming accustomed to the daily bill of fare they would grow fat on it.

November 7.—Broke camp and advanced toward the Rappahannock again, where we found the whole rebel army entrenched in rifle pits and behind strong breastworks, and they appeared to be snugly encamped for the winter, but General Meade did not mean to have things so comfortably and permanently arranged. Before the retreat of Lee our army occupied the line of the Rapidan, and to stop here would indicate that we were unable to proceed. Our corps, with the 2d, therefore advanced on Kelly's Ford, and the rebels were taken by surprise. Preparations were at once made to capture their position and cross the Rappahannock. On our side we had a

good position for artillery, where a 32-pound calibre battery was planted, and in support of which our regiment was sent. Our battery soon opened a brisk cannonade on the enemy south of the river. During this lively and constant fire the pontoons were laid, our corps rushed over, drove the rebels back, and captured over four hundred prisoners. The movement was well planned, as its success proved, and the action was an exceptionally brilliant one. The prisoners here taken were better clothed than any we had before seen; all were provided with overcoats and jackets of much better material than our own. They were of English manufacture, a much darker blue than the United States uniforms, and they furnished conclusive evidence of successful blockade running.

While our action at Kelly's Ford was a success, the experience at the right of our army, consisting of the 5th and 6th Corps, was even more favorable. In advancing they found the enemy well prepared for a contest, in a strong fort, with redoubts and rifle pits, on the northern side of Rappahannock Station. At first General Sedgwick was somewhat baffled, but by his native dash and cautious action he succeeded in finding a good position in the rear of the fort, and with his batteries he bombarded the stronghold all day, and just before dark he stormed the position and carried it, capturing fifteen hundred prisoners, besides a battery and eight battle-flags. After this we crossed the Rappahannock and the whole army advanced toward the Rapidan. Our corps, with the 2d, forming the left of the army, advanced to Brandy Station, where, on November 8th, there was some skirmishing with the rebel cavalry, but they were

easily driven off. The next day we encamped at Brandy Station, where was presented abundant evidence of the enemy having contemplated going into winter quarters in this vicinity, as they had erected good shanties for the purpose. It looked as if their abandonment of the place had been very sudden, for they attempted to destroy the buildings so that the Yankees could not have the benefit of them, but in this they were only partially successful. The chimneys they toppled over were soon rebuilt, and, as cooler weather was expected, we felt thankful in no small degree for the comfortable quarters thus left for us. While at Bristow Station our former brigade commander, General Graham, who was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, paid us a brief but pleasant visit, and the men were exceedingly glad to see him, although he could not remain with us, as he had been appointed to a command in North Carolina. He was greatly respected and appreciated by the whole brigade.

November 16th we had a review, and a number of distinguished British officers were present as visitors, for whom the event had been arranged. After review, the band, of course, was called to Corps Headquarters, where the lordly guests were entertained. We selected a number of the choicest operatic gems and overtures to please them, but they did not evince any special interest in the programme. However, when we complimented them by playing their national air, "God save the Queen," that seemed to captivate them, and they came out in acknowledgment of the favor and declared that they had rarely ever before heard it sound so well. Under the circumstances, no doubt, it proved pleasing to them.

At this time the rebel army was encamped on the south side of the Rapidan and in a very strong position. General Meade made a careful reconnoissance and pronounced it unassailable, yet there was an interval of six miles between Hill's and Ewell's Corps. Having ascertained these facts, he determined on a decisive and short campaign, his plans being clearly and skilfully laid out; and had they been faithfully executed, there can be no doubt that the rebel army then and there would have been disastrously defeated. Meade's intent was to concentrate his army in this gap or interval of six miles, and by a rapid march defeat one-half before the other could make a junction with its counterpart. Our army started with ten days' rations. Each corps had its line of march mapped out, and each had orders to move with celerity and unite at the ridges, west of Mine Run, the point of junction designated being in the vicinity of the Robertson Tavern.

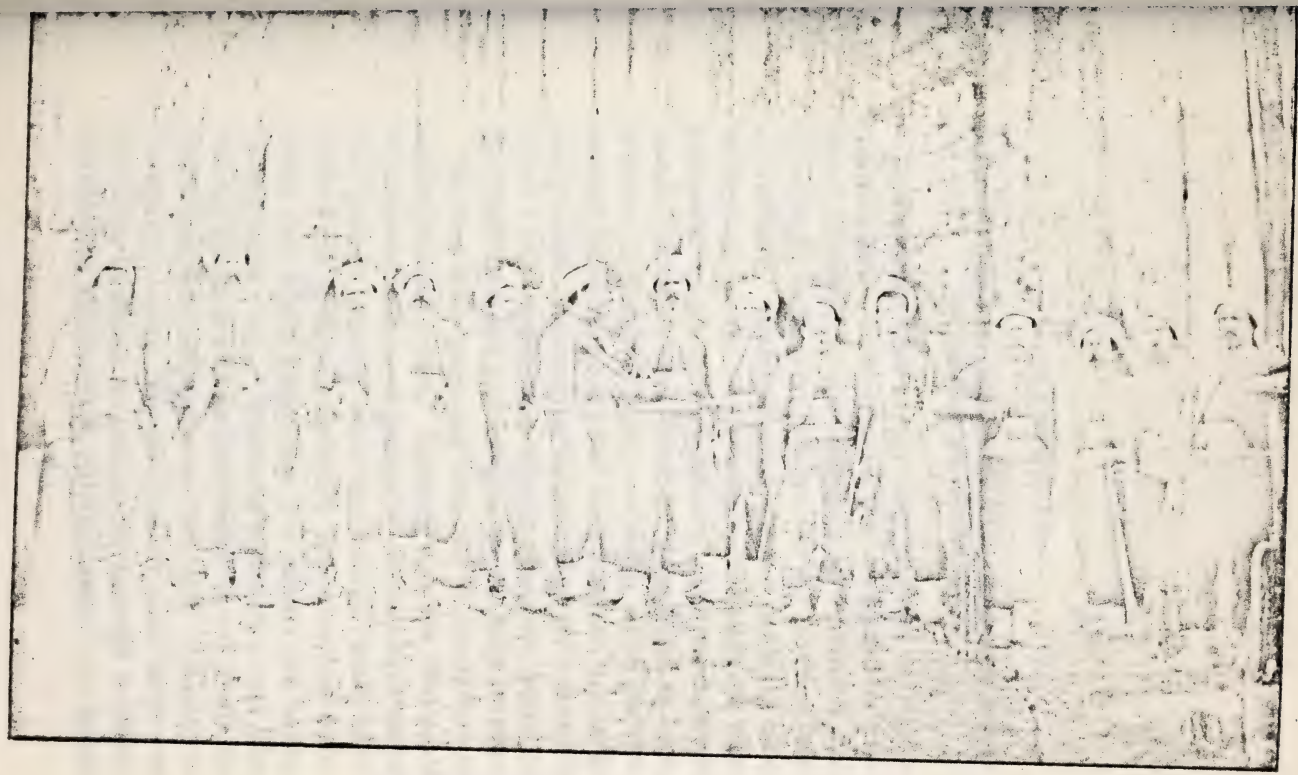
General Warren, with the 2d Corps, was prompt and almost in position, but our corps, in command of General French, brought about a miscarriage, and which was the cause of defeat of General Meade's well-designed plans. We crossed the Rapidan on November 26th and encamped for the night, which was the first of the blunders. Then, on resuming our march, we took a road leading through the country, instead of following the river road. In doing so, after marching a few miles, we came in contact with Johnson's division of Ewell's Corps, when a hot engagement took place between our corps and Johnson's division. To us the encounter was a great surprise. The country there is a perfect wilderness, and

we did not become aware of the enemy's presence until we were on them. In this engagement we lost many killed and wounded. The 5th Corps, hearing the firing, came to our assistance. These incidental mishaps seriously delayed us and prevented the rapid concentration of our army, as General Meade had intended. And this was not the worst of our misfortune, for it gave the key of General Meade's plan of campaign to Lee, and afforded him ample opportunity and time to concentrate his army on the very position we were preparing to occupy. In spite of all this discomfiture, however, to General Meade, he did not give up the one purpose in view. At last, with his army at hand, he confronted the rebels at the Mine Run position, which was in their possession. In front of their line the marsh along the run was an obstacle to attack. The position was thoroughly reconnoitred. On our left General Warren reported his confidence in the ability of his men to take it, when he was strengthened by two divisions of our corps and one division of the 6th Corps.

During the night of the 29th General Warren made a more extended examination and found the position much stronger than it was at first reported, and so advised General Meade, which caused him to postpone the attack. In the meantime the weather became dreadfully cold and men were frozen on picket. It was the coldest spell of weather our army had experienced in Virginia. General Meade concluded, as his original plans had been thwarted, and with the prospect of a still greater loss of life without due compensation and substantial results, to withdraw his army across the Rapidan and to its former position. The most unfor-

tunate event during the week was the loss in our corps, which amounted to between 500 and 600 killed and wounded, and all to no purpose. As soon as we learned of the army going to fall back across the Rapidan, the band reported at the wagon train, which was already moving the sick and wounded. We accompanied them and about dark crossed the river at Culpeper Ford and encamped there for the night. The troops did not begin retreating until dark, but they marched all night and reached us in the morning, completely worn out. After getting our breakfast and resting a few hours we went on the march again, under orders to return to the place of encampment we left just one week before, which we made before dark.

It may be stated here that it was not the intention in speaking of General French to criticise him from a military standpoint or as to his soldierly qualities. We had always been very kindly treated by him; still, it was the general impression that he did not at times act in full sympathy with General Meade. In fact, our frequent presence at his headquarters gave us opportunity to hear staff officers speak in such manner as was not at all complimentary to the Commander of the Army of the Potomac. Had General French's feelings not been in accord with their own, it was but reasonable to suppose that they would not have dared to express themselves as they did of Meade, their superior in command.



ARMY HEADQUARTERS, BRANDY STATION. (1863-64.)

CHAPTER IX.

BRANDY STATION—ATTACHED TO ARMY HEADQUARTERS—DUTIES OF THE BAND AND REGIMENT.

Now that we were in our own shanties, or winter quarters, again, we concluded that we would be permitted to remain for the remainder of the season, and accordingly made arrangements for our comfort and convenience. Brandy Station was now made the base of supplies for the whole army, and buildings were erected to receive the varied stores. We had flattered ourselves that we were fixed for some time at least, when orders came to move our camp some distance beyond, as another corps had been assigned to occupy our grounds. Reluctantly we packed up and encamped about a mile nearer the station, where we began to build new quarters and prepare for the hard weather.

At this time gambling was rife in the army, to a demoralizing extent. Looking over the field could be observed dozens of groups of soldiers squatted on the ground, playing what was called "sweat-box." One of the group was selected as banker, and sometimes they would break him, but oftener the banker would break them. Hundreds of dollars would often change hands in a short time, and even our Marie, the cantiniere, was tempted to try her luck. Looking on at a party playing, she saw a soldier win a large sum of money in almost no time, so she thought to go and do likewise, and invested with the banker; but instead

of winning, Marie soon lost, and was fifty dollars poorer by reason of her experience. She was too sharp to be caught again, and being thoroughly disgusted she played no more. General Birney, to his credit, determined to break up the "sweat box," and whenever gambling was discovered he ordered the guard to charge on the players and drive them from the field. In this way the public display of the pernicious practice was finally broken up.

Being now to all appearances in permanent camp for the winter, and a great many ladies coming in to visit the different generals, the band was engaged every evening at one or another of the several headquarters, rarely ever returning to camp before the next morning. At this time there was some talk of having the band detached from the regiment and making it a brigade band, the respective commanders desiring to have the music at their headquarters. One evening, some time previous to this, happening to be at the 3d Brigade headquarters of our division, the brigade then being in command of General De Trobriand, after the band had performed a short programme, he invited me into the house, where he occupied a room in the second story. In broken English he informed me that he desired to see me for the purpose of complimenting the band on its music, at the same time saying that he had heard no music in the service he had been so well pleased with. He also said that he was a musician himself, and then asked me how the band would like to be attached to his headquarters. My reply was that I could not see how that could be done; but he thought it could and said he would see about it, and there the matter dropped

between us. Nevertheless, the project was agitated, and the more it was talked over the greater the difficulty of its accomplishment became. The men of our regiment began to seriously consider the proposition, when it was found they were unanimously opposed to the movement and declared that it should not be permitted. The peremptory decree was that the Zouave Band should not belong to any other than the regiment that brought it to the field. In the midst of all this we continued to perform as though we were disinterested parties to the vexed question under discussion. When, the third time, we had been called to Army Headquarters, to entertain the officers commanding with our music, it was whispered that the regiment and its band would be called for permanent duty thereat; the regiment to be headquarters guard and the band to be honored by a like distinction. Soon the order came to report at headquarters of the army, and this cleverly adjusted the differences respecting our separation from the regiment.

Ever since the battle of Gettysburg our regiment was commanded by Major E. R. Bowen, Colonel Collis being in command of the brigade. The duties here were never very severe, and we were saved from many hard marches and dangerous picket duty. We were really glad of this temporary exemption, for our regiment was merely a skeleton compared with its former strength; the battles in which it participated having played sad havoc among its ranks, and the brief respite allowed was only what it richly deserved. It must not be understood that we had been transformed into holiday soldiers, for the 114th was engaged in active and dangerous work, and even met with

severe losses down to the close of hostilities, as will appear in subsequent recitals. While the band did its best to maintain its reputation while having an abundance of work to do, thereafter we were not subject to calls for music from a diversity of official sources, which made our service more pleasant, as it was confined, as a rule, to this particular headquarters.

On the evening of December 16th, the band received a special invitation from Colonel Collis to make him a call at his brigade headquarters. We cheerfully responded, and on arriving there the generous Colonel had prepared an excellent treat for us. While being in a quandary as to what it all meant, he informed us that it was to celebrate an event that occurred just one year before—the separation of the band from its regiment by our capture. In one of his veins of grim humor, he asked us if we still remembered the mishap, which we did, of course, and a trifle too well. After passing a delightful evening, in the enjoyment of sprightly music and genial intercourse, we retraced our steps to camp, in good spirits and feeling the better for the thoughtful hospitality of our friendly Colonel.

The festal season was now approaching and our letters from home indicated that we would have a rare luxury sent us in the form of a splendidly prepared dinner for Christmas, and, in anticipation of which, our appetites were whetted accordingly. Christmas Day came as the calendar unfolded, but the looked-for boxes did not come. We made trip after trip to the railroad station in great anxiety, meeting every train as it arrived, but there were no boxes with the good things in store for us. Were we all to be disappointed again, as during the previous Christmas-

time? We were assured that our big dinner was on the road somewhere, and in charge of a lady, Miss Jones, of Germantown. We had almost given up the idea of a Christmas celebration in a homelike way. The following week, however, while strolling about the camp, I perceived a lady with difficulty making her way over the rough road toward our tents. She recognized me and called, when she proved to be Miss Jones, and with her came our long-delayed dinners; too late, of course, for Christmas Day, but still in good time to appease the sharpened appetites that had been worked up. Whilst our hearts were overflowing with gladness on receipt of the presents, this kind young lady was even more so. She had worried more over the treasure in her charge than ourselves, although she was in nowise to blame for the delay, which was caused by an accident on the road. On her arrival at camp we soon procured an army wagon and brought the boxes from the railroad station, and the weather having been continuously cold everything forwarded to us was in a good state of preservation. It would be impossible to imagine our feelings on receiving this change of diet, save those having had the same hard experience; men who the year round had lived on hardtack and salt pork, then suddenly confronted with a roast turkey, mince pies, and other good things common to a Christmas feast. All these evidences of affection and regard, too, coming direct from our homes and the loved ones whom we had tendered an uncertain farewell on parting for the camp, battlefield and prison pen. Nothing could possibly have done our men more good, or

added so much to their pleasure, as that sumptuous Christmas dinner.

In the first week of January, 1864, our old division was required to move its camp from where most of the men had already put up comfortable winter huts, and they were considerably enraged about it, officers and men alike. The trouble arose from being encamped on Miner Botts's property, who professed to be loyal to the cause of the Union. He, therefore, proceeded to Washington, for the purpose of making complaint to the Government because of our troops being located thereon, and he returned with an official order for the division to vacate his premises. Had Botts been a sincere Union man, he would not have complained of having our army encamped on his grounds, for he had over 1000 acres, and, being what he professed, it was very strange the rebels exempted him in that particular.

Our boys at headquarters had their hands full, having at all times to make a good appearance in keeping cleanly and genteel, and at the same time their fatigue duties consisted in looking to the cleanliness of the whole camp, besides cutting wood for headquarters; from the fact that wood was becoming very scarce around the camp, our labor was considerably increased in having to go a long distance for it, in all kinds of weather, during the winter. Otherwise, the duties of the band were: guard mount in the morning, dress parade in the evening, besides performing every evening, when the weather permitted, in front of General Meade's tent, where no clap-trap music was in order, our choicest pieces being always

selected. It did not take long to learn of the style of music that pleased the General; any pretty flowing melody, smoothly arranged, whether operatic or ballad, had a great charm for him. When he was not familiar with any selection we played for him, he would send his orderly to be informed of its name and who was the composer. This, while showing his interest in the band, enabled us to become acquainted with his particular taste, and also to play such pieces as were agreeable to him. Whether for this or other reasons it is not presumed to know, but we were assured by those very near to General Meade, then and since, that he cared for no other music than our own in camp, so long as he could hear it.

Being now in winter quarters, arrangements were made for religious services on Sundays, for which a neat chapel was erected and where eminent divines preached for the distinguished military family at headquarters. General Seth Williams, Adjutant General, had charge of the parish arrangements, and he sent for me to consult as to the musical parts of the service. He requested the band to play a suitable piece in front of the chapel, prior to the hour of service, to call the congregation together. For this purpose I proposed "Der Dag des Hern" (The Day of Our Lord), or "The Kapelle" (The Chapel). Any one familiar with these compositions would approve either for the purpose suggested. General Williams was then in trouble about the singing, remarking that he knew of no officer at headquarters who could be counted on to take part in the singing. The band again came to his relief by venturing to supply an impromptu quartette choir. I informed him that one

of my men had formerly been the leader of a church choir. He seemed very much pleased and said he would at once send an order to Washington for hymn and music books, and he even contemplated sending for a cabinet organ, but this part of his enthusiastic project did not carry, on account of the bulk in transportation of the instrument. It was therefore arranged that the band would furnish both the instrumental and vocal music for the Sunday services. This was in the winter of 1863–4, at the Army Headquarters. Albeit our little chapel was never consecrated, so to speak, by the usual formalities, yet, in the presence of these distinguished men, whose lives had been offered in testimony of their devotion to a righteous cause, this modest sanctuary was virtually dedicated to the service of both God and their country.

Every Saturday evening General Williams would send for me to receive the hymns selected for the morrow's worship, which came from the pastor or rector engaged to preach, so that we could be prepared to supply our part of the service with appropriate music. The great Generals of the army were often in attendance, also Cabinet Officers, other eminent men and visitors from the North. In the front seats usually sat General Meade, with his serious, anxious, and meditative countenance, surrounded by his staff officers. At the first of these services the Rev. Dr. Dorr officiated, a learned and retired Episcopal clergyman who lived at that time in Price Street, Germantown. Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, preached the following Sunday, a most eloquent and patriotic sermon. He was in full Episcopal vesture and every word spoken seemed to impress deeply his own ani-

mation and veneration upon the hearts and minds of his audience. Every listener in that little congregation of the tented field appeared to be benefited by his exceptionally eloquent discourse.

As the winter season slowly and drearily dragged along, we occasionally paid a visit to some friends in our old corps, and also to other corps. It was in the latter part of February when we determined to make a call on the 150th regiment, P. V., in the 1st Corps. This regiment did us a great favor at Gettysburg, such as could never be forgotten, and the band took this opportunity of making a slight acknowledgment of the kindness in a special call. Their camp was about ten miles away from ours, so we took the railroad and reached them about 10 P.M. We had a great many acquaintances and some relatives in this regiment, and, when we struck up in their camp, the men all rushed from their shanties to receive us. After playing for nearly an hour we were escorted to General Stone's headquarters. Music was very scarce in the 150th, and it was almost impossible to give them enough of it. There we remained over night and having a splendid time with our friends who were so near to us and yet so far away. The next day the 1st Corps was reviewed by General Meade, and we were induced to remain and take part in the event. It was proposed that the band take the head of the division, but Major George W. Jones, of Germantown, who was in command of the 150th, objected, unless the regiment was assigned to the head of the line. He claimed that the band was for the time being the regiment's guest, and did not want to be separated from it. The Major's point was so strong that he held the fort, and the band

with the 150th took the head of the division. General Meade was the reviewing officer, and when he saw the band from his own headquarters heading a division of the 1st Corps he was really astounded, and could not be reconciled to it until the why and wherefore had been explained. Immediately after review we bade our friends a comrade's good-bye and took the cars for our camp. Such incidents served to add a spice of pleasure to the time of these otherwise wearisome and dreary winter months.

During our stay there a boy of 13 or 14 years of age would often come to our camp and be with us in our tents, remaining sometimes two or three weeks; then he would be absent for several weeks, and during this time he would be inside the rebel lines. Again he would return, always making sure to visit the band, when he had some story to tell of having seen the instruments taken from us when we were captured. Every time he came back he repeated the affirmation, and even named the instruments. He was employed by General Meade as a spy and appeared to be well suited for the purpose, as he was a very sharp and bright lad for one of his years. This lasted for a considerable time, when he was finally caught as being a rebel spy; and to carry out his purposes the better he actually engaged to act the spy for our army. From that time, however, he disappeared and we never saw him again.

Our regiment at this time was well initiated in its routine of duties at Army Headquarters, and gave great satisfaction, thus showing that General Meade's confidence and appreciation of its services were not misplaced. The regiment was now in command of

Major Bowen and remained so until after the surrender of Lee. Major Bowen was especially suited to have charge of the exacting duties required of his men, as he was a strict disciplinarian and kept the Zouaves in fine martial trim, and, besides this, both he and his command were greatly respected by the headquarters officers. As a rule, the regiment looked as cleanly and prim as if they had just come into the service. Our dress parades were always admired and witnessed by large numbers of military officers and other spectators. On the 14th of April there was quite an event at Army Headquarters in the presence of a French military officer of distinction, who came to witness one of the dress parades. Everything went off like clockwork, and he was delighted with the evolutions of our men, saying that the precision of their movements was as near perfection as possible.

It was a part of the duties of the regiment to send details as a guard to rebel prisoners on their way to Washington, in which the "red legs" took great pride. They would shine up and look their best, and always surprised the people at the Capital, as they had not been used to seeing troops come from the battle-front in such scrupulously prim condition. Their conduct, too, was in keeping with their genteel appearance, for, to the great credit of the regiment, no breach of discipline was ever reported against any of the men in Washington. On the contrary, former guards coming there were often in trouble, as many took the opportunity to go on sprees, and while in an intoxicated condition were arrested for disorder and locked up for the day or night, to their own disgrace, by the Provost Marshal of the district.

In anticipation of the approaching spring campaign a brigade was formed at headquarters, embracing all the troops connected therewith, which was to be used in case sudden and unlooked-for events demanded, and it was placed in command of Colonel Collis, who so distinguished himself that soon after he was promoted to be a brigadier.

CHAPTER X.

Reorganization of the Army—Coming of General Grant—Crossing the Rapidan—Battle of the Wilderness—Discomfiture of a Newspaper Correspondent.

Early in March, General Meade recommended to the Government the desirability of reorganizing the army and reducing it to three corps, which was accepted and the work at once accomplished. By this consolidation our old corps was added to the 2d Corps, but retaining the original corps mark, while making it the 3d Division in the 2d Corps. By this arrangement General French was left out, with no command, and the 1st Corps was made a part of the 5th Corps. This reorganization of the army under General Meade, and the changes resulting, created considerable dissatisfaction in the corps that were disbanded. In the army there was apparent everywhere a deal of honest corps pride; the men were deeply absorbed in the achievements and history thus associated; but their *esprit de corps* was wounded and partially destroyed by this new and mysterious move, although they were known thereafter by their former corps designations among each other.

General Grant having been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General, with complete control of all the armies, on the 10th of March paid General Meade a visit at Brandy Station. The band had been prepared to receive him, and as he approached we welcomed

him with "Hail to the Chief!" He remained but a short time; still, the indications everywhere were that sharp work and important events were on the programme. In the latter part of March he paid us another visit, during a heavy snow storm, and the men said that "he could see for himself why the army did not move."

About the middle of April our chapel was taken down; the Army Headquarters' winter tents were also removed, and in place of them field tents were substituted. The railroad was worked to its fullest capacity and trains were running all day and all night, bringing supplies to the army. There were cracker boxes piled up in rows a hundred yards in length, also salt pork, sugar, and coffee in enormous quantities. All extra or unnecessary baggage was packed up and sent to the rear, and the sick from the hospitals and all unfit for duty were forwarded to Washington. Indications of an early action were seen in every movement. Every day new troops were coming down; some of them regiments that had never seen service in the field, others were raw recruits for old regiments; many, too, were veterans who had re-enlisted, and having had thirty days' furloughs were coming back to test their fate on the field again. During the month of April the army was reinforced to such an extent that it was made stronger than it had ever been before.

It was generally observed and commonly expressed that the coming of General Grant produced no unusual enthusiasm in the Army of the Potomac. The men were well satisfied with Meade, had great confidence in him, and felt that in his hands the army was safe, and that he would never permit the slaughter of his

soldiers unless the results were such as to atone for the sacrifice. At the same time, however, these veterans had the satisfaction of knowing that the army in the field was no longer to be commanded by a general at Washington. They knew, too, that when active work was once commenced and reinforcements needed they had now a man who possessed not only the will but the power to call for unlimited and unqualified resources to accomplish the task of subduing the Confederates. Our army was mainly composed of thinking and intelligent men, and these facts, with the knowledge that General Meade would remain in command of the Army of the Potomac, put them in high spirits and made them eager to participate in the final blow.

The first time Grant paid a visit to Meade the latter thought the Lieutenant General might desire another to take his place, and he unhesitatingly offered to step aside, having the impression that General Sherman was probably desired; but Grant assured Meade that he was in the right place, and so was Sherman. General Meade therefore continued in command down to the end of the war. The whole army, as previously stated, since reorganization consisted of only three corps, namely: the 2d, under command of Major General Hancock; the 5th, under General Warren, and the 6th, under General Sedgwick. The 9th Corps, however, was held in reserve and encamped at Annapolis, which consisted of 40,000 men and was in charge of General Burnside. The cavalry, which was in better fighting condition than ever before, was placed in command of that brilliant officer, General Phil. Sheridan.

General Grant at this time made his headquarters with us, and on the 4th day of May, 1864, the whole army was put in motion. The whole country, too, was likewise in great expectancy and excitement as to the result of the coming campaign. The rebel army had also been strongly reinforced and reorganized for the supreme contest by that skillful commander, Robert E. Lee, in whom his battle-scarred host had implicit confidence; in fact, he was regarded by his men as invincible, especially when fighting on their own soil.

Our army crossed the Rapidan on pontoons at Ely's and Germania Fords, the whole affair being easily accomplished and without opposition. Grant expected not quite so smooth a passage in getting across the river, and was agreeably surprised that Lee did not attempt to intercept the movement. As soon as our army had gained the other side, however, it found itself in the Wilderness, properly so called, for the whole region thereabouts was covered with a forest and dense undergrowth, with an abundance of brambles and a deal of marshy soil. Here signal stations were out of the question, artillery of no account, and infantry movements very difficult.

General Grant's purpose evidently was to manœuvre the army so as to draw the enemy out of the Wilderness. The cavalry division, under General Gregg, patrolled the plank road to Chancellorsville, while Wilson's division of cavalry guarded the locality of Parker's Store and Orange Court House; every precaution, in fact, was taken against a surprise; there was to be no repetition of the former unfortunate event. Hancock's 2d Corps was thrown out

to our extreme left and encamped on the old battle-field of Chancellorsville, while the 5th Corps was at the Wilderness Tavern. The 6th Corps took the extreme right of the army, extending toward the Rapidan. Doubtless Grant expected Lee to attack him there and throw his army between Hancock and Richmond. In that case our whole army would have marched to Hancock's assistance and have been outside the Wilderness; but as a skillful general rarely does just what his adversary would desire, Lee made his preparations to attack other points of the line, thus compelling Grant to recall Hancock. So far, however, our army was unmolested.

Early on the morning of the 5th of May reveille was beaten before daybreak, and soon our army began to move southward, and it was not long before General Lee interfered with our march by attacking Griffin's division of the 5th Corps, which had to fall back; but just then General Warren threw in Bartlett's and Ayres' division of regulars, who soon became hotly engaged with Ewell's Corps, and after fighting desperately for an hour at least, our troops had to retire, losing two guns on account of the horses having been killed. Following this, two divisions of the 5th Corps, Wadsworth's and Robinson's, were ordered in, and they succeeded in holding the rebels in check after another hour or more of incessant musketry, when the enemy in turn fell back. It was evidently their design to break our right centre, which they failed to do. This encounter no doubt compelled, or prompted, General Grant to recall the 2d Corps from the vicinity of Chancellorsville.

Our army being still disconnected, as Hancock had not yet reached us from the left, General Lee then tried the left centre of our line by charging with great desperation, in the hope to break through between Warren's 5th Corps and Hancock. The attack came about 3 o'clock P. M., from A. P. Hill's Corps. Our 5th Corps had been reinforced by Getty's division of the 6th Corps, which was put in the gap on the left of Warren. The stubborn fighting of these troops gave time for the 2d Corps to reach them by hard marching, and soon after Hancock burst upon the enemy with a raking fire of musketry. Our old corps, now a division of the 2d Corps, fought under Birney, our former commander, and the men acted, as they always did, with great credit to themselves and to the corps. Barton's and Gibbon's divisions of the 2d Corps also joined in the desperate effort to hold this part of the line. The fighting was of the most stubborn character possible, and such unbroken rattling of musketry had not been heard, it was said by the gallant men, since the war began. There was a continuous volley from the infantry on both sides, no end to or intervals between the discharges; so unlike other battles, in which artillery nearly always played an important part. Here the infantry had the contest for supremacy to themselves, the field was theirs, and the battle raged for hours. It seemed almost impossible for human life to survive it. The enemy appeared in great force and sorely pressed our veteran corps, and, in order to relieve our noble fellows who so heroically were bearing the brunt of battle, an advance along the whole line was ordered, albeit darkness was just gathering as a

mantle to cover the bloody scene from view. Sedgwick, with the 6th Corps, pushed Ewell on the right back some distance, but the conflict went on until late at night, and with this slight gain only on the right the first day's fighting ceased. The loss in killed and wounded on each side was fearfully large and supposed to be about equal, but the enemy showed about 1000 prisoners to our 300.

The headquarters of our army being on the Plank Road, during the whole day and until dark we could see thousands of wounded, in every imaginable condition, making their way down the road as best they could in search of the field hospitals. This sight alone was a painful one, never to be effaced from memory. The fighting, desperate as it was, led to no decisive results, and both armies ceased the slaughter only to look with uncertainty to the coming day. During the night our army was reinforced by the arrival of Burnside's corps, and the rebels were also strengthened in the coming of Longstreet and his veteran corps.

In this campaign General Grant depended chiefly on the telegraph for communication and needed information; therefore, as soon as the line of the army was thrown out the wires of the telegraph accompanied it. The arrangements for this very important service were as near the point of perfection as possible. The mules carried the wires on their backs, which were coiled on reels, one animal starting to the right and another to the left. In this way, under the guidance of trained men, the wires were made to reach the desired destination without much difficulty. A wagon containing a number of long poles accompanied the wire-mules. On these poles the wires were elevated,

excepting, of course, where trees were convenient, when the limbs or trunks were substituted. Sometimes it took only a few minutes to establish a complete line of communication from right to left.

General Grant remained with us, but General Meade was always on the field and in constant intercourse over the telegraph wires with the former, who was thus enabled to be promptly posted of every occurrence of importance claiming the attention of General Meade. Having been near the presence of General Grant every day, from morning until night, from the Rapidan to the James Rivers, during the most serious actions, and when the life of the Government was trembling in his hands, we do not remember of ever noticing a change in his countenance. He seemed immovable by the hazardous events taking place in the field ; always the same rigid features chiseled upon his browned face, and never without a cigar between his lips.

On Tuesday, May 6th, as soon as day broke the rebels made a vigorous attack on our right, which was held by Sedgwick's 6th Corps, in the hope of breaking his line, but our men repulsed them and advanced several hundred yards. A second time the assault was made and again it failed, both sides losing heavily in killed and wounded. Our troops now, at every opportunity, used their spades to good advantage in throwing up breastworks, while on the left Hancock advanced and drove Hill's corps about two miles, but Longstreet came to the help of Hill and they held their ground. Subsequently they attacked our whole line with such strength and desperation as to throw some portions into confusion, but Burnside's

corps coming in fresh and reinforcing our line, the rebel army was held in check. The enemy fought with the greatest tenacity possible, and the thickets were strewn with the killed and wounded of both sides—dead and dying lying together as the line swayed backward and forward during the progress of the terrific struggle. In this battle General Wadsworth, commanding a division of the 6th Corps, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner.

In the afternoon the battle was renewed. Our line was more concentrated, but they made the most determined assaults against our centre and left, and finally our line had to yield, and was forced to fall back some distance. Stevenson's division of the 9th Corps, after holding out heroically for a long time, gave way, but Hancock sent Carroll's brigade, of his own corps, who made a gallant charge, and the infuriated rebels were checked. General Lee, being convinced that he could not destroy this part of our line, now turned his attention to the right of our line again, and towards evening, by a sudden and furious attack, he broke the brigades of Seymour and Shaler, on the extreme right, and both Generals were captured, together with a large portion of their commands. Notwithstanding this succession of reverses, General Sedgwick finally succeeded in establishing his line and holding his position.

Had Lee known how near he came to breaking our line, he would not have stopped where he did. It looked extremely dark for a time on our side; so serious, in fact, that we had hurried orders to take the headquarters train back to the Rapidan, but not cross the river. We then made a night march through the

Wilderness and encamped on the Rapidan, not crossing. Here was clearly demonstrated the necessity of a reliable guard for our valuable train. Had a cavalry dash been made upon it by the enemy, it would have been defended to the life of the last man; but this was only a precautionary move, and everything having turned out right, we made our way back to the former position, near the line of battle.

It was this move, doubtless, that prompted the army correspondent of a newspaper to have had published an article in which General Meade was detractively referred to, declaring that "If it had not been for General Grant, Meade would long ago have retreated across the Rapidan," or to that effect. When the paper containing that statement was read at headquarters every one became enraged. The offending correspondent was arrested and handed over to the tender mercy of General Patrick, the Provost Marshal, who at once procured a drum corps and a bugler. A card was then pinned on the back of the correspondent, having the words "Libeler of the Press" boldly inscribed thereon, after which he was placed in position, the bugler loudly calling attention to his humiliation and the drum corps playing the "Rogue's March." In this way the offender was paraded along the whole line, causing a deal of merriment and odious remarks among the soldiers. After passing through this ordeal, he was sent off and forbidden ever to come within the lines of the army again. General Grant himself gave this man a personal permit, or pass, to accompany the army as special correspondent of the press, and he appealed to him to reverse the decision of General Meade, but the Lieutenant Gen-

eral refused to interfere, and that was the last seen of this "libeler of the press" with our army.

The losses on the last day of battle were fearfully large, the result indecisive, and all the wounded coming back reported the rebels in larger numbers than ourselves, and that we were being everywhere overmatched. The wisdom of General Lee was afterward made clear to all, in not accepting Grant's strategic invitation to throw his army between Hancock and Richmond and there attack him. In that event the balance of our army would have followed Hancock, and the Wilderness battles not have taken place. The country below Chancellorsville is mostly clear, and at that place also there are good positions for artillery, and the chances would no doubt have been in our favor. While he was posted here Lee could move his army unperceived by us and hurl heavy masses of men against almost any favorable portion of our line with success, which probably left the impression upon our soldiers, as previously stated, that we were greatly outnumbered in every contest. The determination and spirit of the enemy may be inferred from the repeated intercourse we had with rebel prisoners, who affirmed that they intended fighting at the stand they had taken to the bitter end, and the only regret they felt in being captured was that they could not be at the front helping their comrades to test our strength and courage; if they had a dozen lives each to sacrifice, they declared that they would gladly offer them to the Confederacy. Such was the spirit and mettle of the men our unyielding army was determined to conquer.

At no time since the beginning of the war did the

Sanitary Commission do so much good and efficient service as during this bloody campaign; it was then equipped and provided with everything needed to assist and relieve the sick and wounded; rebel and Union alike were cared for with the same consideration and tenderness; wherever the Commission was, there were helping hands, consoling words, and hearts feeling that it was "barbarous to insult a fallen foe." At Gettysburg this merciful assistance did not arrive until the army had left the battlefield, and had its corps of assistants been there during the progress of the several days' fighting, many lives would doubtless have been saved through their assistance among the wounded who were scattered over a broad expanse. In this campaign they were on the spot in advance, and at a time when they could do the most good. The service of the Sanitary Commission was such as can never be told. The destruction that came of the vollied thunder and clashing steel they labored earnestly to repair.

CHAPTER XI.

SPOTTSYLVANIA — DEATH OF GENERAL SEDGWICK — REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE ARMY—A DRUMMER BOY'S SAD FATE—THE BLOODY ANGLE—LUDICROUS INCIDENTS AT HOSPITAL—GUINEY'S STATION.

On the morning of the seventh day of May Lee did not renew his attacks, concluding, probably, that they did not pay for the losses sustained; for the lives sacrificed fell severely upon his limited resources. Our army, however, found the enemy too strong to venture an attack, although it looked as if they had determined to experiment on the defensive. Grant, therefore, resolved to move on the first flank by the left to Spottsylvania, and to this end our trains were put in motion early in the afternoon. This was at once anticipated by Lee, who, learning of Grant's purpose and having the inside track, put his army in motion and reached the objective point before we did. In the meantime our cavalry were warmly engaged with the rebel cavalry, and with great success. At one time General Hooker was reported to have sneeringly offered a reward for a dead cavalryman, but on this march we saw any number of them; in fact, this dashing branch of the army did most efficient work under General Sheridan, one of its most brilliant and calculating leaders. This department of the service had to clear the way for the infantry and protect the immense wagon trains. On this march we passed a

locality where the woods were on fire, probably from the musketry in the engagement. The smoke was dense and the odor in the atmosphere stifling. In these burning woods many wounded soldiers, who had fallen or crept there, died from the effects of the raging flames and smoke, and their bodies were consumed. As we made this march at night, on account of the flames and smoke we frequently were compelled to turn off the road to avoid the annoyance. This march over fields brought our headquarters close to a road on which Longstreet's corps was in motion, but by midnight we reached the vicinity of Todd's Tavern, where the 5th Corps had already made camp; the 2d Corps, having been delayed along the road, did not arrive until 9 o'clock on the morning of the 8th. At an early hour on this morning the 5th Corps pushed ahead, General Robinson on the lead, and the same obstacles as in the Wilderness were encountered—scarcely anything but thick woods and undergrowth to pass through and over. But these were emerged from at Alsop's, where there was a clearing and which is only about two miles from Spottsylvania Court-house. As Robinson's corps advanced it was suddenly saluted by a hot musketry fire that fairly staggered the men, but other troops coming up just then they all became engaged, and by 12 o'clock at noon Warren had pushed the enemy back to Spottsylvania. Soon after this the 2d Corps joined the 5th Corps, and by evening our whole army confronted Lee. It was ascertained that the position of the enemy was a very strong one, the line being mostly protected in front by woodland that was slashed, and where the line was open they were defended by abattis and every favorable

position had a battery planted thereon. Our army formed in front, sharp skirmishing ensued, and sharpshooters were active on both sides. This was on the morning of the 9th, and we met with a great and sad loss in the death of General Sedgwick, who was picked off by a rebel sharpshooter on the right of the line. The brave and greatly esteemed commander had been cautioned by some of his staff as to the dangerous position he occupied, but he knew of no such thing as fear, and thus his invaluable services in defense of the Union came prematurely to a close. When his body was brought to our headquarters there was an indescribable silence and sadness that took possession of every one.

At this time of the war the terms of service for which many of the men enlisted had expired, and some of them were put in action after their time was up. Every day squads of veterans were bidding farewell to their comrades, and, of course, they were usually in excellent spirits. To an appreciable extent these withdrawals reduced our efficiency, and, with the losses in action, it began to tell seriously upon the physical force to do battle with, but General Grant now employed the unlimited power conferred upon him as Lieutenant-General of the Armies, and reinforced our army by calling on the regiments stationed around the forts at Washington and Baltimore. There were heavy artillery regiments among them, and some had been stationed around those cities since the breaking out of the war. It was this comparative ease that induced a great many to enlist in them, and many of these regiments swelled to mammoth proportions. Now, to the great disgust of the men, they were

brought down to us as infantry, to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. Some of these fancy regiments numbered not less than five thousand men; really, one of them put on a more formidable appearance, as to strength, than some of our fighting divisions. The bringing of these regimental garrisons from silent fortresses to learn something of the "art and misery" of war tickled the veterans immensely, and whenever they met them the teasing salutation would pass: "How are you, Heavy Artillery? How do you like it?" After this infusion of raw material into our army, the old soldiers saw something of a very practical turn in Grant, and began to praise him as they had never done before.

A few words will suffice to illustrate the greenness of these heavy artillerymen as soldiers, and I may here narrate something that occurred at headquarters to which I chanced to be a witness. Some of them really picked up several loaded shells to set their camp kettles on. They started a fire around them for the purpose of boiling their coffee, and in a very short time one or more of the bombs exploded, prostrating seven men around their kettles on the ground, and two of the former artillerymen were mortally wounded. It was a wonder that no more serious damage was done, as there were many soldiers standing around, and some very near the explosion; even Army Headquarters was endangered by the fragments of the destructive missiles. These men had been doing guard duty for two years in the cities named. Very soon, however, they were to see and feel what real soldiering meant, and it came to them much sooner than they had expected.

As these new arrivals all reported at headquarters, and from there were assigned to such brigades as most needed them, from personal observation I am enabled to say that not less than thirty thousand men were thus added to our army, which went far toward replenishing its severe losses. One of these regiments soon after its arrival was encamped along the road a short distance to the right of headquarters. The rebels saw an opening in our line in front of them and charged the breach. This "heavy artillery," opportunely, was the only force at command to meet the assault, and it was of necessity thrown in. To their credit, however, although never having been in action before, they fought well and held the enemy in check until our old corps, now the "Flying Division" of the 2d Corps, came on a double-quick to relieve them.

During this campaign a drummer boy, about thirteen years of age, usually made his camp with the band, and became endeared to us by reason of his genial disposition and winning manners. His father belonged to a battery, and here at Spottsylvania the guns of the battery were just in front of us on a hill. The boy, being aware that his father could not boil his coffee, as they were forbidden to make a fire, the affectionate lad boiled his father's coffee over our fire, and with some salt pork and hardtack he would regularly take the meal to him. He was admonished not to remain on the hill for any time, as our men expected the rebels to open on them at any moment; but the faithful boy had reached his father, and wanted to wait and bring his coffee kettle with him for future use. Contrary to his father's warnings, he waited until the coffee was drank, and just as he was ready

to leave the rebels opened their batteries on that position, the first shell striking the brave boy and killing him on the spot. There were many death scenes of a most touching character in those days, but none were more affecting than this, and it was a long time before it could be erased from our minds.

Tuesday, the 10th of May, proved to be the most sanguinary day of the campaign. It was unlike the contest in the Wilderness, as there were more commanding positions for our artillery, and the action opened by a terrific cannonade against the rebel line. Charges were made by the 9th Corps, under Burnside, and a division of the 2d Corps, on the left, while Gibbon's and Birney's divisions of the 2d Corps, on the right of them, supported the 5th Corps. For several hours the fighting was of the most stubborn character on both sides. Our men drove the rebels up to their works, but it was impossible to take them. General Rice, who commanded a brigade in the 5th Corps, was here killed. Toward evening another effort was made by an advance of the whole line, but the only advantage gained was by two brigades of the 6th Corps, Russell's and Upton's, who led the charge, and while moving forward firmly received a murderous fire; but unflinchingly they pressed on, without firing a shot, and scaled the rebel works, capturing more than one thousand prisoners and several guns. As they were not properly supported for such an effort, they had to fall back with their dearly purchased victory and the prisoners. Thus night closed upon the hard-fought field without any decisive result.

Wednesday, May 11th, was a comparatively quiet day, with the exception of a reconnoissance on our

right. In the afternoon there was a heavy rain, the first we had since crossing the Rapidan. It was on this day that General Grant sent his famous dispatch to the Secretary of War, which read as follows:—

"We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting; the result at this time is much in our favor; our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5000 prisoners in battle; while he has taken from us but few except stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

When the soldiers read this dispatch in the newspapers, it excited a deal of concern and discussion among them as to what it actually meant; but the general conclusion was that General Grant had found more fighting than he expected and that a great deal more was to be done. However, one thing was certain, that the hardest was yet to come.

During the night of the 11th Hancock had orders to bring his corps from the right to the left, so as to be unnoticed, if possible, by the enemy, and at a very early hour the following morning, under cover of a heavy fog, he quietly moved toward the angle in the line held by Johnson's division, and as soon as they beheld the rebel line they gave a terrific cheer and rushed through without firing a single shot, though receiving a scathing fire of musketry, but the rebels were unable to recover. Our men moved steadily on and captured the angle, taking 4000 prisoners, including Major Generals Johnson and Stewart, besides twenty guns. As soon as they carried the first line they charged, and the whole line advanced in order to

prevent Hancock from being crushed, and the most desperate fighting possible took place. The rain now came down in torrents, but it did not dampen the ardor of the men. About nine o'clock the beaten rebels, seemingly exasperated to the point of reckless desperation by their great loss, made almost superhuman efforts to regain the position and drive the 2d Corps, but by this time the 6th Corps was supporting the former on the right, while it was impossible for them to push us back. This prevented our army making any further advance, nor could we take the twenty captured guns away; they were ours, but could not be touched, as they were completely covered by the firing of the enemy, and the firing on both sides was incessant by artillery and musketry. While the fighting was in progress the rebels constructed a new line and also fortified it.

Both armies were now in such positions that neither could advance. The wedge that Hancock drove into the rebel line was not sent home. At the west angle the contest was simply murderous. The contending forces were separated only by the earthworks, and the men could reach over with their bayonets and kill and fall back, but as soon as one rebel was dispatched another would take his place, and frequently one was seen to pull the other over the embankments. It was here that the oak tree, twenty-two inches in diameter, was literally cut off by bullets from the musketry of the contestants, as it fell during the night and killed several men who had sought shelter where, during the day, the leaden hail did such marvelous work. This terrible conflict and wholesale taking of life continued all day and a portion of the night; it was an

awful picture of carnage, and, as Byron has written, "All that the devil would do, if run stark mad, was here let loose."

The new line in the rear that the enemy had formed was very strong, and when our army advanced it was found to be impregnable. This, although the most successful day since crossing the Rapidan, still left the final outcome in doubt. Lee, however, by fighting as he did for the angle, gained sufficient time to secure a strong line in the rear. When the rebel generals, Johnson and Stewart, were brought as prisoners to General Hancock, the latter having been an old acquaintance of both in the regular army, Hancock extended his hand, saying, "How are you, Stewart?" The proud and defiant rebel responded, "Under the circumstances, I reject your hand." Hancock as promptly replied: "Under any other circumstances I would not have offered my hand to you." The losses in this sanguinary contest were very large on both sides. Our loss in killed and wounded aggregated 17,722, and, including those of the Wilderness, since crossing the Rapidan a total of 37,335 was reported. After all this hard usage, and the rebels getting a full share of it, it was evident that both armies required absolute rest. When it is considered that the marching by our army was mostly done at night, and demanded constant watchfulness on the part of the men in the face of the enemy, it can hardly be realized to what extent the consequent loss of sleep and mental strain taxed both officers and men; really, the full measure of endurance had nearly been reached.

During this severe campaign the duties of the band, as musicians, were of necessity light; there was no

time for guard-mounts and dress-parades; the chief duty consisted of a serenade in the evening at Army Headquarters, where Grant and Meade and their staffs were assembled. As field hospitals were located all around us, we had an opportunity of listening to a large number of bands; many of them, however, were of an indifferent character, both as to the class of music and its performance. One thing was particularly observed, that these organizations were all under a certain kind of military discipline, and were required to assist the doctors and act as stretcher-bearers, duties which most of them had previously shrank from. At Gettysburg, where so much help was constantly needed, the Zouave Band of the 114th Regiment, P. V., was the only one that assisted at the hospital, and so it did at other battles. At this time, and rightly, too, all bands were required to report to the surgeons for duty.

Having a brief season of leisure, we took occasion to visit the different field hospitals, and even there, in the midst of extreme suffering and mental agony, it was a study of human nature to observe how the ludicrous, or love of humor, would often break through the stern features of wounded soldiers. Seeing a man with a singular wound in his face, the ball having taken away a portion of his cheek and nose, curiosity prompted an inquiry as to the injury. He said it was done by a dead rebel. Asking for an explanation, with a deal of hesitancy and concern on our part, he cheerfully informed us that he was on picket duty and that he and a dead rebel were each other's target, both being behind trees and firing at each other whenever an opportunity was presented. Finally, he said,

he had a good chance at the Johnny, just as he uncovered himself, when he fired, and the rebel picket threw up his hands and soon lay stretched out on the ground. This made him careless, as he thought there was no more to fear from that particular picket, so he began to stroll leisurely on his round, when suddenly the supposed dead rebel sprang up, stood erect, and fired, with the sadly disfiguring effect that we noticed on his cheek and nose. "This time," the wounded man jocularly remarked, "the dead rebel had come the Yankee over him."

Another soldier, a German, had a different experience. A minie ball passed through the fleshy part of his arm and struck a large watch in his pocket, which, on account of its size and strength, certainly saved his life. This man, however, appeared to be in great agony; not by reason of his wound, but because his watch was spoiled and would run no more. The timepiece his father gave him before leaving the Faderland, telling him always to be careful with it. The dispirited man was beyond consolation, and moved about swearing at the rebel who broke his watch. Whether walking or sitting, the plaintive cry was heard: "Mine watch! Mine watch!"

An Irishman, also in hospital, who heard the German mourning over his irreparable loss, ridiculed him about his "confounded watch," and said he had met with a far greater misfortune. This son of Erin was the possessor of a highly prized smoking pipe; it was an inheritance; and from which, while on picket, a rebel ball cut clean off half the cup and drove the fragment into his cheek. His pipe was done for and his face indelibly scarred. He, too, thought more of

the pipe and its loss than of his peculiar injury. With a deal of Celtic good humor, at the expense of the German, he said: "My misfortune is far greater than yours; for you can't smoke a watch, and about the time of day for soup these buglers and drummers are enough for me."

At this period of the campaign the army was short of rations, and while standing by the roadside doing my best to devour a hardtack, a division of the 2d Corps happened to be moving from the right to left. Quickly a soldier rushed toward me and offered a dollar for the biscuit I was trying to master, declaring that he had nothing to eat that day. I hastened back to our camp and made known the incident to my comrades, and in a few minutes we had a dozen haversacks filled with biscuits for these hungry soldiers, although the tender to them was only as a drop in the bucket. Soon after this, however, the men received a fresh supply.

On the 18th of this eventful month our army made another attempt against the left of the rebel line, it having been thought they had weakened that part of their line to strengthen the centre, and the effort cost some hard fighting for the 2d and 6th Corps; but it was a failure, and in the struggle our loss was about 2000 men, killed and wounded. Now, baffled in every heroic endeavor to break any portion of the rebel line, General Grant determined to make another move on the left flank. It was thought that by sending a corps off toward Richmond, General Lee would interpose his army between the two, and then, before he could intrench, our army would have a fair chance to crush him. Accordingly, on the night of the 20th, Hancock,

with his "Fighting Corps," took up the march by way of Guiney's Station on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, which point he reached in the morning, then proceeded to Milford Station, where he met an infantry brigade and drove them across the Mattapony. Hancock followed and intrenched. The next day the remainder of our army withdrew from in front of Spottsylvania and marched in the direction of the 2d Corps. Headquarters were removed to Guiney's Station, and while there it made a very narrow escape from being totally captured by Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry, who made a charge on us, and which was only saved by the gallantry of our regiment, the 114th, which made a most brilliant charge and succeeded in driving back the daring rebel raiders. This splendid effort was witnessed by both Grant and Meade, and the Zouaves d'Afrique were highly complimented by them for the bravery and spirit displayed. The regiment being off to make the charge, the band was ordered to pitch in to fold up headquarters tents for the wagons in waiting. A captain, a Swede, who was one of the staff, swore that he would not move until he had his coffee. "My coffee!" he called, while his colored cook was a half mile away, and still running with all his might.

CHAPTER XII.

MOVEMENT ON NORTH ANN—GRANT BAFFLED—NARROW ESCAPE OF GRANT AND MEADE—MOVEMENTS OF THE CAVALRY—COLD HARBOR—CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 22d, orders were given for the army to move on a hunt for the enemy, as it was discovered he had crossed the North Ann River. The roads leading in that direction were but few and in bad condition, the troops frequently taking the farm or plantation roads. The banks of the river were high, but our army soon had pontoons in position, and General Warren at once pushed his whole corps and artillery over. Hill's corps soon after attacked him and with some success, but our artillery interposed. The 6th Corps came to the assistance of the 5th Corps, but did not cross the river until the 24th. In the meantime Warren held his position and intrenched. General Hancock, with the 2d Corps, came up on the left and found the rebels strongly intrenched on the south side of the river. Here the telegraph road bridge was strongly held by works to protect it, but Birney's division made a gallant charge and drove them across the river, thus preventing them from destroying it. The next morning it was found that the enemy had abandoned their position, and the 2d Corps crossed the river, and, when reconnoitred, it was seen that they had been well fortified. Here again they were prepared to

baffle our best efforts. Their right rested on a deep swamp, their left on a small river, and their centre thrown forward, thus partly separating our right from the left, and in a short time they could easily reinforce any part of their army. General Lee had shown his wisdom in selecting this position. On the other hand, we could not reinforce from right or left without crossing the river twice. In a position like that which they held the enemy was secure against a force triple their own strength. Here General Grant pondered and planned, but all to no account; in fact, so far he had failed, but he determined on another move, this time to the left, and General Meade received orders on the 26th to withdraw the army, and as soon as darkness dropped its curtain the movement began. The order was to cross the Pamunkey River in the vicinity of Hanovertown, the distance to be marched being about thirty-two miles over the shortest roads.

Army Headquarters did not move until morning, at an early hour; had just finished breakfast; all were ready to go on the march; the wagon train was in motion, with the Zouaves accompanying as guard. All had left save Grant and Meade and their staffs, who were just getting ready for the march, when unexpectedly a line of rebel pickets appeared on the opposite bank of the river, not more than fifty yards from us, and within a hundred yards of the Generals. As quick as thought, both Grant and Meade jumped on their horses, and when in the stirrups it did not take long for them to pass beyond the bounds of danger. They galloped over the fields and soon joined the train on the road, about a mile in advance. In the meantime the rebels planted a battery, but they

were too late to do any harm and only succeeded in damaging the rear wagon of the train. Had they known what was within their grasp at that moment, they could have captured both Grant and Meade, and by sending one hundred men, or even a less number, across the stream, a short distance above, all of us could have been taken prisoners before the least assistance could have been rendered. As it was, the rebel pickets could have shot both Grant and Meade, the distance between them being so narrow. It was afterward said that the cause of this perilous state of affairs, by which the commanders of our army were placed in imminent danger, was in some misunderstanding as to the time our line in front was to have been removed, General Meade contending that the order was put into effect an hour earlier than directed.

The cavalry, in command of General Sheridan, were sent forward, as usual, to clear the way for the advance and find the enemy, and by nine o'clock on the morning of the 27th he was at Hanovertown, where he crossed the Pamunkey and met a brigade of the rebel cavalry, which were soon pushed out of the way. On the following day General Sheridan was ordered to make a demonstration toward Richmond, beyond a place known as Harris's Shop. In this, General Gregg came across the enemy's cavalry, when a sharp and long fight took place. Gregg was outnumbered, but continued the contest tenaciously until reinforced by Curtin's brigade, who, with their repeating rifles, made it so hot for the rebel troopers that they were compelled to retire. About four hundred were killed and wounded on each side. In the meantime our infantry were pressing forward and had

found the enemy on the south side of the Talopotomey Creek. The proximity of our army now to Richmond determined General Lee to prevent us crossing, if possible.

On the morning of the 30th a strong attack was made on our skirmishing line and it was driven in, and in the afternoon Warren, who was on the Mechanicsville Road, was fiercely attacked by Ewell's corps and driven back some distance. General Meade now ordered a general movement on the whole rebel line, and by nightfall the enemy was driven at every point, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. At this time our army was reinforced by the 18th Corps, under General W. F. Smith, from the Army of the James. This corps was already moving on the enemy's right in conjunction with the 6th Corps.

Many of the soldiers now began to fear that the next move would take our army to the Chickahominy region, which was only some ten miles south of the Pamunkey. The veterans keenly recollected the miasmatic swamps that proved so pestilential to the army in 1862, under General George B. McClellan. Would the army encamp in these death-dealing marshes and make gradual approaches toward Richmond, while General Butler would do the same south of the James River? Such were the tormenting speculations the men were now burdening their minds with.

There were a number of engagements along the line during the night of the 30th, a sharp one taking place in front of Burnside's corps, but it did not continue a long time. The following day there was a brilliant action, in which Birney's division carried a

breastwork and took many prisoners. There were also desultory engagements at various points of our line, which now extended a distance of about six miles.

General Grant had sent Torbert's division of Sheridan's cavalry in the vicinity of Cold Harbor; to hold that place for the infantry, where they had hard fighting with Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry, supported by Hoke's infantry. Our men managed to hold the position, but with great difficulty. Next day the cavalry fighting, against artillery, was harder still, as Lee had shown a determination to hold Cold Harbor, while Sheridan had positive orders to secure it. Longstreet's corps coming to the rescue of Lee's cavalry, and soon after our 6th Corps putting in their appearance, this relieved the cavalry. About 3 P. M. the 18th Corps also came up, and, though wearied by a long and rough march, formed in line, and a vigorous charge was made. For a distance of two-thirds of a mile, on open ground, our brave men were swept by the rebel artillery, but the line pressed forward with almost superhuman courage and rushed over the earthworks of the enemy, holding the first line of their rifle pits and securing six hundred prisoners. But the rebels still held the line on their right and which enfiladed the rifle pits. Our troops, however, held Cold Harbor, and the enemy could not be driven from his position. Our loss here was about two thousand—much heavier than that of the rebels, for they had the advantage of fighting behind well-constructed breastworks.

On the 1st day of June General Hancock, with the 2d Corps, took up the line of march for Cold Harbor.

It was between twilight and dark when he started, and on the next morning he reached in safety the objective point. The roads were in bad condition, the heat and suffocating dust oppressive, and as a result the corps on its arrival was not in a condition for immediate action and no attack was made that day. The 3d of June, however, was decided upon for a general attack, to be made by the 2d, 6th, and 18th Corps. At 4.30 P. M. the line advanced under a heavy artillery and musketry fire and carried the advanced rifle pits, but the storm of lead and iron hail became hotter and heavier as our troops advanced, and cross-fires also swept the whole line from the extreme right to left. In the face of all this our brave men pushed on close to the main line of the enemy, but it was impossible to carry it, and they quickly put themselves under cover within a short distance of the main works, where they remained. The contest here lasted only for an hour, but at a fearful loss to us in both men and officers. In that short hour our army lost between 6000 and 7000 men. Conversing with some of our soldiers who participated in this struggle, they said that, no matter in what direction they looked, the rebels had batteries to enfilade our line, and it was simply an unpardonable sacrifice of life to attempt another charge, unless the raking batteries could be silenced. Grant and Meade wanted to make another assault, but such fighting generals as Hancock and other corps commanders were emphatically opposed to the useless slaughter. We had no positions for artillery to silence their guns. Our commanders were therefore ordered to hold the position they occupied, and steps were taken for regular approaches. The army laid there

until the 12th day of June, when it was withdrawn to cross the James River.

It would be impossible to describe, or even imagine, the extent of suffering endured by those who were in the front line. Every day there was sharp skirmishing, and even during the night there would be heavy firing. The men in the front line had to keep close down in narrow trenches, the least exposure of their bodies being a target for rebel bullets. They had no water, save a trifle to quench their thirst occasionally, and that was of the worst kind possible. During the day the sun broiled down upon them, and all around were dead horses and mules, besides the decomposing bodies of comrades who could not be buried. There were horrid sights and sickening odors in the air. The surrounding country was low and marshy, and sickness of a malarial type was rapidly increasing in the army. Therefore preparations were being made for another move, this time across the James River, as previously stated. The total loss the army sustained in battle since crossing the Pamunkey aggregated about 18,000 in killed, wounded, and missing.

After the fighting had ceased on the 3d of June, a great many of the dead and wounded remained on the field between the two lines, and our men, at the risk of their lives, brought a large number in; many died, however, who would have been saved could they have been reached with the hope of returning with them. General Grant requested a truce in order to bring in the dead that were scattered between the lines. This was on the 5th of June, but there was some cause for delay until the 7th, when two hours were allowed—from 6 to 8 o'clock P.M. This important and humane

work was promptly commenced by a large force of men, and during the brief interval thus occupied all the dead were buried, but very few of the wounded were found alive. At this time we had at headquarters about a dozen of rebels, who claimed that they had been captured contrary to the rules of war, while the flag of truce was in force. Generously on our part their plea was accepted, but they appeared to be in no hurry of returning at the first opportunity under the little white symbol of temporary peace. They were hospitably treated while with us, and greatly enjoyed our good coffee, an article then unknown as part of their rations.

In order to facilitate our army in withdrawing from Cold Harbor, our engineers, on the 9th, began to intrench a line in the rear of that place, which was completed on the 11th. To transport such a large army across a wide and deep river was a difficult task, particularly in the face of a keen and vigilant enemy. It was not only the mass of men composing the army, but all that belonged to it—artillery and ammunition trains; subsistence, quartermaster, hospital, and ambulance trains, and various other accessories only known to the field and camp. All, however, was skillfully and successfully accomplished, the point of crossing having been Wilcox Landing. The march from Cold Harbor to the landing, on the James River, was a distance of nearly forty miles, the greater portion of the march being made at night-time. During all this campaign the duties of the band were by no means onerous, and headquarters as a rule being located in the centre of the line, we had a plenty of time and abundant opportunities for personal observation. We

could see every move made in the rear, from any portion of the line.

Pontoons had to be laid over the Chickahominy Creek, and on the 13th the 5th Corps and cavalry crossed as an advance to secure the passage of the remainder of the army and continued in the direction of Charles City. General Warren was soon after attacked and had sharp skirmishing with the enemy, losing 300 of his men. But this move deceived General Lee, who from it was under the impression that we were advancing on Richmond in that direction. The 2d Corps followed the 5th Corps and reached Wilson's Landing on the evening of the 13th, the other portions of the army arriving at the James River on the morning of the 14th. Our engineers immediately began to lay the pontoons, and by midnight they were completed. The artillery and trains were the first to cross, the infantry following, and on the morning of the 16th the whole army was on the south side of the James River.

General Grant was severely criticised for this campaign of slaughter from the Rapidan to the James Rivers, and it was believed and openly declared that he could have brought his army intact to the south of the James without the loss of a man; but in doing so he would have exposed Washington to possible seizure. By crossing the Rapidan to fight the enemy wherever he found him, he adopted the hammering principle, for which he had acquired renown. He knew well that the losses he inflicted could not be repaired as easily as the terrible losses he sustained. Grant could afford the loss of life, for he had unlimited resources to draw upon; Lee could not, for

he had reached the summit and was going down the other side. Therefore Grant's determination and apparent disregard of human life. His purpose was the one thing he kept in mind. It was this that astonished the rebels. Some of them repeatedly affirmed that they had felt confident of defeating our army; but this man, Grant, would not be defeated, although he failed from the Rapidan down in gaining a single decisive victory. It is well known that in after times Grant expressed his regrets respecting the sad events at Cold Harbor, where in so short time our army lost so heavily, as compared with that of the enemy.

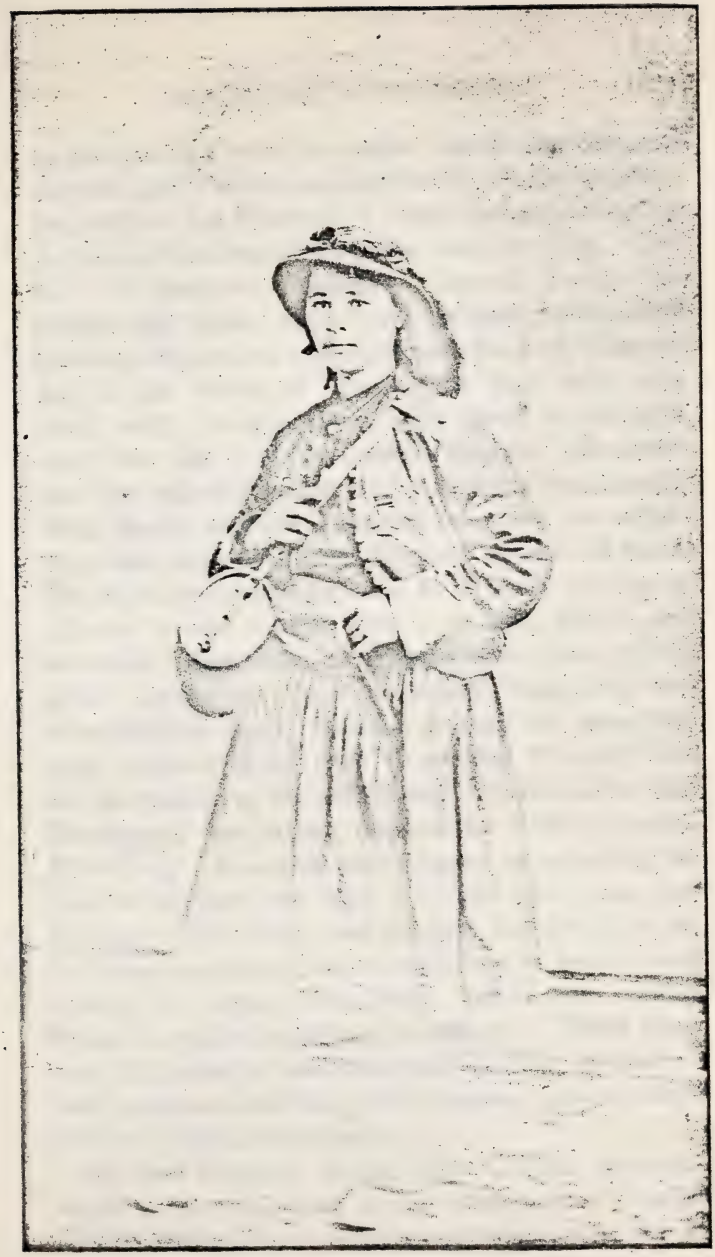
Army Headquarters reached the James River on the 15th of June. It was a pleasing sight to the whole army, after the Wilderness experiences, and but lately marching through the swamps and marshes of the Chickahominy region. It was really a treat, a transformation of things generally, to see this river, with its steamboats and gunboats steaming up and down, and the Stars and Stripes streaming above them. We crossed the river on the 16th, at 8 A. M., and after making the landing we kept on marching all day, and a trying tramp it was, under the burning rays of the sun, but toward evening we reached the vicinity of City Point, where we encamped and rested for the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

PETERSBURG—MILITARY EXECUTIONS—WELDON RAILROAD—SUFFERINGS OF THE ARMY—DEPARTURE OF THE 6TH CORPS—THE MINE EXPLOSION.

Now began a campaign in besieging Petersburg, and which ultimately resulted in the close of hostilities by forcing General Lee to the surrender of his army, which had baffled us so often.

It was stated that General Grant, in view of crossing the James River, when he crossed the Rapidan, for that purpose had an army under General Butler, who intrenched himself at Bermuda Hundred, where Beauregard held him in check. It was probably intended that he should, at an opportune moment, take possession of Petersburg; for, if the latter could be captured, the rebel army would only have one railroad to depend on for supplies from the South. For the purpose of taking Petersburg, General Smith left his intrenchments at Cold Harbor, with the 18th Corps, after dark on the 12th of June, and marched to the White House, from which point we received all our supplies at that time. This corps then took transportation and arrived by evening at General Butler's line, which extended to the Appomattox River, and General Smith, who was very sanguine of capturing Petersburg, made a demonstration with his corps, strengthened by the addition of some troops and cavalry under General Kautz. The Petersburg intrench-



MARIE, THE VIVANDIERE.

ments extended over two miles outside the city, and General Smith was soon subjected to a heavy artillery fire, while in his front was a broad valley, cut up by ditches and ravines, all swept by their artillery. Our line was therefore withdrawn. General Smith concluded that where there were so many well-posted batteries there was a proportionate force of infantry; but it was afterward ascertained that only 2500 men, under General Wise, were there at that time along the line held by General Brooks. He determined to take the redans, if they were not too strongly held, so the artillery operated but drew no reply; they then advanced and captured several of them. The fighting was mainly done by Hinks's division of colored troops, which lost 500 men, killed and wounded. One mile of intrenchments were taken, which proved the force defending Petersburg was comparatively small. Toward evening our assaulting army received word from Grant that Hancock was on the march to its assistance. At the same time Beauregard was calling on Lee for help to defend Petersburg. Hancock was delayed in receiving rations for his men and took a longer route than was necessary; he could have reached Smith by 4 P. M., and the combined forces would have been strong enough to capture Petersburg before the enemy would have been reinforced to defend it. When Hancock did arrive he was informed that the rebels had been reinforced, and he took a defensive position until the rest of the army came up.

On the morning of the 16th General Hancock made a reconnoissance in his front, but on General Meade coming up he ordered an advance by the 2d

Corps and two brigades of the 9th Corps, when several redans were captured, besides driving the enemy back. The next morning General Potter, of the 9th Corps, captured the line in his front and took 500 prisoners. On the 18th General Meade ordered a general advance by the 2d, 5th, and 9th Corps. General Birney was now in command of the 2d Corps, by reason of Hancock's wound, which he received at Gettysburg, becoming greatly aggravated, and when the advance was made it was found that the line they had fought for so hard was vacated, but the rebels were still in possession of a new inner line. General Meade determined to push on, believing that the enemy was not in force. The 2d Corps was nearer the rebel works than the accompanying corps, the 9th Corps being on the left, and the 5th Corps on the left of the latter. Birney charged twice and was repulsed, with severe loss. The 9th Corps found the enemy on the Norfolk Railroad and in advance of their main line, and the 5th Corps experienced similar difficulty, besides having ravines to overcome. All fought with great gallantry, meeting with severe losses, and yet all were repulsed. The position thus firmly held by the enemy remained substantially down to the close of the war. After these unfavorable attempts our army began to intrench where they were. General Grant was satisfied with the hard work that had been done and therefore determined to give the army a needed rest. In these operations before Petersburg, according to the very reliable statistics of the Medical Bureau, the loss was 1298 killed and 7474 wounded; a total of 10,586.

City Point, on the James River, was made the depot

of supplies, and General Grant had his headquarters there, while General Meade made his along the line of operations. A military railroad was built to bring the supplies up to the army. Along this line water was very scarce, but the ingenuity of the men soon overcame the difficulty by digging wells from twelve to fifteen feet deep, when they found an abundance of good water. The heat of the sun, which was excessive, had some effect, however, upon it for drinking purposes. Canopies were afterward erected over these wells as a protection from the sun, and subsequently we had a cool and refreshing beverage.

A city prepared for a siege by a strong engineering line of works can easily be defended against a vastly superior assaulting force. As an illustration, it is only necessary to refer to the Franco-Prussian war. The works defending Paris could have held out against the Prussian army for an indefinite time, but in completely investing the city and stopping off all supplies entering the same, the bread-basket of Paris gave out, although they consumed all the horses, and even the dogs and cats, as articles of food. When they were gone the besieged city was compelled to surrender by the force of imperative physical needs alone. Strasburg, although only defended by invalids and citizen soldiers, held out a long time, until the women and children cried out and begged on their knees for the noble Ulrich not to leave them starve to death. Belfort never surrendered, and yet it had as a defense only a military family, who were provided with food for a long period, and no foe could take it by force. Now Grant adopted the counteracting policy of stopping the rebel supplies by capturing all the railroads

they depended on for the same. He erected works opposite their own, such as could be held by a small force, and then employed his otherwise available resources in capturing their communications by railroad.

General Meade established his headquarters in the woods, between the military railroad and the Jerusalem Plank Road. Soon we discovered that our location was in range of a rebel battery of Whitworth guns from the left. Whenever a train passed with supplies the battery would fire at it with their long-range guns, but as a rule they aimed too high and the shells sailed over our camp. The engineers threw up a high breastwork on the opposite side of the railroad, which prevented them from seeing the approaching trains.

About this time the rebel papers were full of indignation at our army, berating us as savages, and declaring that we were murdering their noble sons and insulting their women. The cause of this doubtless was in the case of a negro teamster, who perpetrated a felonious assault on the person of a white woman. He was promptly arrested, tried by court-martial, and the proof of his guilt being positive, he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. General Patrick, Provost Marshal General of the Army, was required to carry out the sentence of the court, and he selected a fort opposite the Appomattox, erected a scaffold thereon in sight of the rebel army, to whom he gave notice of its purpose and the hour of execution. On the 20th day of June our band and regiment, with the condemned man in a wagon, marched out to the fort. At the time our gunners had a lively artillery duel with a rebel fort on the other side of the

Appomattox, and the shells were flying over the fort and around us. We kept on, however, toward the rear entrance to the fort, when an artilleryman, who had just come out with his discharge in his pocket and had started for home, for a moment halted to look at the preliminaries to the execution of the colored man, when a shell struck him and he fell dead on the spot. It was almost a miracle that the band and regiment escaped injury. General Patrick's orderly just then galloped inside the fort and put the Provost Marshal's flag on the scaffold. Soon after the firing ceased and the doomed man was dangling in mid-air. General Patrick selected this spot, which was clearly in view of the rebel line, to convince them, if possible, that such acts as they charged our men with were not only not encouraged, but were punished even unto death.

It was afterward learned that the hanging of this negro was made good use of while his body remained on the gallows. A great many contrabands had been coming within our line, and to frighten others and prevent their coming over, the dangling corpse was pointed to as a sample of Yankee vengeance, and fugitives were told that we hanged every negro that came to us. This story spread like wildfire among the credulous colored people, and for some time after no contrabands were seen coming in. Several weeks after this execution, on speaking to a colored man he said that he had intended to come over the night after the man was hanged, but he was frightened by his boss, the captain, who told him he would surely be strung up when he arrived here.

In spite of the example made on the gallows at the

fort, just one month thereafter two men were made to suffer the same penalty and for the same criminal offence. This time the culprits were white men, soldiers. They made a defense and it was thought they would be acquitted, but the Court found them guilty, and on the 20th day of July they paid the penalty imposed in their sentence of death. All the troops in the vicinity were called out and formed a square. Our band again took the head of the line, followed by an army wagon, in which the condemned men sat. The band had often played at military funerals, but there was something singularly sad in this proceeding—men listening to their own funeral march—to the roll of drums that had their death-knell in it. On arriving at the place of execution General Patrick read the sentence of death pronounced upon them by the Court, the Chaplain made a short prayer, and at the tap of a drum the platform on which they stood was suddenly pulled from their feet and in an instant all was over. The Provost Marshal General then made an address to the soldiers assembled, warning all against the commission of like deeds, asking them to remember their mothers, sisters, and daughters. He said that both Grant and Meade were determined that the sanctity of home should be respected. This closed a sad ceremony and an unwelcome duty, when the band struck up a sprightly air, as was always the custom, and the troops marched back to their camp.

Preparations were now being made to capture the Weldon Railroad, and on the 21st the 9th Corps was extended to reach the 18th Corps, thus relieving the 2d and 6th Corps, which marched across the Jerusalem Plank Road with the intention of advancing

on the railroad. General Barlow's division was advanced and met a strong force of the enemy. The 6th Corps took position on the left of the 2d, while the 5th joined at the right. The rebels possessed strong works by which to assist in defending the railroad, and as our line advanced it encountered A. P. Hill's corps, who charged between Birney and Wright, and Barlow's division of Birney's corps was forced to fall back, losing a great many prisoners besides a battery, which left Gibbon's division exposed. In the meantime the rebels turned the captured battery against our own line. The attack was so sudden that Gibbon was unprepared to successfully repel it, and his loss was very heavy. The corps lost 1700 in prisoners, besides a battery and several colors. This seemed to satisfy Hill for the time, for he returned to his intrenchments, keeping, however, possession of the railroad. On the following morning our line advanced to the very point from which they had been previously driven and strongly intrenched themselves.

During these operations our regiment was repeatedly sent for to man the breastworks vacated by other troops and often remained several days from camp; and during this campaign it was also repeatedly ordered to fill a gap or strengthen a weak line. During all this time General Meade was away from camp, scarcely ever coming in before midnight, and at 4 o'clock in the morning would be off again. He was personally with the operating army, while General Grant remained at City Point and we seldom saw him. General Meade directed all the movements himself. General Sheridan was off with his cavalry, two divisions of which were preparing to destroy the Central

Railroad. He started on the 7th of June, and did not reach the southern side of the James River until the 26th. During this expedition Sheridan destroyed many miles of railroad and an immense amount of property, besides doing a deal of very hard fighting, finally arriving at the White House, after which he reached our lines. In the meantime General Wilson had been sent to destroy the railroads south of Petersburg, which he succeeded in to some extent; but he met with strong opposition and got in many tight places on the return, and the 6th Corps was dispatched to his relief at Reams Station, but it arrived too late to do him much good. So, notwithstanding all our efforts to destroy the Confederate line of supply, they tenaciously managed to hold fast to enough for their purpose. The Weldon Railroad remained in their hands; they kept up communication with the Valley of Virginia by way of the Central Railroad; they could also draw supplies from Southwestern Virginia, and the damage done by our cavalry was repaired with remarkable rapidity.

During these active movements our men suffered greatly from the intense heat and continued dry spell of weather, no rain having fallen from the 3d of June until the 19th of July, a period of forty-seven days; springs, creeks and ponds, and even streams of considerable size, were dried up. The dust on the roads was half way to the knees on the march, and the men suffered much from its almost suffocating effects. It was often difficult to distinguish the white from the colored troops; all were perspiring freely and coated with the dirt that ascended in clouds, and at the same time all were burning with thirst from the want of

water. From the best sources of information to be had it was ascertained that our losses from the 4th to the present time were as follows: Killed, 8800; wounded, 40,518; missing, 9544. Total, 58,862. Adding the losses of the cavalry under General Sheridan and General Wilson to the former, an aggregate of 61,400 is shown.

In obedience to orders from headquarters of the army, Sunday was now strictly observed. All sutlers, and commissary stores were closed on that day, and when circumstances permitted religious services were held, a large tent being used for the purpose. The band again furnished both the instrumental and choir music; also, every Sunday morning, in accordance with the rule adopted, we played reveille at headquarters, which reminded them all of the day of rest and pleased the officers very much.

On the 9th of June the 6th Corps unexpectedly left us and marched to City Point, where they embarked for Washington. The same day General Early, the ever active rebel, who had passed up the valley, defeated General Wallace and afterward turned his cavalry toward Washington, and on the 11th he approached the northern front of the Capital. About the same time the 6th Corps began to arrive in the southern part of the city and were promptly at the point threatened. So, just when Early was about ready to take the prize, he found the works manned by veterans of the Army of the Potomac. He then reluctantly gave up the idea and all hope of capturing the Capital and hastily fell back, on the night of the 12th, and crossed the Potomac at Leesburg.

The 6th Corps, with the 19th, the latter having

arrived from New Orleans, followed in pursuit of the daring rebel General. Sheridan was also sent on his trail, and by a hard fight and a brilliant victory over him Early's active career in the valley was practically closed. Sheridan also destroyed everything that was likely to prolong the life of the Confederacy, coming within range of his cavalry, while on this tour in that fruitful valley. The withdrawal of the 6th Corps from our front compelled the reconstruction of our lines and strengthening of our works, which now on both sides assumed stupendous proportions.

Large mortars at this time were introduced in the army, such as would reach points far beyond a cannonade, and of which we received a goodly number—thirty 30-inch, ten 10-inch, and twenty Cochran mortars. At first the enemy were taken by surprise when they were opened upon them, and they suffered considerably from the new explosives, as they were not provided with bomb-proofs. It was not long, however, before they were provided with the same weapons of destruction, which necessitated on our part, as well as their own, the construction of proofs against the shells from these mammoth mortars. After this, whenever a bomb was seen flying in the air toward us, all hands could be seen creeping in their bomb proof holes. At night frequently both sides would put these big guns at work, and the missiles from them could be distinctly followed by the sight; occasionally they would come in contact with each other in mid-air, thus showing the unerring aim of the expert gunners and producing a pyrotechnic display indescribably grand. This mortar practice was kept up until the close of the siege.

During all this time something new and novel was going on underground, as well as things visible in the air and on the field. A mine was being dug in front of Army Headquarters on a part of the line of Fort Hill. It was constructed principally by the men of the 43d Regiment, Penna. Vols., who were enlisted mostly from Schuylkill County and were familiar with mining operations. This mine, or cavern, was five hundred and eleven feet long, under the enemy's fort, with connecting galleries thirty-eight feet long. Having an engineer battalion at headquarters, we were kept well informed as to the nature and progress of the work in which the sappers were persistently engaged, and also looked forward with an absorbing interest to its consummation. General Burnside, on whose line the mine was located, had the greatest confidence in its success, but General Meade never had much faith in the project, and at first was positively opposed to the hazardous experiment.

When the mine was completed and the arrangements made for the explosion, at the hour set General Grant made a strong move on the north side of the James River in order to weaken the rebel line in front. He sent the 2d Corps, with cavalry, which compelled Lee to push out two divisions of Longstreet's corps and two divisions of Hill's corps to the north side of the James River. The time fixed for the explosion of the mine was the morning of July 30th, and the 2d Corps was brought back during the night previous. The front of Petersburg, as far as could be ascertained, was only held by three divisions of Lee's army. The order was that, as soon as the explosion occurred, the whole line was to advance, before the enemy could

recover from the shock. At 4.30 A. M. the fuse was touched and the mine went up, causing only a dull sound, yet, in a military sense, it was a success. The whole fort, men, guns, and even the earth for some distance around, rose about thirty feet in the air and fell in a jumbled mass, leaving visible only a deep mass of debris. At once the batteries thundered along the whole line, and such a cannonade had not been heard there before. The whole attempt, however, proved a failure; the advancing troops became huddled together in the debris in an inextricable mass, and, while they could neither advance nor retreat, the rebels soon recovered and had every part of the depression covered; to remain was death; to retreat was no better. The heat was intense and the men were without a drop of water, massed in the debris, and the sun burning into their very backs. Had a successful move been made to the right and left of them it would have relieved them, but from beginning to end the plot was a miscarriage.

For an hour and a half after the explosion our men had received no reinforcements, and the rebel troops sent to the north side of the James River had not returned; facts which were learned from the prisoners taken. When General Meade discovered how things stood he urged Burnside to push his men forward, black and white, and it was 8 P.M. when the 9th Corps advanced, and when they came to the crater of the mine it broke their line; still, a portion of the men kept on and captured several hundred rebels. By this time Lee had collected his troops and nearly all our men fell back. General Meade being now convinced that further offensive operations were useless, he gave

orders to cease firing. He reported a loss of 4400 killed, wounded, and missing.

General Meade was painfully displeased over this bungling affair, and, at his request, President Lincoln ordered a Court of Inquiry. That portion of the newspaper press which was prejudiced against Meade at once began a croaking outcry, and theoretically saddled the responsibility of the failure on his shoulders. The Court of Inquiry, however, and correctly, too, exonerated him from all blame, and Grant came to his rescue by affirming that Meade's orders were perfect, and, further, that had they been carried out Petersburg would have been captured. The Court censured Burnside for not preparing his front for a simultaneous attack; he did not even remove the abattis or prepare the parapets, nor was he on the ground to know what was done. The Court also found that some of the division commanders did not accompany their troops, having remained in bomb-proofs for their own security. Thus ended this miserable abortion.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIGHTING ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT—REAM'S STATION—MORE EXECUTIONS—SOUTHSIDE RAILROAD—PROMOTION OF GENERAL MEADE—DEPARTURE OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

During the first week in August General Sheridan left us to take charge of the operations against General Early in the valley. On parting with headquarters he appeared to be as happy as a boy going to see a circus, instead of showing any concern as to the serious responsibility he was about to assume; but General Grant knew his man, and the confidence he had in Sheridan was not misplaced, as subsequent events during the campaign conclusively proved.

General Grant, having learned that Lee had sent three divisions from Petersburg to General Early in the valley, at once began to flank the line of the enemy. He sent the 2d Corps, Hancock's, and 10th, under Birney, on the north side of the James River, and advanced on Richmond from that direction; but again they found the rebels in strong force and some sharp fighting followed. Hancock remained there several days, keeping up a threatening attitude, his losses footing up about 2700 men. While this was going on, on the right, the 5th Corps and the 9th Corps were ordered to the extreme left, to seize the Weldon Railroad. On the 19th Griffin's division began to destroy the railroad, while Ayres moved on his left; but they were soon attacked and the latter

had to fall back. It was not long, however, before our line was re-formed, when the enemy was driven from the ground. The rebels fought hard to force the 5th Corps from the railroad. In this effort our losses were 935 in killed and wounded, but the railroad was in our possession and General Warren began to intrench with the intention of remaining there. The next day the rebels were reinforced and ferociously attacked different parts of our line with varied success.

On the 21st General A. P. Hill opened with 30 guns on Warren's position and persistently attacked him, but the enemy was repulsed and our line now stretched from Petersburg to the Weldon Railroad. The 2d Corps moved from the extreme right to the extreme left, to strengthen Warren. When the 2d Corps arrived there the men were almost overcome by the extreme heat and were assigned a position in the rear of the 5th Corps. The Weldon Railroad was considered as a very important line of supplies to Lee's army, and it was expected that he would make the strongest efforts possible to regain it.

The left of the position was at Ream's Station, where the 2d Corps was intrenched. Hill's corps attacked us with a heavy artillery fire, which continued for about fifteen minutes, when he advanced with five brigades and very hard fighting ensued. A part of our line, composed of new troops, gave way and endangered the whole line, the enemy taking from us three batteries which had been doing good service against them. Hancock then sent Gibbon's division to retake the position and recapture the guns, but the men feebly responded, and this gave the rebels an

opportunity for a reverse fire on the line. It was a most critical predicament for this corps to be in; but just at that moment a small force of the 1st division succeeded in forming a line at right angles of the breastworks, gallantly drove the enemy, regained a portion of the line and also one of the lost batteries. The rebel cavalry dismounted, charged us on the left, and drove Gibbon's division, but they were in turn charged by Gregg's dismounted cavalry and re-formed on a new line in the rear of the former one.

General Hancock declared that if his corps had fought as it always did before, he would have defeated the enemy; but the corps had been receiving a great many new regiments, composed of substitutes, drafted men, and others attracted to the army by the large bounties offered; men, in fact, who had never been in action. In this contest at Ream's Station Hancock lost a total of 2372 in killed, wounded, and missing. During all these operations, which as a consequence weakened our lines in front, the Zouaves d'Afrique were repeatedly called on to strengthen and man the breastworks, thus for weeks being away from camp, while at other times they were subjected to fatiguing marches in taking new recruits and convalescents from City Point to the left of the line, and on the return in bringing rebel prisoners from the front to City Point.

In the latter part of September General Patrick sent for the band to come down to the aforesaid place, the occasion being the presentation of a beautiful sword to the General by his old regiment, the 20th New York. A large and brilliant array of officers from different portions of the army were assembled there to

do honor to the event. In his remarks, on receiving the highly prized present, after eloquently thanking and paying a compliment to his former comrades of the New York regiment, he said that he felt as if that campaign would be his last; and many others thought so, for the past year had bleached his hair snow white and he looked ten years older than he did twelve months before. After the ceremony was over he invited all present to a fine collation, when a most pleasant evening was spent. Our band, of course, furnished the music, both instrumental and vocal, the comic songs being particularly enjoyed.

All who had enlisted for three years in 1861, and who had not re-enlisted at this time, were now leaving the army, and the inducements held out by high bounties brought new men to take their places, who knew nothing whatever of military service. I met several musicians who were on their way to the 2d Corps; they had enlisted for one year, and each received a bounty of $650. Their pay as first-class musicians was $34 per month, including rations and clothing, a cash total of $1058; while we, who enlisted in 1862 for three years, received the small sum of $25, with a promise of $75 when our time was up. There were many men who were paid a bounty of $1200, and yet never saw the least of service. It was no wonder that the veterans of 1861–62 became dissatisfied. These excessive bounties, however, were a great evil, for they fostered a horde of unscrupulous jumpers, who, after obtaining the highest prices at command, took advantage of the first opportunity, and would slip over to the rebels, then work their way North, and enlist again for another premium under

another name. Some of these hirelings were known to have received three or four bounties, and had seen but little or no service; and yet without such transferable and marketable stock in trade the occupation of the substitute broker would have had no place among the incidentals of the war. Generals Grant and Meade, however, were made very tired and felt ashamed of the "jumping" part of the business and determined to check it, if not possible to break it up, by making an example of some of the bounty-snatchers in order to deter others from engaging in it.

A Military Court was therefore organized at City Point, of which General Collis, on account of his high character and legal qualifications, was placed in charge. The first batch of this material brought before the Court consisted of seven deserters, some of whom it was proven jumped the bounties a number of times. All these men were found guilty and sentenced to be shot, and the death penalty was promptly executed. As many troops as could be spared from the intrenchments at Petersburg were gathered and marched to the spot where the condemned men were to meet their fate. Seven rude coffins had been hastily prepared and placed in open army wagons, each deserter sitting on his coffin, and in this manner, preceded by our band playing the "Dead March," the sad procession reached the place of execution, where the coffins were arranged in a line on the ground, the deserters resuming their seats thereon and facing a platoon of soldiers with loaded muskets. The military formed a square, which hemmed in this repulsive scene, an army chaplain made a brief prayer, and at the tap of a drum the guns were discharged with unerring aim,

and the seven men fell dead upon and some of them into their coffins. The soldiers were marched from the ground to the music of the band, and soon again they were engaged in duties that obliterated for the time the thrilling scene from their minds. The apparent insensibility of the deserters to the certain end awaiting them conclusively exemplified the fact that the "less he fears who's near the thing he fears."

Our line now extended to the Weldon Railroad, against which the rebels had fought so hard, and being strongly intrenched there, our communication was secured and supplies reached our troops by rail. Grant, knowing that Lee must of necessity have weakened his line north of the James River, decided to send a strong force toward Richmond, which consisted of the 10th and 18th Corps, with an addition of cavalry. The latter corps advanced on Fort Harrison, and albeit our men were exposed to a raking fire from the heavy ordnance of the fort, and also from the gunboats of the enemy, they carried the stronghold and captured 200 prisoners and 15 guns. The 10th Corps, under Birney, marched against New Market and took the works there, the enemy losing 500 in killed and wounded. Afterward the corps advanced on Fort Fisher, but it was found entirely too strong for a successful attack. Subsequently the 10th and 18th Corps formed a junction, and on the next day, September 30th, the rebels with great fury made an assault on our line, but they were splendidly repulsed. They made repeated and the most determined charges against us, but our men had the Spencer repeating rifles, the fire from which was too hot for them and they sustained heavy losses, finally

breaking away. Fort Fisher and other positions captured were permanently held by our troops.

On the same morning General Meade made a movement toward our extreme left with Gregg's cavalry and four divisions of infantry, two of the 5th and two of the 9th Corps. With these he marched toward the Southside Railroad and met the enemy at Pieble's farm, about three miles from the railroad, where Fort McRae was carried by assault and the rebels fell back to a stronger line of works. Porter's division of the 9th Corps endeavored to carry it, but were repulsed, when the enemy, seizing the opportunity, charged between our two corps and made prisoners of about 900 of our men. Fort McRae, however, was firmly retained by us.

We may now return to the other side of the James River, from which point, on the 1st of October, Generals Terry and Kautz advanced in the direction of Richmond with only two brigades and a force of cavalry. They penetrated the country to within about two miles of that city without encountering any serious opposition, Lee having sent his troops away to defend the Southside Railroad; but as soon as possible they were brought back to attack our line. On the morning of the 7th they came in force against our right by attacking the cavalry with such suddenness and vigor that they broke and lost ten cannon. They afterward tried Terry, but he had a good position, with abattis and slashings, and allowed them to come well up, when his four brigades poured a murderous fire into their ranks, which caused them to withdraw in great confusion, and they fell back toward Richmond.

As the season was advancing, and with the prospect

of inclement weather, General Grant was anxious to capture the Southside Railroad, as the Confederates received all their most needful supplies over this open line of transit. The strategic point was that if he could succeed in cutting this artery the enemy would be compelled to evacuate both Petersburg and Richmond, and on the 24th he directed General Meade to prepare for a move with that important end in view. The line of rebel intrenchments was so strong that a small force of men could hold it, thus allowing of a movable and formidable body on the flanks; but Grant knew that the more their line was drawn out the thinner it must of necessity become, while he was constantly being reinforced.

This movement, as most others did, began by an advance from the north side of the James River with the 10th Corps and Kautz's cavalry, supported by the 18th Corps, which marched direct to the former battlefield of Seven Pines, and from thence up the Williamsburg Road. The Rebels were ambushed, hiding on both sides of the road, while in front only a small force was met and which was driven back until their works were approached, when a telling and slaying fire was received. This was endured as long as possible, and on falling back our troops again found the enemy on both sides of the road in strong force, with artillery and musketry enfilading their ranks from every direction. The rebels then emerged from their works and charged with desperation, capturing the larger portion of two brigades. Our whole line then fell back to their breastworks, the move on the right having culminated in a failure.

On the left the movement was made with a force of

35,000 men. General Hancock marched to Hatcher's Run, while Warren pushed out the right of the 2d Corps. The country here was very difficult for the movement of troops. When Hancock reached Hatcher's Run he found the ford obstructed by fallen trees, but in spite of this the men waded the stream waist deep and carried the rifle pits on the opposite side. As our men emerged from the thicket they were met by a storming fire from the enemy's artillery, but our own guns soon silenced their deep diapasons. Grant and Meade were present at this time, and Hancock was informed by them that the 5th Corps would make a junction with him on his right. Warren, on this occasion, made the same complaint that Hancock did at Ream's Station, of having under him 3900 men who had never fired a shot in battle, and who were even ignorant of the manual of arms. In this wild and rough region Warren experienced great difficulty in moving his corps, some of his divisions actually losing their way. But Grant and Meade became convinced that this move was a decided failure in its main purpose, the Southside Railroad being yet some six miles distant and with no prospect in view of reaching it. Hancock was therefore given orders to hold his position until the following morning, and then fall back over the same route he marched in reaching it. Heavy firing was now heard on the right, which he attributed to the advance of Warren, and two regiments were sent to ascertain the cause, when they met a strong force, consisting of Mahone's division, charging between our lines. Although Warren was not far distant, yet, on account of the density of the woodland, he had heard of nothing to attract his attention. By

this sortie the rebels captured a battery, but Hancock so manœuvred his corps and displayed such energy that the temporary mishap was soon corrected and Mahone was made to beat a retreat, and the batteries he had taken were recaptured. As Hancock was running short of ammunition and none could be sent to him, he concluded to withdraw that night; so the wearied men retraced their steps under a relentless rain, which continued all night. Not having sufficient ambulance accommodations, it was compulsory to leave about 250 of the wounded men on the field.

As heretofore shown, the scheme to capture the Southside Railroad was a sacrificial failure. When it is considered that Lee had to hold and defend a line some thirty miles long, and yet could baffle us, as he did, on both flanks, it would simply be the suppression of a visible fact and simple truth not to admire the vigilance, tenacity, and fighting pluck of our foes on the field. General Hancock this time reported a loss of 123 killed, 700 wounded, and 325 missing, and General Warren lost 211 killed and wounded. The whole movement on both sides of the river, which was expected to accomplish so much of vital importance and, unfortunately, secured absolutely nothing, cost our army a combined loss of 3000 men. For three months after the abandonment of this movement the contending armies lay comparatively quiet, with the exception of an occasional and unimportant encounter along the line of the Petersburg intrenchments. In the language of Fitz-Green Halleck, the veterans on both sides had "fought like brave men, long and well," and the determination still burn-

ing in the hearts of their chagrined commanders may doubtless be expressed in this familiar couplet:—

> "And tho' I hope not hence unscath'd to go,
> Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe."

On the first day of December, at an unusual hour, General Seth Williams sent for our band to come to headquarters. We thought there was something extra on the tapis; perhaps some noted guests had arrived; but the reason was given in due time, when we were informed that the outburst was intended as a special compliment to General Meade on his promotion to a major generalship in the regular army, an honor which every soldier in the Army of the Potomac, in consideration of faithful service, acknowledged as well deserved. All the staff officers were in high glee over the cheering intelligence, and the occasion otherwise was such as will ever be remembered with supreme pleasure by all the participants.

The duties of the band at this time absorbed pretty much all its time, even on Sunday, for on that day we continued our custom of playing reveille at headquarters at daybreak, guard-mount at seven o'clock, and performing in front of the chapel at ten o'clock. In the afternoon there was dress parade, and later on our officers took us to the 5th Corps headquarters, where ex-Governor Bradford, of Maryland, was a guest. Here, after performing a number of our best selections, the distinguished visitor personally thanked the band for its music. I reminded him that once before the band of the 114th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, had the pleasure of playing for him, at

Annapolis. He well recollected all about it and again extended his courtesy, saying he was pleased to meet us this time under circumstances so unlike the former. On reaching camp our services for the day were continued by playing at Army Headquarters until late at night. While performing here we could hear the cars passing along with a very merry crowd aboard. They turned out to be a division of the 6th Corps, returning from the valley after having punished and finished the rebel Early. Having a number of relatives and friends in this division, on hearing us play several of them were soon with us, saying they knew where the Zouave Band was from the music that was being performed.

Winter had now set in, with extremely cool weather, and not without some good results, for we had all along been bothered by innumerable flies about our camp, and the pests blowed our beef, to the great disgust of the men. When the mercury ran down toward the bulb of the thermometer, however, the first cold snap over night put an end to them all. This relieved us of the nuisance, but at the same time it would be difficult to tell of the suffering entailed upon the men in the trenches during the continuance of the low temperature. Fortunately, these cold snaps never lasted for a long time, moderate weather soon alternating.

The 5th Corps was sent on a raid, with cavalry, to destroy the Weldon Railroad, but the straggling of the men on this errand was disgraceful; the cavalry picked up thousands of them and brought them back to camp; they were mostly high bounty soldiers, who never anticipated any very severe service. The corps,

however, came back highly pleased with their trip, as they succeeded in destroying about thirty miles of railroad. They reported the farms well supplied with apple whisky, an abundance of cattle and poultry, and many of the men returned with chickens pinioned on their bayonets.

After the last campaign on the left of the line, General Hancock was sent to Washington in order to organize a corps of veterans for the spring campaign. General Humphrey, who was chief of staff to General Meade, now took command of the 2d Corps. No better or more desirable soldier could have been selected to succeed the position vacated by General Hancock, and in the final operations during the spring he proved himself in every requisite worthy of the command of this splendid fighting corps.

The siege of Petersburg continued, and the men of the contending armies on some portions of the lines were very close to each other, but by mutual consent they agreed not to fire at each other, and even made frequent exchanges of rations, tobacco, papers, and other articles. On other parts of the line, however, they were constantly peppering at each other. After a season of civilities across the line, General Meade thought the time had come to stop this rather too social intercourse, and therefore an order was issued forbidding the men anywhere along the line, on any pretext whatever, to continue the practice. This order caused the capture of General Pryor, of the rebel army, who, on being outside their lines endeavoring to procure the latest news from our newspapers, was taken prisoner. While happening to be at the railroad station awaiting transportation

north—he had no guard with him and was probably on parole—in conversation with him, he still expressed his faith in the ultimate success of the Confederacy; but he must have known that it was at that time on its last legs. "Even your capitalists," he said, "have no faith in your cause, or your greenbacks would stand dollar for dollar. But instead of that," he continued, "your dollar stands at $2.50 discount, and before spring gold will be up to $3." He had forgotten, however, to compare the worthless rag money of the Confederacy with that which he was depreciatively speaking of. He lived, like many more misguided disciples of Jefferson Davis, to see the fallacy of his following, and has since been a successful lawyer in New York city. He appeared to be a man of marked intelligence and pleasing social traits.

During the severe winter weather a great many deserters from the rebel army came over to us, and all told the same painful story as to the awful suffering and deprivations the men of their army were subjected to from the want of rations. They affirmed that their soldiers were in a starving condition, and yet, whenever our army encountered them on the field, they proved themselves to be in splendid fighting condition. Later in the season their commissary improved. They had reserve depots in Richmond, Lynchburg, Danville, and Greensboro; but their railroad facilities were limited, almost drawn down to a feather's edge. At this time, too, a great many contrabands came in, besides refugees; sometimes whole families—fathers, mothers, and many children, poorly clad and looking wretched. The picture was as sad as it was a dark one, in more than one respect, and to

those having children at the homes we left, and the aged to be cared for, there was a chord of pity and sympathy in our hearts to be touched. Theirs was a destiny against which it was but folly for them to strive; ours was the duty of redeeming them in some glorious way.

The mails were now delayed by the severity and storms of the season, and "good news from home" came slowly to us. The boats on the bay were irregular, and the men on furloughs who took them on their homeward trips gave dreadful accounts of the suffering they endured aboard them. The details of our regiment, who took prisoners to Washington, corroborated these tales of woe. The boats were too uncomfortable for such a purpose; but we were moving along with the new year, 1865, and there were prospects of more desirable weather.

CHAPTER XV.

FINAL MILITARY OPERATIONS—HATCHER'S RUN—DINWIDDIE—FIVE FORKS—WARREN'S BRAVERY AND SUBSEQUENT RELEASE OF COMMAND—CITY POINT.

General Grant now began to make calculations and also preparations for the final stroke—the blow that was to crush the Rebellion—which was to be dealt as soon as the weather permitted. The intrenched line of the enemy, from extreme right to left, was thirty-four miles. Could Lee hold this extended length and still have enough men to do battle with our army beyond the line? At the same time Grant was fearful that Lee would slip away from him as soon as the roads were in good condition; in fact, early in March Lee and Jefferson Davis had a conference as to the practicability of abandoning both Petersburg and Richmond, with the intention of making a junction with Johnson in the hope of crushing Sherman. It was no doubt with this object in view that such a formidable attempt was made to break our line on the right, to compel Grant to draw back his left in order to defend the right and City Point, our chief base of supplies. The place selected was Fort Stedman, on the left of the Appomattox, where the lines were only from fifty to a hundred yards apart, and the pickets of the respective armies even closer.

The attack was well planned. The order allowing our men to permit rebel deserters to come over and bring

their arms with them, for which they would receive pay, greatly assisted the rebels in deceiving our men. At an early hour on the morning of March 25th, our pickets took it for granted that a large number of the rebel pickets were coming in, and, of course, they were not fired upon, but when they approached our men face to face it was at once discovered that they were enemies still. They were soon followed by the storming party of Gordon's division, who broke our line, invested Fort Stedman, and overpowered the garrison. After this successful venture they turned their guns along our lines and succeeded in capturing several batteries. It was too dark, before the dawn of day, to distinguish between friend and foe, and in the meantime they cut our telegraph lines, and General Meade, who was at City Point, had no immediate information of the attack, and some rebel forces were already marching in that direction.

General Parke, who was in command on this part of the line, at once ordered General Wallace and General Hartranft to concentrate and recapture Fort Stedman. In moving his troops Hartranft encountered the enemy, who were already on our military railroad and rapidly approaching City Point in force, and he drove them back to their line. By this time they were advancing to attack the forts on the right and left of Fort Stedman, and at 8 A. M. General Hartranft attacked the captured fort and retook it, with comparatively small loss to his command. Our artillery kept up an incessant fire on the fort, thus preventing the garrison from being reinforced; nor could they escape, and many were killed in making the attempt. Nearly 2000 prisoners were taken. Our

loss was 1017 in killed, wounded, and missing. During the unfolding of these events our whole army was on the march to repel what appeared to be a very daring movement on the part of the enemy. The 2d Corps advanced on the rebels to ascertain if their works were strongly held and captured their intrenched picket line. We managed to hold the line, but at a cost of 513 killed and wounded and 175 missing.

Having our camp now at City Point, we pitched our tents on a hill which overlooked the Appomattox. General Grant had his cabin at the foot of the hill—the same cabin that has since been an object of interest to visitors in Fairmount Park. Here our band serenaded the Lieutenant General and his staff a number of times each week, while the regiment was chiefly engaged in bringing rebel prisoners for shipment to Washington. The Court, over which General Collis still presided, kept on with its duties, trying deserters and condemning the guilty, and frequently we had the unwelcome duty of providing doleful music for, and being spectators on, these unpleasant occasions.

On Saturday, March 17th, two men were executed by order of the Court, who had been in the rebel army. They came over to us, took the oath of allegiance, and enlisted in our army, but were subsequently caught while endeavoring to reach the enemy's lines. They appeared to be the most penitent of the kind we had yet seen; both made short addresses and offered up fervent prayers, and were apparently deeply affected by their approaching doom. A moment later they were launched into eternity. On leaving the ground we were informed that during the coming week there would be several executions, but as we had become

used to these ignominious scenes, the part we played had to be accepted as readily as the more agreeable services we were required to render.

The 27th day of March was eventful in the fact that General Sherman paid General Grant a visit, and every soldier in the army cognizant of the distinguished visitant's presence began to speculate as to the meaning of the consultation, for all had been looking to energetic work in the very near future, and such, too, as would finish the war. That night General Ord, who was commanding the Army of the James, took two divisions of the 24th Corps and a colored division of the 25th Corps, accompanied by a strong force of cavalry, with which he made a secret march to our extreme left, a distance of thirty-six miles, where he took position in the rear of the 2d Corps. This exploit was skillfully accomplished, and apparently unknown to the enemy.

For the final campaign it may be here stated that our army, including the Army of the James and the cavalry, consisted of 125,000 men, while the army of the Confederates did not exceed 60,000.

On the morning of the 29th General Sheridan moved out toward the extreme left, supported by the 2d and 5th Corps. It was not the intent to attack the enemy in his intrenched line, but to force him out, if possible; and, in case he remained therein, then, according to the plan, at that opportune moment the cavalry were to dash on and destroy the South-side and Danville Railroads. The 5th Corps, under Warren, while pressing forward and when near Dinwiddie Court-house, encountered Anderson's division, which resulted in a sharp engagement, and the rebels

were promptly driven back to their intrenchments. In this stroke Warren lost about 375 men, killed and wounded.

General Lee now was doubtless aware of Grant's design, and therefore dispatched his cavalry to meet Sheridan, the latter having been ordered not to give so much attention to the railroads as originally intended he should, but push on briskly for the rear of the enemy. Heavy rains had set in; the country was flat and slow of drainage, and, the soil being of a pasty nature, the marching was made very difficult. But in spite of all the drawbacks the infantry moved steadily on, the men keeping in good spirits, the whole army being impressed with the feeling that this would be the last campaign and the end of the hardships and sufferings they would be subjected to. The 2d Corps drove the enemy into his intrenchments at Hatcher's Run; Warren occupied the Boynton Road to Gravelly Run, while Sheridan sent his cavalry to take possession of Five Forks. Here they met Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry, with whom some very sharp skirmishing was exchanged. W. H. Lee came to the rescue of the rebels, and about dusk Pickett put in an appearance with about 7000 infantry.

On the morning of the 31st the cavalry of the enemy attacked Davis' and Devin's brigades of cavalry and forced them back. General Pickett had command of the rebels, and he vigorously followed up his success, when General Custer, with two brigades, attacked him in turn. Pickett was compelled to about-face and to meet Sheridan, who was hurriedly advancing. The fighting continued into the night, and was of the most obstinate character on both sides,

and the ground over which they fought was thickly wooded, which added a dismal picture to the work of death going on. Warren, hearing the noise of Sheridan's engagement, toward evening ordered General Bartlett's division to march at once to Sheridan's assistance and to strike the flank of the enemy; but immediately after he received another despatch, from Meade, to send his division down the White Oak Road, as the rebels were reported between Sheridan and Warren. Bartlett, however, had advanced too far to be recalled in time, and Warren directed General Pearson, he being more available, to move without let or hindrance toward Dinwiddie; but the bridge over Gravelly Run had been destroyed, and the stream was so much swollen by the heavy rains as to make that point unfordable. Pearson, therefore, was compelled to halt. On learning of the cause Warren forwarded engineers to repair the bridge, which required a span of forty feet. In the meantime he received an imperative order from General Meade to send the division to Sheridan and to start without delay. Warren subsequently informed Meade that every effort was being made to rebuild the structure and render the stream passable. The telegraph line must have been in bad condition, for neither Grant nor Meade had known of the destruction of the Gravelly Run bridge until the morning of April 1st. At the same time Meade was informed that Sheridan could not hold his position unless he was promptly reinforced, so Warren was ordered to push his troops forward to Sheridan's relief by way of the Quaker Road. This would require a march of ten miles, and General Warren concluded that it would cause him to be too late in

affording the assistance demanded; he so advised General Meade, and also assured him that he would forward reinforcements in some way. By 2 o'clock A. M. the bridge over the run was completed, and Ayres' division at once passed over and toward Dinwiddie, the latter place having been reached by a march of five hours the same morning.

It may here be noted that the aforesaid order was one of the causes of the unfortunate disagreement between Warren, Meade, and Sheridan, and which not long afterward culminated in Warren being relieved of his command. It was contended that Warren should have obeyed Meade's orders, which he received at 10 50 P. M. the preceding day, by sending promptly his two other divisions by the Quaker Road; but Warren used his own judgment, and concluded that the marching of his troops ten miles to reach Sheridan, at night and through a rough country, would have exhausted his men, who could not have reached Dinwiddie before Ayres' division, who could have crossed the stream and by a much shorter route. No general in the army was more popular than Warren with his men; he was a favorite with the soldiers, and his retirement produced a shock that was felt throughout the army, particularly among the veterans of his own corps, the 5th.

After the Dinwiddie action, General Pickett was directed to take position at Five Forks to protect the Southside Railroad. He intrenched himself strongly, although closely pressed by our cavalry, in spite of the effort to defeat him and thus cut him off from Lee's forces. With this end in view the 5th Corps took position on the right, parallel with the White

Oak Road, the cavalry on the left, and advanced on Five Forks about 4 P. M., Crawford's division on the right and Ayres' on the left, Griffin supporting the rear. They were soon engaged, receiving a hot skirmish fire when crossing White Oak Road, while Ayres, on the left, had to face a warm shower of musketry, besides being swept by their artillery, which developed their strongly intrenched position on the left. General Sheridan, who was with Ayres' division, sent for the other two divisions of the 5th Corps, desiring them to change their directions that they might be brought to the support of Ayres and form on his right. The staff officers, however, had a deal of trouble in finding these two divisions, on account of the wooded country, and it was a task to overtake them.

General Warren found Griffin's division moving southward, in the rear of the enemy's intrenchments, when he ordered him to attack a new line that had been formed at right angles to our own. Griffin at once made an assault on this new line, although it was stubbornly defended, and he was finally victorious. Warren then rode to Ayres and found him re-forming his troops at right angles to the enemy's line, and Crawford's division was driving the dismounted rebel cavalry before him. At the Ford Road he found the division in good order, and he led it along this road to the rear of the enemy's works. General Pickett, therefore, had lost his left, and began to make arrangements to protect his rear by sending a force against Crawford, but he could not bear the brunt of our forces and had to retire, after losing a battery of five guns. The enemy then fell back to Five Forks, a

position where they had another battery to rely upon. Devin's division now, on the left, charged over the intrenchments at the fort and captured three guns, two battle-flags, and many prisoners. General Warren, who was with Crawford, now made a charge, forming his division on the White Oak Road, with the left of the division extending to the south of the road. Warren noticed a hesitation on the part of the troops in promptly advancing on the enemy, as they kept up a very hot fire against our line, when he placed himself at the head of the column, with a corps flag in his hand, and waving it before the men bravely cried: "Come on, boys; I'll take you in!" Spontaneously, the whole advanced, and although the belching fire was terribly severe, the intrenchment was carried and the enemy gave up in a rapid retreat. General Warren then followed in hot pursuit of the fleeing rebels and drove them until darkness covered the scene. The success was complete. The gallantry of the fearless General and the indomitable courage of the men, who caught his inspiration, were richly rewarded in the 4500 prisoners taken. The total loss in the 5th Corps was 650 in killed, wounded, and missing.

After this battle not a single life on either side should have been sacrificed, for General Lee must have known that the doom of his army was sealed, that the Confederacy was in its death throes, and that the time was near at hand for the surrender of his vanishing and famishing followers. It would have added greatly to his credit, if not to his fame, in spite of his native pride, had he at this time have made propositions for a total and unqualified deliverance of his army.

Strange as it may appear in association with these facts, and in the face of this signal victory under Warren's personal daring, after the battle of Five Forks, and while the last of the prisoners were being taken, about 7 P. M., General Warren received an order from Sheridan relieving him from duty. This order fell like a thunderbolt among the brave veterans of the 5th Corps, who had been witnesses of his daring on many a field and of his sublime, soldierly conduct on that very day. Sheridan charged that Warren did not sufficiently exert himself to bring forward his corps at Gravelly Run, and at Five Forks he became dissatisfied with Warren, charging that during the engagement portions of his line gave way when not exposed to a heavy fire, and he also affirmed that Warren did not exert himself in a manner to inspire confidence in him. To our men, it is but fair to say, that these appeared to be very strange accusations coming from Sheridan, in view of the facts and events related.

General Warren, brave and loyal as he was, without the shadow of reproach or suspicion previously resting upon his good name, could not rest under these grave and suspicious charges, and finally he succeeded in having a Court of Inquiry appointed by the President. During its sitting the most eminent soldiers, for and against, were examined, and the result as to the first charge was: "The Court of Inquiry is of the opinion that there was no unnecessary delay in his march of the 5th Corps, and that General Warren took the usual methods of a corps commander to prevent delay." As to the other charge the Court concluded as follows: "General Warren's

attention appears to have been drawn, almost immediately after Ayres received a flank fire from the return and his consequent change of front, to the probability of Crawford, with Griffin, diverging too much from and being separated from Ayres; and by continuous exertion of himself and staff substantially remedied matters; and the Court thinks this was for him the essential point to be attended to, which also exacted his whole efforts to accomplish."

Such were the opinions of men of great military experience and the highest character, who, under oath to inquire into the facts, rendered an impartial verdict.

Again we return to City Point, where important events are transpiring. As soon as the spring campaign was actively opened, in anticipation of good news from the army, President Lincoln came down here, and Andrew Curtin, the War Governor of Pennsylvania, was also present. Admiral Porter, with his flag-ship, the Malvern, was lying in the stream, opposite City Point. On the first day of April Admiral Porter requested General Collis to send the band to spend the evening aboard the Malvern, and after partaking of supper and putting ourselves in trim we took a boat and soon reached the flag-ship. The Malvern carried twelve guns and a complement of 300 men. Her decks were as cleanly as a waxed parlor and everything was in the most precise order. There were present a great many ladies, including the Admiral's wife, and the band did its best to entertain the select company with its choicest music, and from the Admiral down to the colored waiters all seemed delighted. There was an excellent collation,

but nothing stronger than coffee came to the tables, all intoxicating beverages being prohibited aboard the Malvern. About midnight we returned to camp, when we were called from our beds to assist in celebrating the victory of our troops at the battle of Five Points. The news had just reached headquarters, so, after playing a few patriotic airs, the drums putting in their parts with unusual vigor, we retired again for what was left of sleeping hours.

The next morning we had the pleasure of seeing President Abraham Lincoln for the first, and, unfortunately, it was the last time. While there he made his temporary home on board the River Queen, alongside the flag-ship of Admiral Porter. On that morning I strolled out to one of the abandoned forts, having first received the morning's paper, and while resting myself on one of the parapets two men came in the fort—one was Admiral Porter, the other President Lincoln. They halted in front of the spot where I was sitting. The Admiral, from the high position of the fort, could overlook a broad expanse of our line of works. He pointed out to the President the positions of the two lines and dilated upon the hardships and dangers encountered while erecting them in the face of the enemy's guns and during the rigors of the severe winter; he also recounted the suffering and deprivations incident to that long siege. President Lincoln was greatly moved, and his feelings were apparent in his rough-hewn features. As they joined arms and on retiring from the fort this remark the President made: "The country can never repay these men for what they have suffered and endured."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BAND'S NOVEL DUTY—THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG—THE ZOUAVES' HEAVY LOSS—FALL OF RICHMOND—THE SECOND VISIT AT LIBBY PRISON—SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.

Our regiment, the 114th, on the second day of April, and the whole headquarters brigade, in command of General Collis, were called to the assistance of the troops for the capture of Petersburg, leaving City Point to care for itself, without any organized force of men and a multitude of prisoners constantly coming in from the front. This indicated that General Patrick felt sure the rebels must now see the hopelessness of their cause, and he gave an earnest of his convictions by offering all the prisoners an opportunity to take the oath of allegiance. After the men captured at Five Forks arrived he called all of them in line, about 4500, and requested those desiring to take the oath to step aside, and of the whole number only 100 availed themselves of the proffer, and they were hooted at and derided by the others for so doing, being called "cowards and traitors." Soon after this brief formality was over, the repentant were put on a steamer and sent North.

Provost Marshal General Patrick had now a larger number of prisoners than he could take care of or knew what to do with, so as soon as they arrived they were sent aboard the steamers in the river. During the morning an orderly came to me and informed me that

the Provost Marshal General wanted to see me. On promptly reporting, he said he was in a bad fix; he had a boatload of prisoners and not a soldier at command for guard, and asked: "How many of your band will volunteer to take these rebels to Point Lookout?" The proposition was a surprise, but I told him that in the course of a few minutes I would report. I at once explained to the band the import of General Patrick's summons, and every man, without hesitation, volunteered to shoulder a musket and put on a cartridge-box. Promptly fourteen men were reported, the whole band, excepting one member who was in hospital. That morning, too, to make us feel the prouder of our new diversion in the way of active military service, the news came that our army was in Richmond. In a short time, however, we were on board the steamer, with muskets in our hands, and 800 rank rebels committed to our guard. They were as rank as rank could be, and when told that we had possession of Richmond they would not credit it and said: "Bobby Lee is between you and Richmond yet!" No assurances of the fact could induce them to think otherwise. They had not lost their faith in the final success of the Confederacy, and were as determined as ever to fight the issue to the bitter end, some of them declaring that they would sooner die than give up the contest.

It did not require any length of time for these veteran rebels to perceive that their guards could not handle their muskets as skilled soldiers were wont; but the Zouaves, although having left their most efficient instruments of defense in camp, gave them to understand that they knew well how to bring them to

the shoulder and touch the trigger. Besides this very simple fact, we informed them that our gunboats guarded the river all the way down to Fortress Monroe. It was thought advisable to strengthen our position by a few stern items of general information, both as a preventive or mild reminder of our supreme authority in case they might have any serious intention to overpower us, which, by concerted action, could easily have been done. With the exception of some warm words, the arguments being held in reserve in our guns and cartridges, nothing transpired to make our new line of duty remarkably eventful. We passed Fortress Monroe, then steamed across the bay to Point Lookout, where our cargo of Confederate freight was safely delivered into other hands, the new guards to whom they were introduced being composed of a battalion of the invalid corps. The distance we accompanied the prisoners is about seventy-five miles. On the return there were a great many wild ducks on the bay, so we spent our ammunition on the canvasbacks instead of on the graybacks, for whom it was intended in case the game should be inviting. Finally, late at night we reached City Point, delivered our guns and cartridge-boxes to General Patrick, and received his compliments for the novel and extra duty thus performed by the regimental band.

But little thought had we, however, of receiving the unwelcome intelligence that was in store for us on our return to City Point. While the fighting was going on at the extreme left, General Grant concluded that the line of intrenchments in front of Petersburg could not be strongly defended by the enemy, so he ordered a charge along the whole line, and the headquarters

brigade, under General Collis, was directed to charge the line in front of Fort Mahoney, which was considered as one of the strongest parts of the line and against which several unsuccessful attempts had before been made. Our brigade, however, made a brilliant charge and were the first troops to enter Petersburg, and our regiment, the 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers, had the honor of raising the Stars and Stripes on the public buildings in that captured city and rebel stronghold, but at a fearful loss, which was long lamented. Captain Eddy was mortally wounded and died soon after. He had been in the service since the breaking out of the war and was highly esteemed. Captain Cunningham and Lieutenant Marion were also killed, besides about forty other veteran Zouaves who had previously done gallant service in the ranks. These, with many others, were all unnecessary sacrifices, for but a few days after this event the war was practically ended by the surrender of General Lee.

On Thursday, April 4th, the band was ordered to report on board the steamer Leary, lying off in the stream—a beautiful boat and splendidly furnished. General Collis and Major Bowen, of our regiment, were present, besides a very select company of ladies and gentlemen, and several English military officers. This party was preparing to go up to Richmond and our band was desired to accompany them. We were delighted with the prospect of going there this time with our instruments, not as prisoners, but with the pride of conquerers. For some reason, however, the trip was postponed until the next day, but we entertained the company with a select programme until late in the night, the greater portion of the time being

occupied by the fair ones and sterner sex in stepping with terpsichorean skill to the sprightly music. The next morning our band returned to the Leary and the party started for Richmond. The river was full of obstructions and torpedoes, but they had all been designated as to location by flags; still, our progress was very cautiously made, although President Lincoln had preceded us only a few days before. We passed a great many points of interest in the history of the war, including many rebel forts, yet mounted with guns; also the Dutch Gap Canal, and as we neared Richmond the inner line of fortifications could be distinctly seen. We reached the city, notwithstanding the gauntlet we had to run on the river, however, without any accident. On entering the city a scene of reckless desolation was presented in that section which was still smouldering in ashes; the fleeing rebels had attempted to destroy their Capital City by fire, and which our more considerate army actually saved, after struggling through blood to reach it.

To the members of the band this Richmond visit was of peculiar interest; more so, indeed, than it possibly could have been to the distinguished party we accompanied. The remembrance of that bleak December day in 1862, when we were marched as prisoners, without our musical instruments, into that city, was still fresh to our memory; but this time we marched as conquerors through the main avenue, playing national airs with all the enthusiasm we could possibly summon to our help, in order to make the contrast the more emphatic. By the time we reached Capitol Hill an immense mass or procession of the residents were following us, the greater portion being

made up of colored people. An aged white man who had not heard the "Star Spangled Banner" for a long time begged us to play it, which in due time was responded to. This patriarchal lover of the old flag patiently waited and eagerly watched for his turn to come, and when the popular melody was let loose from the cornets, and the contra-bass rolled down deep into its enchanting harmony amidst the long trill of the drums, tears streamed over the old man's cheeks and settled on his chest, telling that even in that hot-bed of secession there were loyal hearts still beating.

That old stopping-place, the Libby Prison, we again visited, but this time the tables were turned, and instead of being packed with "Yankees," the former pest-house was now overflowing with rebels, and so full was the place that even the roof was covered with them. They all appeared to be cheerful, feeling, perhaps, like ourselves, glad of the prospect of soon returning to their homes. In conversation with citizens, we found that there was a strong Union feeling existing in Richmond, and which was strengthened by the insane attempt to destroy the city, and thus still farther impoverish the residents, for which the rebel generals were denounced in unmeasured terms.

As we had taken no rations with us, it was necessary to look around for something to appease our appetites. We had previously known of a Mr. Smith, who was the proprietor of a public house and also kept a musical headquarters, and it was not long ere he was found, but he was scantily prepared to receive so large a number of guests without anticipating the rush. He was very accommodating and soon provided us

with a menu consisting of bread and butter, cheese and sausage As to anything stronger than Richmond water he was not at liberty to supply, the city being under martial law, and the sale of liquors was prohibited. To set off our bill of fare, however, and make things look inviting, he placed two decanters on the table which were labeled "vinegar." It is hardly worth the saying that these decanters were refilled with "vinegar" a number of times during our meal.

Our host had a large family of children, and he assured us that although he kept a saloon and had quite an income from his music, it was as much as he could possibly do to keep his household together and his family from want. He showed us a pair of shoes for which he paid $150.00 in Confederate money the week before our army entered the city. He also pointed to a barrel of flour that cost him $1100.00. He seemed not to be discouraged, and we left him in a cheerful mood, well satisfied with our short experience with his hospitable house.

We now formed in line and marched through the city toward the river, where a fleet of gunboats and monitors were plying. On hearing our music the crews ran up into the rigging of the vessels and heartily cheered us as we approached. The boats were busily engaged in removing the obstructions from the river, and all along the shore we saw many torpedoes the men had fished out. We were soon on board the steamer again and making our way down the stream, arriving at City Point in the evening, and delighted with the trip.

Being now at our camp-home once more, our attention is absorbed in the expectancy of news from the

extreme left. The first coming to us was that the defenses of Petersburg were stubbornly defended to the last, and that the losses to our troops taking part in the battles were very heavy. When the line was taken the enemy had orders to retreat to Amelia Court House, where they were to be joined by the remainder of their army. General Lee then notified Jefferson Davis of the fact, and the latter, as President of the Lost Cause, at once took measures to withdraw and secure the archives of the so-called Confederacy.

On the morning of April 3d, when our army advanced, all the defenses of Petersburg and Richmond were vacated, the rebels were in full and rapid retreat; but General Grant had our army in a position so as to intercept Lee before he could get beyond his grasp. Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 5th Corps, was constantly feeling for them and striking them whenever an opportunity was afforded, while Meade, with the 2d and 6th Corps, was coming up and moving in the direction of Amelia Court House. The fleeing rebels, however, never failed to show fight whenever they found themselves in a tight place. At Deep Creek the brigade of Merritt's cavalry had a sharp engagement with Fitz-Hugh Lee, which lasted until evening, when the infantry came up. Sheridan learned that Lee was concentrating at Amelia Court House, so his cavalry and the 5th Corps, coming to hand, took up positions and intrenched until the troops with Meade could be available; but the 2d and 6th Corps did not report until the afternoon of the 5th. The army of Lee, however, was but slowly collecting; the men were suffering from hunger and the roads were in a condition to render them almost

impassable for wagon trains. On the afternoon of the 5th our cavalry captured a train, a part of which was General Lee's headquarters wagons containing valuable documents, but they were all destroyed by being burned. During the night Lee continued his retreat, and our army was as persistently on the march after him. The following day Meade learned through his signal officers that the fleeing army was now moving in a northwest direction. Our army then faced about, the 2d Corps having to cross Flat Creek, where the men were compelled to wade through the stream up to their armpits, but soon after bridges were erected for the balance of the troops and artillery to reach the other side.

A running fight was kept up on the 6th all day, with our troops on the advance. General Humphrey, with the 2d Corps, came up with Ewell, who was in line of battle along the north side of Sailor's Creek. Feeling assured that Sheridan and the 6th Corps were coming up, Humphrey attacked the rebels and destroyed the greater part of their wagon train, besides capturing 1700 prisoners, 17 flags, and 4 guns. Our loss was about 300, and General Mott was wounded. This success was accomplished in a shifting or running contest from one position to another. Shortly after this, General Anderson having joined Ewell at Rice's Station, they made a stand, when our cavalry dismounted, formed for attack, and were soon joined by the 6th Corps, who opened with their artillery; but the rebels made no response, showing they had no batteries in position. The position of our cavalry was such as to prevent the enemy from retreating by way of the road. Ewell, therefore, prepared to strike

through the woodland and reach another avenue of escape to the west, but before he could accomplish his purpose the 6th Corps closed in on them and the position was handsomely carried. At one point on their line the Navy Battalion, a new arm of the service just incorporated with Lee's army, temporarily held the position, but they were in turn surrounded, and, a heavy artillery fire being opened against them, they surrendered. As the rebels did not appear to have artillery at their command, Sheridan concluded that they were minus that needful and important means of defense, and sent his dismounted cavalry forward, and which has been characterized as one of the most brilliant charges made during the war. By this splendid movement the enemy was cut off from any avenue of retreat and the whole force was captured. This finished completely General Ewell's tenacious fighting corps, and among the distinguished prisoners were Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Curtis, Lee, besides Generals Hunton and Corse, of Pickett's division.

During this time General Longstreet was in advance, awaiting the remainder of the army at Rice's Station. Ewell, Anderson and Gordon had brought up the rebel rear in order to protect the wagon trains, but Ewell was caged, and half of Anderson's force was also captured. Longstreet then marched to Farmville and crossed the Appomattox, where the fragment of his army received some rations, which the hard-pressed men were sadly in need of. Our army, however, kept on pushing the fleeing enemy down to the last ditch. When we reached Farmville the men under Longstreet had crossed the river and burned the bridges

after them. The water here was too deep for our infantry to ford, but the 2d Corps coming up and observing the wagon road yet intact, it charged over the bridge and drove the rebel pickets off. Believing that Lee would retreat toward Lynchburg, General Humphrey sent two divisions over the stage road to that place, five miles north of Farmville, at the same time sending another division, General Barlow's, to follow Gordon, whom he found covering a large wagon train. He caught up and attacked him, cutting off a large portion of the train, which was burned. In this attack General Smyth, in command of one of our brigades, was mortally wounded. He was a very popular and brave soldier. The other divisions, coming over the Lynchburg Road, found the rebels in strong force, with sixteen guns in a good position, and also intrenched. General Meade received information that in all probability the whole rebel force was here concentrated. The 6th and the 24th Corps, in conjunction with the 2d Corps, were sent forward to make the attack. General Miles led in the assault, but he was repulsed. He heard firing in the direction of Farmville and thought the rebels were attacking us from that side, but it proved to be an engagement with Crook's brigade of cavalry, who had waded the river and met Fitz-Hugh Lee. In this affair General Gregg was captured with a portion of his brigade. The loss to the 2d Corps on this day was nearly 600 officers and men, killed, wounded, and missing.

The next morning the rebels vacated their position. It was in the early part of this day, April 7th, that General Grant, at Farmville, made the first proposition

to General Lee for the surrender of his army. The communication to that end was as follows, it being addressed direct to General Lee:—

"GENERAL:—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

In the meantime our army did not relax its efforts in pursuing the remnant of the rebel army, and the march to Appomattox Court House proved to be their last ditch, and the last march of our own army after the enemy, who had so persistently and heroically baffled its most energetic efforts for so long a time. When our infantry reached them the cavalry was already there in position across the road, and General Humphrey, with the 2d Corps, was closely followed by the 6th Corps. At no time since the opening of hostilities did our army move with more alacrity than during these final marches. It was remarked by officers generally that the men did splendidly, all feeling the vital importance of the events transpiring and every man being in his place.

About dark, on the 8th, General Humphrey rested his men for a few hours, after a march of 20 miles without rations, the supply train being unable to keep up with them. He then resumed the march with the object of coming up with the dispirited rebel army; but his men fell out from exhaustion, incident to the

lack of food. Again he halted, at midnight, after a march of 26 miles, and this without sustenance for his men, but the supply train reached them on the morning of the 9th.

The whole army was now manœuvring for the purpose of surrounding the rebels. General Lee had correspondence repeatedly with Grant, and Humphrey, being at the front, received from the Lieutenant General his third letter, which he forwarded through the lines. On receiving this Lee sent one of his staff to General Gordon, who commanded the advance, to learn his views as to the chances of a successful attack. By this it was presumed that Lee still cherished a faint hope of not surrendering; but Gordon replied: "My old corps is reduced to a fizzle, and, unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet, I do not think we can do anything more." General Lee then deliberately and sadly said: "There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant." After this he held a consultation with his general officers and soon came to the painful conclusion that he must submit to the inevitable.

General Humphrey was instructed that the correspondence pending must not in any way change his operations in pressing on. The 2d and 6th Corps, close at hand, came up and overtook Longstreet, when he received by flag of truce a request to halt while negotiations were yet undecided as to a surrender. General Humphrey, however, having received no contrary orders from Grant or Meade, continued to move on. He sent word twice to Longstreet that he must vacate his position at once. Later he came upon Longstreet's command at Appomattox Court

House, where he formed his corps promptly for attack, with the 6th Corps on the right. Just then General Meade arrived and granted a truce for one hour pending the treaty for surrender. To prove that Lee was positively compelled to yield to Grant's proposition, on the 9th of April General Gordon, with a force of 2400 cavalry, attacked our line at sunrise, when our cavalry were driven in with a loss of two guns and some prisoners, but when our infantry came up they retired. This was the last action of the war between these armies, and General Lee was then convinced that there was no hope of escape for his army, and having accepted the terms offered by General Grant, the two commanders by agreement met at Appomattox Court House at one o'clock. The terms were more liberal than the most sanguine of the rebel leaders had looked for, and yet the magnanimity of Grant served well its purpose in establishing a proper feeling between the contending armies and restoring the Union, for which the resort to arms on the part of our Government was made imperative.

Frequently did prisoners declare that they would not hesitate to come back were they not subjected to odium and indignities that would prove even more galling than slavery itself. Many thought their property would be confiscated and distributed among our soldiers; others were impressed with the idea that hanging would follow their treason; but the leniency of the terms of the surrender assured them that the Government in its majesty and power was even greater than the sword which was placed in the hands of justice; for it sheathed the instrument of death and tempered its supreme authority with the fullest meas-

ure of mercy. The following is a transcript of the terms of surrender:—

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 9, 1865.

"In accordance with the substance of my letter to "you, of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the sur- "render of the Army of Northern Virginia on the "following terms: Rolls of all the officers and men to "be made in duplicate; one copy to be given to an "officer designated by me; the other to be retained "by such officers as you may designate, the officers "to give their individual paroles not to take up arms "against the Government of the United States until "properly exchanged, and each company or regimental "commander to sign a like parole for the men of their "command. The arms, artillery, and public property "to be parked and stacked and turned over to the "officers appointed by me to receive them. This will "not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor the "private horses and baggage. This done, each officer "and man will be allowed to return to his home, not "to be disturbed by the United States authorities as "long as they observe their paroles and the laws in "force where they may reside.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

During all these operations and important events we, at City Point, were constantly kept in the highest state of excitement, as the news was daily telegraphed us of the successes of our army. Mrs. Grant was here, also Governor Curtin, and President Lincoln had just left. City Point was thronged with visitors from the North, in anticipation of receiving the great and good news. Our band was wanted everywhere, and the national airs were never before in such constant demand. Mrs. Grant was the first to receive the intelligence of the surrender, and the band was just

passing her cabin, on the way to take the steamer Leary, when it was halted to compliment her with some stirring music, after which we proceeded to the steamer. Governor Curtin was there and he was all smiles, as cheerful as a boy, and he made a characteristic speech to those on board. From that vessel we were taken to the Galena to serenade Admiral Porter. At this time the big guns of the fleet were sending forth a salute of triumph, which was responded to by all the forts in the vicinity. Had we not been aware of the collapse of the Confederacy, our impression would have been that a battle of tremendous proportions was in progress, for at no time during the war were so many and such heavy guns employed in concert. It seemed as if the artillery of the heavens had joined in the strongest possible accent with the incessant thunder of the fleet and forts.

Although the end had been expected and prayed for so long, when it did come the intelligence was so good that most people, even at City Point, became so incredulous that they could not believe it; there was too much of reality in it to accept it all in one installment. At this time we had at City Point over five thousand men who were new recruits; all had received large bounties, and what was to be done with them? General Patrick did not care to send them to the front, where there was no real use for them, nor did he wish to keep them where they were; in any case the men were of no use, although the high bounties they had obtained had been very easily earned.

Although no other army had yet surrendered, we all looked upon the war as practically over, but our

hardships had not come to an end. We began to speculate as to our returning home before the three years were up; and one of our number who had never recovered from a spell of homesickness, and who usually wrote long letters and oftener than others, counted and anticipated every day and month in the calendar. On the 1st day of the year 1865 he procured an almanac, and at the 11th day of August, which indicated the termination of the three years' enlistment, there he drew a picture which was intended to represent his home, and around this he dotted his wife and children receiving him with open arms. Every morning this yearning soldier would mark one day off the calendar, which meant to him one day nearer home. After the surrender we told him that, in all probability, he would have to remove his house in the almanac, and he was greatly tickled over the spice of humor thrown at him, and replied, "So much the better." But we were not long left in doubt, for orders were shortly issued to prepare for light marching and the sending of all extra baggage home, which sounded as if a long tramp or a campaign was before us.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARCH TO BURKSVILLE—ALONG THE LINE OF LEE'S RETREAT—ATTACHED TO THE 5TH CORPS—DEPARTURE OF THE 68TH P. V., SCOTT LEGION—THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

As there was no further necessity for Army Headquarters or a Provost Marshal General, we were ordered to join the army at Burksville, which required a march of seventy miles. In command of General Collis we left City Point with about nine thousand convalescents, bounty men, and conscripts. Marching through Petersburg, we entered that portion of the city where our shells did the most damage on the houses; still, they sustained much less injury than we had supposed they did. We passed churches whose spires and domes we had only been permitted for a long time to gaze upon from a distance, the band playing at the head of a triumphant column in a rebel stronghold that was so persistently beleaguered by our army. The weather this day was delightful, and after making our way through this almost deserted city, we encamped some miles beyond without pitching tents, the temperature being so mild.

At daylight the following morning we took up the march again and soon after it commenced raining; as we proceeded the water came down in torrents, as if the flood-gates above had been opened, and every man was dripping wet. The roads became almost impassable, but the march was sluggishly kept up until noon,

when we encamped in a sheltering piece of woodland, where roaring fires were kindled and our clothing dried. Here our tents were pitched. It was the intention of General Collis to proceed as soon as the rain had ceased, but unexpectedly it continued without intermission all day, and all hands remained under canvas for the night.

Under a more promising sky, the next day at an early hour the march was resumed, and all along our way were scattered the evidences of Lee's retreat. Debris of every imaginable sort was presented to the sight, including dead horses, broken army wagons, cast-off uniforms, etc. Our march for a considerable distance was along the Southside Railroad, where numerous locomotives and cars had been thrown from the tracks and entirely demolished. Many rebels were met who had been paroled and were on their way home. In conversation with a citizen, whom we met at Southern Station, where he was waiting for his son, who had been in Lee's army, he spoke highly of the treatment he had received from our men. He was just in from Petersburg, where he had taken the oath of allegiance, and declared that he was very glad the war was over. He had a pretty little girl with him, whom I presented a piece of silver coin. She seemed greatly confused over the trifling gift, never having seen anything of the kind before. When told that she could buy gingercakes with it, she brightened up and thanked me. These people had seen and experienced hard times, but they were now looking forward to something better in the return to peace and general recuperation from the ravages of war. This man informed us of a negro who burned his barn, and of

our soldiers doing all they could to save it from destruction, but without success. He said our officers assured him that if the rascal was caught they would take his head off.

On the 15th of April, while on the march to Nottaway, we received the shocking intelligence of the death of President Lincoln. At first the news of his assassination was regarded as a canard and credited by no one; but on reaching camp in the evening the horrible crime was confirmed, and all the bands commenced playing dirges, minute guns were fired, and by order all unnecessary work was suspended. The whole army was cast in the deepest gloom, and evidences of sorrow were everywhere observed. Words could not even faintly tell of the keen anguish that possessed the hearts of the officers and men at this, the blackest and most unprovoked of modern crimes. Even the paroled men of Lee's vanquished army expressed emphatically their hatred of the act, and manifested the most earnest sympathy at the sad fate of Abraham Lincoln, for they were just beginning to appreciate the nobleness and magnanimity of his exalted character. The very atmosphere seemed surcharged with

"The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn."

Burksville, our destination, having been reached, here we were assigned to the 1st Brigade, 2d Division, 5th Corps. On the 25th of this month the 68th Regiment, P. V., Scott Legion, departed for Hart's Island, N. Y., to guard prisoners. As they took the cars our men turned out and vigorously cheered them an adieu, which they as heartily responded to. This gallant

regiment and the 114th were as closely united as possible. They left Philadelphia on the same day, were in the same brigade and corps, remained side by side in every battle, and endured the same hardships on every march. Their separation now was akin to the severance of the closest friends by enforced absence. With tears as well as with cheers they exchanged a soldier's parting.

General Hays, who had become our division commander, had now his headquarters at one Dr. Jones' mansion, and at whose request the band pitched their tents at the rear of the house, in the garden. As there was only one other band left in the whole division besides our own, and that being in a completely demoralized condition, our hands were full from the time of our arrival answering requests for music. The ladies who had affected to despise the "Yankee soldiers" so much were becoming courteous and frequently quite sociable; and, more than this, it looked as if some of our officers had been smitten by their charms, and that there was a possibility of some of these dignified and courtly women being reconstructed by forming Confederate alliances therewith, thus bringing the North and South together on the most amicable terms. Many of these high-toned damsels were the very ones who at one time, when "Bobby Lee" was in his military prime, made the most emphatic pretensions in their manners of disdain on hearing the band play the national airs—the melodies were insulting to them—but now a complete transformation had taken place; the dreams of things that were had proved even more evanescent than a schoolboy's tale.

The object of this long and tedious march was to join and accompany homeward our new corps, the 5th, so we resumed the tramp and reached Burksville Station, on the railroad, and were sorely disappointed in the place, as it was represented as a point of great interest, but it proved simply a country village, with the customary blacksmith shop and an old-fashioned inn to mark its identity, the latter at this time being in ruins.

On the 1st day of May we broke camp again, with orders to report at Petersburg and from there at Manchester, Richmond, and Fredericksburg, thence to Arlington Heights. As there seemed no special reason for this hurrying forward, we had anticipated an easy march, hoping that we were done with hard and trying marches; but in this we were sadly mistaken; for on no march during the war, not excepting that memorable one to Gettysburg, did the band do more service than on this homeward rush. We were all in good spirits; so were the troops; but before they were through with this terrible tramp there was universal complaint, growling, and curses.

Petersburg was about 60 miles from our starting point, and we calculated to make it in four or five days' march, but the first day 25 miles were made, and on this day the band was often called on to furnish music, but I positively declined the impossible, as the members carried their knapsacks, and they had enough to do to trudge along with the others; so arrangements were made to provide a wagon for the transportation of our baggage thereafter. This accommodation, however, chanced to put the band to a deal of inconvenience afterward. Sometimes the wagons

would not come up to time at night, and then we were compelled to do without tents and blankets, and as the nights were chilly it can be understood what discomfort we had to put up with during the rapid marches, besides providing music. Two days more brought us to Petersburg and we marched through the city with colors flying, this time in another part of the city, and we encamped just outside the municipal limits. The next day we were off again, and on the 4th of May our tents were pitched at Manchester, opposite Richmond. By the various points made it will be seen that there was no time for playing poker on the road. The distance from Petersburg to Manchester is 22 miles, and from the 1st to the 4th days of May we marched at least 80 miles. We were informed that Sherman's army was moving toward Richmond simultaneously with our own, and the advance began to arrive the following day. Probably our officers were hurrying up the men to get in ahead of the Army of the West.

Great preparations were being made to pass in review through the capital of the Confederacy, and Secretary of War Stanton and General Meade were to do us the honors. The 24th Corps, which was on duty in Richmond, was to receive and escort us to take the right of the line. Our men, who always "spruced up" and looked their double best when the occasion required it, took the whole day of May 5th to prepare for this grand display. Their leggings were whitened and the turbans washed, and on the morning of the 6th they looked as if they had just come into the army; in fact, on account of their neatness and personal care, they were often taken for new

recruits by those not knowing that they were battle-scarred and blood-christened veterans of the Army of the Potomac.

On the morning of the 6th, taking the head of the division, led by our band, the Zouaves of the 114th Regiment gayly marched through Richmond and attracted universal attention, especially from the women folk, who doubtless envied the beautiful blue sashes and snow-white turbans worn by the men. On passing the reviewing stand one of the men stepped out of the ranks and proposed three cheers for "Uncle George," which found a prompt response from the soldiers, who loved Meade, and they were given with a will that was worthy the man. The General smiled, and in recognition appreciatively lifted his hat. It was a most impressive occasion, and will be remembered down to the latest day of the last survivor of the Army of the Potomac.

Sherman's army was preparing to be reviewed on the following day, May 7th. The Secretary of War occupied the same stand for the purpose that he did the previous day, but Sherman played Stanton somewhat of a trick. The General had a disagreement with the Secretary respecting the terms of surrender he made with General Johnson, and Sherman felt very sore because of the treatment he received at Stanton's hands. Therefore, instead of taking his army of veterans past the reviewing stand, he marched them round the outside of the city, leaving Secretary Stanton on the stand greatly chagrined and disappointed. The army was entirely in feeling with General Sherman, and the general opinion was that the Secretary was simply paid back in his own coin.

It was expected that we would encamp a few miles ouside the city, so my brother, who was a member of the band, thought he would return there in the hope of finding an old acquaintance, whom he knew before the war, thinking to catch up to us when we made camp. He entered the city, and having no pass, was picked up by the provost guard and taken to Libby Prison. The pest-house having been cleared of rebels, it was at that time used for the keeping of our stragglers. Fortunately, he was recognized by an officer of General Patrick's patrol, when he was released and given transportation to Washington, and, odd as it may appear, through his mishap he reached Arlington Heights several days before our regiment did.

After passing through Richmond, we continued until making a small place called Peakestown, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, which was a very tiresome march. The men endeavored to brace up their endurance, and the appearance of many welcoming women along the route told that the army was no longer treading the sacred soil of an enemy. Colored people in groups sang, as a welcome to us, some of their peculiar plantation songs, which the band acknowledged by striking up some sprightly air to suit their fancy. At night we made camp during the long hours, but the wagon train being behind time and still later, without tents or blankets we lay upon the sod and looked at the stars until sleep from fatigue came to our relief.

May 8th we broke camp at daylight. On this march we passed Hanover Court House and crossed the Pamunkey River a number of times. The people of this section appeared to have a very indistinct idea

of distances, both white and black. On making inquiry how far it was to a certain place, some of the inhabitants said it was six miles, and after marching half that distance, on inquiry we were informed that we had eight miles more to reach it. In fact, these happy creatures appeared to be reveling in the abode of blissful ignorance, and their cup of contentment seemed ever full.

We reached Fredericksburg on May 10th, marching over the same ground on which our regiment received its baptismal fire; the same locality where the band slept during the memorable night of December 15th, 1862. Then we went to Richmond as prisoners; now we were coming from the centre of the Confederacy in triumph. We also crossed the Rappahannock and retraced the former camping ground on Stafford Heights, where the Army of the Potomac was posted until it started on the Gettysburg campaign. Some of the mud chimneys our men had built were still standing. They were objects of interest to all, and many of the "old soldiers" were reconnoitering for a last look at the old camping ground and some of the incidents that were indelibly stamped upon their minds. However, they could not tarry long, for the army pushed steadily on until Stafford Court House was reached, where it encamped for the night.

May 11th brought to the army one of the hardest marches the men had yet experienced in a single day during the whole three years of service. Their endurance was taxed to the utmost, and yet at an early hour the coming morning the march was resumed. It was an up and down road the whole distance, adding greatly to the fatigue of the tired veterans. At noon

the army halted for dinner, but soon again we were on the tramp under a chilling and steady rain. Subsequently the storm was transformed to a hurricane, the thunder seemed to roll directly over our heads, the lightning flashed with blinding vividness, and in zigzag forks it played with the bayonets of the muskets, and several of the men were killed. Some of the soldiers were so terrified that they sought shelter in a barn, which was soon afterward struck by lightning and a number of them lost their lives. The scene during the continuance of the storm presented one of the most startling panoramas that could possibly be brought to the sight—it was simply a scene of terror. Along this line of march the earth is what they call soapstone, and the heavy rainfall made the roadway a mass of soft and slippery paste. The men often slid in stepping as though they were on ice.

When we reached the Occoquan that stream was crossed on pontoons, after which the army continued to struggle onward. On coming to Wolf Run Shoals, in order to get over we had to descend a distance of one hundred yards, gliding down on a sort of soapstone slide, and the top on the other side could only be reached by the men climbing to it on hands and knees. It was now pitch dark, and the only light to our feet came from the incessant flashes of lightning. There was no order for halting, and the tramp of the army kept on, the men cursing and complaining because of the torture to which they were subjected, seemingly without purpose. Gum Springs was made by night. For severity the former terror bore no comparison to this; the men could see no necessity for the hardships imposed, and at last this almost fatal test of physical

endurance was disclosed to have been nothing more nor less than a race between two army corps generals as to who could or would reach Washington first. We continued to tenaciously struggle on until 11 P. M., when we turned on a tract of level woodland, where the abundance of water from the rains could not drain off. No matter where we looked for a spot to lay our wearied bodies, there was nothing but water, from one to three inches deep. It was useless to lie down for rest or comfort, as badly as sleep was needful after the exhausting march. The only thing to be done was to improvise a trifle of shelter by spreading the fly of a tent across two sticks and erecting this screen to shield us from the wind, in front of which we managed to build a fire, around which we sat all night, drawing a mite of consolation from the warmth to our feet. The officers, too, were as badly off as the men, and even General Collis availed himself of the band's meagre protection. By daylight, after having been grouped in a sleepless condition around the embers all night, we managed at least to dry our clothing.

The following day, May 12th, was the last day's march we made with the Army of the Potomac, having reached Arlington Heights about three o'clock in the afternoon, and every man appeared to be worn out. The evident fact was stamped upon the features of all that this, the final march, was the hardest of all; many of the strong men were little more than skin and bone. On no other march were the soldiers so poorly provided for, and those at fault were severely censured by the hard-used and neglected men. They openly and boldly declared that the Government, after getting from them all that could possibly be had, save

their lives, now became indifferent to their common comfort and necessities. No matter where or on whom the responsibility should have been saddled, it was enough to know, and more than enough to realize, that a victorious army of veterans, after having so thoroughly accomplished the work to which it was assigned, was so inconsiderately treated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS—LAST REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—PREPARATIONS FOR DISCHARGE.

It is hardly necessary to say that the men were not in a very good humor on their arrival at Arlington Heights, and when they first had the glory and importance of a grand review pictured to their mind's eye, they almost unanimously declared that they had seen quite enough of such events, and were not panting for any more of that sort of renown. A few days of rest and better rations, however, produced a considerable change of feeling for the better among them, and complaints became toned down to a fine point while contemplating an early return to the comforts and solace of their homes.

The country around Arlington had greatly changed since the days of '61 and '62; then the hills were covered with commanding trees and beautiful foliage; now a barren waste was there, not a single tree to be seen. We missed the refreshing shade of former days, as the sun poured down upon us an uncomfortable heat where we lay on an exposed slope, with nothing whatever to shelter us. On the second day here a delegation of firemen, led by David Lyle, of the Philadelphia Fire Department, waited on the Zouave Band for the purpose of engaging it to play in the parade of firemen that was to take place the following October, but they were informed that we could make no engagements

before being discharged from the service along with our regiment, the 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers. The next day another delegation called on the same errand, and some days after still another. Finally the band engaged with the Schuylkill Hose Company, of Philadelphia, for which it played in the great parade on October 1st, 1865. Fabulous prices were at that time paid for the services of a good cornet band, and as this was the last general parade of the old Volunteer Fire Department of Philadelphia, our band had the historic honor of being associated therewith and the credit of giving the fullest measure of satisfaction to its liberal patrons. On that occasion the band appeared in its full dress Zouave army uniforms, which attracted a deal of attention.

On the third day at Arlington Heights our division commander, General Hays, took us over to Washington in ambulances, to serenade some of his particular friends, adjoining the residence of Secretary Stanton. As usual on such occasions, the best of our musical budget was set forth in the form of a menu for our distinguished auditors, who seemed delighted with the selections and also expressed themselves as being especially honored in the presence of a veteran band, one, too, which had seen an unbroken service of three years with the Army of the Potomac. The ladies were especially complimentary in their clever remarks, whom General Hays had doubtless given an outline of the band's record, which included an acknowledgment of its usefulness as coming under his own observation in the memorable march from Burksville to Washington.

The men in camp were now becoming dissatisfied;

they appeared to be as uneasy as though they were on beds of nettles; the camp duties to which they were subjected had become repugnant, and the exactment was regarded as nothing but nonsense and red tape show. In 1862 such things were necessary and requisite to the ends of military discipline, but the machine work was of no use now, for there were no opportunities to apply its onerous details. "Home Again" was the one thought absorbing the heart, mind, and soul of every man in camp; they had seen enough of the glory of war on the field, and they no longer cared a fig for its glitter in camp. Notwithstanding the fact that we were preparing for and expecting soon to move homeward, our regiment was growing in number, receiving additions every day of detailed men from different localities and various departments of the service, where they no longer were wanted. Many of them came as strangers, some having had "soft-snap" positions, but now at the end of the war they came to consolidate with veteran regiments—with men who did the fighting and deserved all the credit for the great work that was done.

During the sojourn at Arlington Heights our men occasionally had an opportunity to visit Washington on passes, and Sherman's Western army being there, the soldiers of the two great armies often met and joined in an interchange of opinions, which, though usually agreeable, often culminated in threatened difficulties. The Western men imagined that they had come to help the Army of the Potomac defeat the army of Lee, and not a few of them claimed that without their assistance the defeat of Lee could not have been accomplished. Our men, with a becoming

spirit of soldierly pride, retaliated by assuring the Western men that if it had not been for the Army of the Potomac General Lee would have joined Johnson and his tenacious rebel host in the West, and probably have exterminated Sherman's army. Such were many of the incidents coming of this frequent intercourse, and the prejudice sometimes was followed by blows in lieu of convincing argument. Had they profited by President Lincoln's generous sentiment, that "there was glory enough to go all around," for the West as well as the East and North, all such unpleasantness would have been obviated.

Both armies were now busy in making preparations for the grand and final review, previous to a general discharge of the men; that of the Army of the Potomac having been ordered for the 23d of May, and the Western army following on the 24th. The Zouaves of the 114th Regiment at once began to "shine up" for the important event, as in the past, being determined to make a most creditable appearance, which they never failed in doing with their flashy uniforms and proverbial personal neatness. Music was scarce in the army just now, but the 114th Regiment had its own band, whose strains were familiar to the men and to whose playing they could step with remarkable precision. Sherman's army had engaged a number of civilian bands to assist on review day, but the Army of the Potomac had none such and desired no music save that which had accompanied it in its eventful career. The veteran feature, as far as possible, was maintained down to its disbandment.

The orders were to move at 4 o'clock A. M. on the 23d, the review to take place at 9 o'clock on Penn-

sylvania Avenue, where the reviewing grand stand was erected. The whole avenue was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting as far as the sight could reach, and the great and wide thoroughfare was packed with people from all parts of the country, making up a multitude the dimensions of which in numbers was beyond approximation. Precisely at the hour designated in the orders, the Army of the Potomac, with its depleted ranks, moved down Pennsylvania Avenue. Cheer after cheer of the most hearty and boisterous character greeted the troops as they moved along with steady step. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and in the dense crowd men and boys held up their hats and shouted. There was no end to the enthusiasm of the spectators, and the 114th Regiment, the Collis' Zouaves, received a full share of the vociferous applause by reason of their attractive uniforms and soldierly bearing. As the head of the 5th Corps approached the reviewing stand, some of the men observed the form of General Warren, their former commander, when cheers for the brave man were given, as long as they could behold him. It must have done the very soul of this wronged and gallant soldier good to receive in this manner and under the circumstances the deserved homage of veterans who had fought with him and under whom they had been led repeatedly into battle. Warren was a brave man, but he was spared to prove the fact that falsehood and personal envy are the weapons of moral cowards. Some distance below the reviewing stand our regiment wheeled off Pennsylvania Avenue, making a perfect turn as they executed the movement, or, as an old officer of the regular army said: "It looked as

compact as a big barn door moving on its hinges." After the review was over we marched to the Chain Bridge and crossed to our camp on the other side of the Potomac. On that day we made about fourteen miles, and were well satisfied with an opportunity for rest on reaching our tents. The grand review of the Army of the Potomac was over and an event of the past, but never to be forgotten by those who were participants in or witnesses of that greatest of modern spectacles.

The next day we returned to Washington to witness the review of the Western army, as it was known to us, but there was no manifest difference between it and the men of our own; as a military display, it was simply a repetition of the previous day; but in Sherman's demonstration the men carried trophies of their march from Atlanta to the sea. Here and there was a pack mule laden with poultry, sheep, silverware, household articles, etc. I saw some of these soldiers using coffee-pots and tea-pots of pure silver, and black with sacrilegious use over camp-fires. Well could they sing, as they did, "How the turkeys gobbled with our commissary friend!" Every man, from general appearances, must have been a commissary on that march of Sherman. The Army of the Potomac had no such trophies to thus heartlessly display in the review; even had they, under the pressure of necessity, the impropriety of carrying the evidences of farm and household plunder in a grave military review would have prevented anything of the kind.

These exceptionally great events, however, were soon over, and the one idea of "going home" again became the all-absorbing topic in camp; but before

doing so our officers had imperative orders from the War Department to prepare the mustering-out rolls, which entailed a great amount of labor. In these final papers the minutest details of the enlisted man were required, in order to avoid future trouble where bounties, pensions, and other matters might be involved. Every man who had deserted, and when, if possible, had to be reported; the clothing account to be accurately stated; the wounded and killed, and in what battle, must be designated. In fact, the military service of every enlisted man was required in these papers, including the final pay-roll. Besides all this, the report had to be duplicated several times. This, of course, delayed our going home.

At the time of discharging the army the Government advanced every commissioned officer one step, in appreciation of their services and in acknowledgment of duty faithfully performed—a lieutenant became a captain, a captain was made a colonel, and so on to the top of the ladder. Full privates and musicians, of course, returned home just as they came, knowing that "what fate imposes, men must needs abide." They went home, some of them to their long homes, with the consciousness, instead of official recognition, that the country had been tendered the best that could be given by them in its time of need. Even the Emperor Napoleon, who made his marshals from the ranks, forgot the services of an humble drummer-boy when he was distributing crosses of the Legion of Honor to a battalion of grenadiers who had distinguished themselves in capturing a battery. The whole battalion was honored with these special marks of merit save the drummer-boy, who was in the front

rank and the first in the battery. There he stood, his heart almost breaking; but he was not too modest to make respectful claim to his right. Stepping up to the Emperor, he touched his cap and exclaimed, "Et moi!" The Emperor's heart was touched, and, taking the cross from his own breast, he put it on that of the drummer-boy, when the whole battalion enthusiastically accompanied their cheers with "Vive l'Empereur!" The musicians of the army might have gone to Uncle Sam and appealingly said, "And I!" when the cogs in the wheel of fortune were being turned forward, but who would have come to a single drummer-boy and satisfied his honest desire for some evidence of reward?

In less than a week after the grand review, our regiment departed for home and was discharged on the 29th day of May, 1865, entering Philadelphia with sadly thinned ranks, at the head of which was our band, just as it was on leaving the city in 1862. The 114th was the only regiment enlisted in Philadelphia having a band that remained intact down to the end of the war. It was this close and constant association between the band and regiment, on the march, in camp and hospital, that made them so firmly wedded to each other in the eventful operations of the Army of the Potomac.

CONCLUSION.

Throughout the memoranda of the preceding chapters it will be observed that the band of the 114th Regiment plays a conspicuous part, but in no single instance to the detriment of any one, nor is it the desire of the author to elevate the services of the band to an undue importance. In time of war, however, as experience has conclusively shown, the music of a band, when judiciously selected and skillfully performed, is an important aid toward keeping up the discipline and soldierly bearing of the men. True, they do not go into battle and charge the enemy's strongholds with a flourish of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals; and yet the precision and accentuation of step, as a preliminary to decisive action and unison of movement, owes much to the inspiriting strains of music in camp and on the march. Nor does the value of regimental band music end here, for its moral and elevating influence is actually beyond estimation.

The sick and wounded in hospital gather in the soothing harmony as a solace in their distress. The men in their tents at night, and on the drill by day, have their despondent spirits awakened to a new life. On the march their steps are lightened by the airs with which they become familiar, and the concord of pleasing sounds proves a feast to their hearts, if not to their souls. The officers, too, are as susceptible as

the men to the kindly influence of music, thus uniting them in the same source of supreme pleasure, and binding them in closer ties of fellowship, that otherwise probably would not obtain. It brings to memory the sacred associations of home, in the melodies of the fireside, as a relief to the burdens and hardships of those whose lives are ever in peril. It needs only the almost unanimous attestation of men under arms to strengthen the claims here made as to the importance of inspiring music when associated with the circumstances narrated.

A response from a comrade of the 114th Regiment, in anticipation of the publication of the within reminiscent notes, is here given as an earnest of the love of and desire for music in the army during the Rebellion :—

" Don't forget to put in the book how we boys used to yell at the band for music to cheer us up when we were tramping along so tired that we could hardly drag one foot after the other. Since the war I have often thought how cruel we were to do so; for, if we were tired, wasn't the band members equally so? and yet we wanted them to use up what little breath they had left to put spirit in us. But then, you know, that good old tune we called ' Hell on the Rappahannock ' had enough music in it to make a man who was just about dead brace up, throw his chest out, and take the step as if he had received a new lease of life. Those were hard days, but even after a long march, if we were only rested a little we could be as happy as the day was long, knowing that we were doing our duty to our country and the flag, and that was reward enough for tired limbs and blistered feet."

Happily, an era of profound peace and widespread prosperity has succeeded the fratricidal contest, the cause of the war is obliterated, and throughout the land the bonds of national brotherhood are more strongly cemented than ever before. To overthrow the Rebellion and perpetuate the Union of the States the cost can never be counted. The records of the War Department show that 300,000 lives were sacrificed, and the Treasury Department exhibits a debt of nearly four billion! The amount of property destroyed, however, is beyond the reach of calculation. While thousands upon thousands, in whom the seeds of disease were sown as a result of the hardships endured during the service they rendered their country, have answered the final roll-call since the close of the war, nearly all the great commanders of the armies have yielded to the inevitable and passed from the stage on which they had been the most prominent players. Grant, Meade, McClellan, Hancock, Sheridan, Sherman, Warren, Birney, Thomas, Graham, Logan, Hartranft, and a host of others, all are gone, but leaving unfading records upon the pages of their country's history as an example to coming generations. In them resided that loyalty, courage and keen foresight, which

> "Seizes the prompt occasion,—makes the thoughts
> Start into instant action, and at once
> Plans and performs, resolves and executes."

Great, indeed, were the achievements of the Army of the Potomac, and unsurpassed in the history of modern warfare was the devotion and heroism of its men. It was not a coercive physical force for the

acquisition of territory, nor were its sacrifices made to subject the enemy to a condition of abject thraldom. But one principle actuated its offensive and glorious campaign, though frequently bewildered in the gloom of serious reverses, and that embraced the complete unity of the States, one flag, and one government for all the people. To this end there was no concession, and nothing short of a surrender of the rebellious element demanded, or to be hoped for. This was the objective point, and in all the important events leading to the final act in that long and bloody contest, when the swords of the victor and vanquished were sheathed in peace, as participants therein, no small share of the people's gratitude is due the gallant men of the 114th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Thus ends this recital of the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

Survivors of the 114th Regiment, P. V.

C. H. T. Collis.
E. R. Bowen.
J. Hartley.
A. W. Givin.
H. E Rulon.
A. Fix.
A. H. G. Richardson.
R. D. Benson.
J. R. Waterhouse.
C. Robinson.
W. T. Brown.
N. Magenny.
F. Schaffer.
R. C. Kretschmar.
W. E. Hoffman.
T. M. Hoyle.
J. Busby.
D. K. Hartley.
J. Cooney.
W. Grew.
J. A. Tricker.
B. L. Myers.
W Bardsley.
T. W. Campbell.
J. McGlensey.
C. Lemark.
C. Sheppard.
J M. West.
S. Naylor.
W. Horrocks.
J. Haw.
C. Smith.
J. Arnold.
G. Gower.
W. W. Wear.
J. H. Rotenbury.
C. Little.
S. Maxwell.
H. C. Kelly.
W. T. Williams.
G. Lewellan.
C. Gentry.
G. Wolf.
D. Lennen.
W. Craven.
W. T. Vandever.
J. Ayres.
S. Edgar.
D. Faunce.
J. Hall.
H. Gentry.
W. Cowden.
J. V. Egee.
J. Perry.
C. Randall.
W. S. Robinson.
G. Davidson.
E. Caldwell.
W. Magrady.
A. Kammerline.
J. Baugh.
J. Madely.
M. Sheridan.
W. Forrest.
A. Ross.
J. Yocum.
D. Kelly.
J. Ashton.
I. Clegg.
E. Bonner.
J. Wells.
H. Smallbrook.
C. Taylor.
I. Fox.
W. Caskey.
C. B. Sloan.
G. Murray.
R. Brown.
A. Dorsey.
B. Propert.
O. Hamilton.
A. Denning.
W. H. K. Smith.
W. Egee.
N. Pennell.
J. M. Cummings.
R. Johnson.
S. West.
A. Helms.
R. Matherson.
R. McCouch.
E. Fisher.
W. Blanford.
G. Altemus.
W. Vickers.
G. Wood.

E. Bryan.
J. Hawkins.
P. Roney.
J. McCafferty.
S. Loeb.
G. Frease.
G. F. Trout.
R. Riley.
W. Tyson.
P. Harrington.
W. T. Clemens.
H. S. Strouse.
D. Fox.
J. Stanford.
J. Orr.
H. Mackie.
G. Baker.
J. W. Hilt.
C. Borie.
W. Moore.
H. Duhurst.
J. Gregory.
A. Toy.
G. Kretchman.
A. C. Brown.
T. Rice.
D. Drummond.
H. Hall.
J. Priest.
J. T. Shuster.
J. Walker.
H. H. Snyder.
W. J. Miller.
E. E. Williams.
C. Stewart.
T. Estell.
G. Bates.
H. H. Haigh.

A. M. Lance.
W. T. Abrams.
G. Brattan.
W. Perry.
R. Chadwick.
J. Waugh.
J. W. Dewees.
J. Butterworth.
C. Dunseith.
F. Coleman.
M. Cannon.
T. Montgomery.
J. Neece.
J. A. Smith.
J. Childs.
Wm. H. Platt.
R. Schoch.
J. Hipple.
R. J. Marrin.
O. Helmuth.
W. Moffet.
J. Brown.
J. Emly.
J. McCool.
F. H. Roat.
F. Holden.
W. H. Care.
E. Madison.
J. T. Lee.
M. Chadwick.
M. Bradley.
W. Hartzell.
S. Nelson.
W. F. Rayner.
J. G. Fritz.
J. Bell.
J. Broadhurst.
E. W. Campion.
F. Rauscher.

D. Schively.
J. Achuff.
T. Gilbert.
F. Brous.
J. Stowman.
G. T. Martin.
J. Farraday.
J. Hannason.
J. Maguire.
J. Harrop.
T. Conaghy.
S. Magill.
S. Russell.
Rev. T. W. Davidson.
E. Harkinson.
H. Taylor.
W. Kalbach.
A. Brown.
A. Mitchell.
J. Hawk.
J. P. Kitchen.
R. Lubers.
H. T. Baldwin.
C. H. Snyder.
A. W. McCallum.
A. Dalrymple.
J. Murphy.
J. B. Dannaker.
T. Egbert.
H. Hartman.
B. R. DeYoung.
A. Mitchell.
J. Haslem.
C. Wilson.
R. W. Ramsden.
C. M. Watson.
H. W. Simon.
T. P. Wilkinson.

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